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The glory is theirs far beyond that of statesman or warrior, for they destroyed not, but created; and they live more undyingly in the heart of humanity, through their creations, than all others in their monuments of brass or marble.

THE WORLD'S GREAT DRAMATISTS

After an original painting by A. Russell

American Drama

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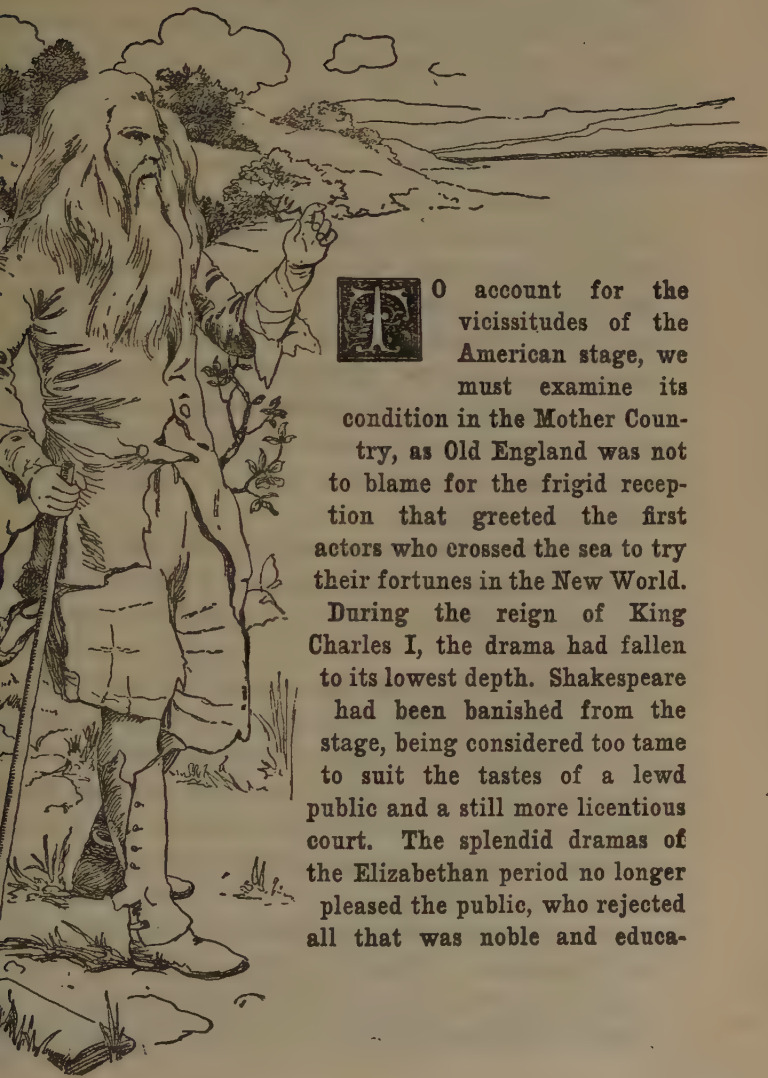
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Prologue



TO account for the vicissitudes of the American stage, we must examine its condition in the Mother Country, as Old England was not to blame for the frigid reception that greeted the first actors who crossed the sea to try their fortunes in the New World. During the reign of King Charles I, the drama had fallen to its lowest depth. Shakespeare had been banished from the stage, being considered too tame to suit the tastes of a lewd public and a still more licentious court. The splendid dramas of the Elizabethan period no longer pleased the public, who rejected all that was noble and educa-

tional in art. The plays, therefore, were of the vilest character. Ladies of the nobility attended the theatre in masks, not that they were too pure to witness these low entertainments, but that they were ashamed to reveal their identity. The stage became degraded, society scandalized, law and religion set at nought.

In the midst of this tempest of misrule Oliver Cromwell arose, the king was beheaded and the theatres closed. During the eight years of Cromwell's dictation no plays were allowed. At the Restoration, the theatres were again opened and became the leading amusement of King Charles II and his court. Shakespeare was still accounted too dull to please the "Merrie Monarch," and was seldom acted. To show the light estimation in which the great English dramatist was held we find the following note in the diary of Pepys:

"Last night it was my misfortune to witness a play called *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by that dull rogue Shakespeare. I hope I shall never see such a miserable play again."

The comedies of Etherege and Evelyn were much in vogue, being filled with more than suggestive vulgarity, and dealing with that same kind of domestic infelicity that runs through our modern so-called Problem Plays, only that those produced in our day could not compare in obscenity with the plays given during the reign of Charles II.

There are conflicting accounts as to the date of the first introduction of theatricals in America. Dunlap gives us the 17th of September, 1753, as the opening of the theatre in Williamsburg, Va., by Hallam's company of

comedians. Dr. Francis states that Hallam played in New York in February, 1750, and the Hon. Charles P. Daly states that there was a playhouse in New York as early as 1733. While it would be more satisfactory if we could hit upon the precise date of the inauguration of the drama in America, it is a more important matter to consider the condition of the drama during its early career here, and the peculiar attitude of the community toward it. That the cavalier spirit of Virginia received Hallam and his theatrical company with great cordiality, there can be no doubt; but the number of the inhabitants in Williamsburg were so limited at that early date that Hallam was compelled to seek a larger field. Philadelphia was his next venture, where it is likely that the Quaker element was not so cordial as that of the dashing cavaliers, for we find him and his comedians soon shifting their talent to New York, where they were well received and played for quite a long time. A few seasons later the actors came to Boston, but there their reception was on the north side of friendship.

Can it be wondered at that the Puritans in America exhibited a hostile attitude when the actors from England first landed on their shore? All that they knew of the stage came through the old family traditions—traditions, too, that were naturally exaggerated from generation to generation, told on pious Sunday evenings while they were seated around the humble firesides of their quiet homes. How would these recitals sound to the inexperienced youths and maidens, delivered by some loving father after a day of prayer and fasting, ignorant of the splendid advice and sermons contained in the best plays of Shakespeare?

The law authorizing the opening of theatres in Boston contained a special clause forbidding any plays to be acted on Saturday night, it being considered that after sundown the hours were too sacred for anything but preparation for the Sunday service. This law was held in full force for many years and eventually caused the introduction of the Saturday matinee.

The early English actors held full possession of the American stage for many years. By degrees, however, the native talent, attracted by the fascination of the theatre, found small openings and appeared in the subordinate characters as the demand for actors increased. Of course, the lack of experience kept them in the background at first, and many theatrical seasons passed by before native talent dared to assert itself. The old English actors and managers naturally viewed the raw recruits with little favor, but now and then some sparkling genius would arise and demand a hearing.

The character of the present introduction must necessarily deal with important generalities rather than with trifling details; there are, however, individual cases where the names of certain actors will appear to show a marked departure from the beaten track, such as the creation of new characters and plays that from time to time made inroads on the standard drama.

One of the earliest American characters was introduced in a local comedy, called *Times of Life in New York*, James H. Hackett appearing as Illustrious Doolittle. This was among the first Yankee characters given to the public, and proved, by the excellent acting of Mr. Hackett, to be a success. The next American character played by

this gentleman was Col. Nimrod Wildfire, in *The Kentuckian*.

About this time T. D. Rice, the original "Jim Crow," created quite a sensation by his wonderful delineation of the negro character. So great was the hit that he was offered high terms to go to England and give his sketch. He repeated his success both in the provinces and in London, where he sang "Jim Crow" in two, and on some occasions, in three theatres on the same night.

Following in the wake of Hackett came Dan Marble, Hill and Silsbee. The Yankee drama became quite the rage and for a time overshadowed legitimate comedy.

Edwin Forrest was now making for himself a unique position upon the stage. While the critical never accorded to him great praise as a Shakespearean actor, no one ever disputed with him the title of being the foremost melodramatic actor of his time. In *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Othello*, while he was effective, his style was considered too boisterous and robust; but as "Jack Cade," "Metamora" and the "Gladiator" he was pronounced as unequalled.

The play of *Fashion*, the first American comedy worthy of the name, was written by Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and originally produced at the Park theatre, the authoress acting the leading character.

The theatres were now spreading all over the country. Mitchell held sway with a fine burlesque company on Broadway, Burton with a still finer one in Chambers street, Tom Hamblin occupied the Old Bowery, and F. S. Chanfrau was delighting the town as "Mose, the Fire Boy"—a local character of the day rendered with such

truthful imitation that the well-known type seemed to stand before the audience as a living reality. The success was so great that several plays were written introducing this same character.

The demand for entertainments furnished by the stage increased as America progressed. The violent prejudice against theatricals declined, and England's finest actors crossed the Atlantic to find a warm welcome here.

George Frederick Cook, Edmund Kean, the elder Matthews and Tyrone Power were among the important visitors. Later, Macready, Charles Kean, Ellen Tree and Fanny Kemble followed the earlier importations. Their high histrionic reputations preceded them and they repeated their London triumphs here.

Theatres were gradually being built in the larger cities, and American actors were rapidly springing up, to the surprise of their brother professionals from the Old Country. Forrest, Adams, Murdoch, Eaton, Davenport and Scott, in tragedy; Burk, Chanfrau, Williams, Drew and Florence, in comedy, had made their mark, and successfully challenged the English competition. American actresses like Charlotte Cushman and Julia Dean were formidable rivals to Fanny Kemble and Ellen Tree. Among the great English comedians Burton and Reeve were the most prominent, but Warren and Burk held their own against them most successfully.

There was a well-known theatrical family—the Chapmans—who deserve special mention, as their connection with the drama in the West was of a most unique character. They fitted up a large boat as a theatre and floated it down the Mississippi river, stopping at the dif-

ferent towns along its banks and giving excellent dramatic performances. The idea was both practical and ingenious. Cairo, Natchez, Vicksburg and Memphis were quite important places, and as but few of them had regular theatres the convenience of travelling, not only with their own company but their own playhouse, equipped with scenery and an auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred, was clearly an excellent commercial scheme. It was, therefore, a great success, and the Chapman Theatre Boat was always a welcome visitor. The exploit merits a record here, as it was one of those peculiar conditions that could only have existed in America. The Missouri and Ohio rivers also afforded them ample scope for their operations. The boat was floated down these streams in the fall, arriving at New Orleans in the winter, and towed back by a steamer in the spring, ready for the next season's campaign. By this arrangement they avoided the expense of rent, license, fitting up their scenery, and, having no boiler (beyond what was required for the tea), ran no risk of explosion.

A company of fine artists from France, The Ravels, should be especially mentioned, for though they spoke not a word, giving their performances only in dumb show, they were eminently dramatic. They gave ballets in pantomime with rare skill. No one who once saw the face of Gabriel Ravel could ever forget it. He expressed every emotion by the mobility of his countenance. There were three brothers in this company—Antoine, Francois, and Gabriel—to which were added a fine array of pantomimists and dancers. Combined with their dramatic ability, they were both rope dancers and acrobats. This remark-

able company appeared principally at Niblo's Garden, a place of amusement situated on Broadway, occupying the entire square on the east side of the street, between Houston and Spring streets. The theatre was enclosed in a board fence, and the garden was illuminated with colored lamps during the summer season. The Ravels were the great attraction here, giving some of their feats in the open air. The garden was used as a promenade during the intervals between the acts, and where refreshments were served to the audience. The Ravels made a large fortune in America and returned to France to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It has been given out that during the war with Germany, by some ill-advised speculation, they lost all of their hard-earned fortune.

The elder Booth was a most conspicuous actor during the best part of his life in America. He had been a successful rival of Edmund Kean in England, and was also a formidable rival to Edwin Forrest. Booth's Richard III and Sir Giles Overreach were masterly pieces of acting. His son, Edwin Booth, was a worthy scion of the father. No actor during his time held so high a place in the esteem of the public as this handsome and talented young man. His great engagement at the Winter Garden, where he played the character of Hamlet one hundred successive nights, gave him a strong position upon the stage. He left a large fortune to his family and gave the Players' Club to the citizens of New York and his brother actors. He was an upright, worthy man, and a devoted husband and father.

A notable event in the history of the American stage was the presentation in Washington of Richard Brinsley

Sheridan's comedy of the *School for Scandal*; as the fine cast of the play included nearly all of the great actors of America that were eligible, it bid fair to be a splendid performance. The play was witnessed by the President and Cabinet, together with nearly all the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. It was attended also by the wives and daughters of the principal men of the country. In giving an account of this extraordinary cast the writer begs the privilege of quoting from his autobiography:

"In 1853 I became stage manager at the Baltimore Museum for Henry C. Jarrett. He was known as the railroad manager, from a habit he had contracted of getting up excursions between Washington and Baltimore. These flying trips were both startling and inconvenient for nervous actors, as he would frequently arrange for one of his stars to play a short piece for the opening performance in Baltimore and then hasten him, on a mile-a-minute trip to Washington, in a special train, terminating the entertainment in the latter city with the same attraction.

"On one occasion he produced the *School for Scandal* at the capital with a cast so strong, including, as it did, the first comedians of the day, that some account of it here may be interesting. The characters were distributed as follows:

Sir Peter Teazle.....	Mr. Henry Placide
Charles Surface.....	Mr. J. E. Murdoch
Joseph Surface.....	Mr. J. W. Wallack
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....	Mr. I. M. Dawson
Crabtree.....	Mr. Thomas Placide

Sir Oliver Surface.....	Mr. George Andrews
Moses.....	Mr. Joseph Jefferson
Snake.....	Mr. Edwin Adams
Careless, with song.....	Mr. A. H. Davenport
Rowley.....	Mr. Ellis
Sir Harry Bumper.....	Mr. J. M. Barron
Trip.....	Mr. J. B. Howe
Lady Teazle.....	Miss Lizzie Weston
Mrs. Candor.....	Miss Kate Horn
Maria.....	Miss Mary Devlin
Lady Sneerwell.....	Mrs. Jane Germon

"Being the stage manager, of course I was delighted to have this vast array of talent under my direction. Naturally my position on this occasion was a sinecure, as there was but little to do in the way of management. These great lights had been accustomed to manage themselves, and were not likely to expect advice or to brook it from a youngster like me; so I was contented to get the credit of arranging the whole affair, which had really cost me but little thought or labor. I fancy though, from what I remember of myself about that time, that I went about with a wise and profound look, as though the destiny of nations rested on my head. I have since seen older men than I was assume this importance.

"The undoubted hero of this occasion was Murdoch in the character of Charles Surface. James E. Murdoch, as an actor, was not only extremely versatile, but entirely original. Neither the popularity of Forrest nor the fame of Booth could tempt him to an imitation of either of these tragedians, and his comedy was equally free from

resembling the style of the Wallacks or that of Charles Kemble—for the school of the latter was still lingering upon the stage. I do not mean to say that the traditions of these great actors were not worth preserving. On the contrary, they possessed, from all accounts, a dignity and finish that would be welcome at any time. I cite the fact to show that Mr. Murdoch—though I feel sure that he admired the great ones that had gone before and were surrounding him—while he strove to emulate, disdained to imitate them. He stood alone, and I do not remember any actor who excelled him in those parts that he seemed to make especially his own. He was one of the few artists that I can call to mind who were both professed elocutionists and fine actors.

“There was a manliness about his light comedy that gave it more dignity than the flippant style in which it was usually played. This method elevated the characters exceedingly. Charles Surface, Major Oakly and Young Mirabel cannot be acted with the same free and easy manner that might be thrown into Richard Dazzle, Littleton Coke or Mr. Golightly. I do not say this in contempt of these latter characters; they are natural pictures of modern men, but they are eccentric rather than elegant. I saw Charles Mathews in the part of Charles Surface, and it was a failure. He had been acting the London man-about-town style of character, and the modern air and rather trifling manners, which were admirable when introduced into those parts, were entirely out of place in old English comedy. The quaintness of the language and the fashion of the costume seemed to demand a courtly carriage which a modern swagger, with one’s hands thrust

into one's breeches pockets, will fail to give. It was the finish and picturesque style of Murdoch's acting that agreeably surprised the audience of the Haymarket theatre when this actor played there some forty years ago. The public was unprepared to see comely old English manners so conspicuous in an American actor, and he gained its sympathy at once. The modern light comedians, with a few exceptions, seem to have discarded the quaint manners of the stage, thinking them antiquated and pedantic. And so they were, for modern plays; but it is dangerous to engraft new fashions upon old forms. I should as soon expect to see Mercutio smoke a cigarette as to find him ambling about the stage with the mincing manners of a dude.

"And speaking of this very character, Charles Mathews told me that, during Macready's Shakesperean revivals at Drury Lane theatre, he was engaged to play Roderigo, in which light and frivolous part he made such a hit that Macready tried to persuade him to act Mercutio. He was delighted with the idea at first, but upon reading and pondering over the part he felt convinced that it was beyond him. Macready urged, but Mathews would not undertake the part. Some years afterward Charles Kemble returned to the stage for a short farewell engagement and acted Mercutio. 'Oh,' said Mathews, 'when I saw this elegant and manly actor dash across the stage with the confident carriage of a prince, and heard him read the lines of Shakespeare as though they had been written for him, I felt that I had made a fortunate escape in dodging this first gentleman of Verona.

"The next important figure to James E. Murdoch, in

the powerful cast of the *School for Scandal* just referred to, was the Sir Peter Teazle of Henry Placide. It was one of this actor's most striking characters. His style, during the latter part of his career, was said to have been founded on that of William Farren, the great English actor. If so, from all the accounts we get of Mr. Farren, the model was superb. Henry Placide was considered a finished artist, but somewhat cold and hard in his manner. These features, however, though they mar the more delicate points in acting, would be less objectionable in Sir Peter than in most of the old men in English comedy. Except in the scene where he speaks feelingly of his wife to Joseph Surface, the part is stiff, testy and formal; the humor is dry rather than unctuous. The career of Henry Placide was long and brilliant. He was a strong feature of the old Park theatre for many seasons, and starred in the principal cities of America with success. He was an acknowledged favorite, whose talents as an actor made him a valued member of the theatrical profession.

"I remember that during the rehearsal of the *School for Scandal* I was impressed with the idea that the performance would not go well. It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with one another; not from any ill-feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog-wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery. Seeing a hitch dur-

ing the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance—which I was, both in age and in experience—and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield; which I did, not, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one under the circumstances; and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night I confess that I felt some satisfaction in knowing that my judgment had been correct. In fact, the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so tamely."

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment, can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture; having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a picture: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then,

though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand.

The early history of our stage shows us but a few theatres scattered through the country, and these only in the large cities. But to-day we find even in our smaller towns many opera houses vying in splendor with the best temples of amusement in Europe. The wings, borders and footlights of all the old theatres were composed of oil lamps. This primitive and dim condition gave way in time to gas; and, in turn, gas gave way to the electric light, which has been of the greatest service in giving brilliance to the setting of the stage.

The hardships and inconveniences of the old professionals may be imagined if we look at the trials that beset them—travelling in the West, often in open wagons; acting in the dining-rooms of the hotels with no background or scenery to relieve the dramatic picture; even the few theatres were not only badly lighted, but indifferently heated; the modern furnace was not scientifically discovered, and during cold weather a few stoves were the only comfort for both the actors and the audience. The costumes were fairly good, but the stage appointments were of the most meager description. The first carpet that was used on the American stage made its appearance in 1842, in Boucicault's comedy of *London Assurance*. The author was a man of great taste, and had a most laudable ambition to produce his plays with realistic effects. Rugs, curtains and mirrors came in with Dion Boucicault, and by his rival authors he was called the "upholsterer of the stage."

Wallack's theatre was noted for the production of the standard English comedies, which were given with

fine casts of characters. Laura Keene, an actress from London, drew much attention from her interesting personality, and was a reigning favorite in this theatre for two seasons. But she was possessed with the quality of leadership and soon became manageress of her own theatre, in which she divided the attention and audiences of Wallack's. During her second season she produced Tom Taylor's play of *Our American Cousin*. It at once hit the popular taste, and was played for one hundred and forty nights, which in those days was a phenomenal run. Laura Keene's energy in engaging new actors that were, until her reign, unknown in New York, and leaving the beaten track of theatrical management, brought her novel enterprise into great favor with the public, who were weary of the same old features at the rival houses. Wallack's was rapidly losing its prestige, when Dion Boucicault came to the rescue and revived its drooping fortunes by his great dramatic skill. He was the original inventor of what he himself termed the sensation drama. *Jessie Brown*; or, *the Relief of Lucknow*, and *The Streets of New York*, while they shocked the old-fashioned patrons of Wallack's, drew large audiences to the house, and replenished its treasury. The shrewd author saw the drift of the public taste and at once began to minister to its wants, producing the *Coleen Bawn* at Laura Keene's, and the *Octoroon* at the Winter Garden. The latter play was considered a dangerous undertaking, as it dealt with the negro question which was then violently agitating the country.

The sectional differences between the North and the South had caused the political condition of America

much agitation when any new phase presented itself. On the eve of a civil war, both parties were naturally sensitive on the question of slavery. The *Octoroon* dealt with this subject in all its varied characters, who discussed and argued the theme with the subtle and powerful language at the brilliant author's command. The play created so great a sensation that the authorities appealed to the managers to withdraw the objectionable drama, as they deemed it too dangerous and exciting a theme to present at this critical time. An injunction was applied for, but the court denied it. So the play was continued, and there can be no doubt that it had its influence on the subject of slavery, and did much to inflame the public.

About 1867 a new feature was introduced in America, called the Combination System. Formerly the stars went from city to city and acted their various plays, depending upon the local talent engaged in the different theatres for support. This local talent was known as the stock company, who acted in the regular standard plays between the stellar visits. The present combination system has much improved the productions of the stage. The star now travels with his own company engaged especially to act the various characters in the repertoire, and selected to suit each part. This gives full time for preparation. The appropriate scenery is also painted to be in keeping with the plays, so that the audience not only see an entire change of actors from the preceding star, but the whole entertainment is much better equipped than formerly, when the tragic star was supported by the same actors that the week before played with an opera company or a comedian. The stock actors were called upon to play

night after night a new part without having time to perfect themselves in their duties. Whatever changes may take place in the future, the old system will never be revived. Of course, there are many stock companies now, and there always will be, but not to play with the stars who to-day must travel with their own selected support.

About the year 1848, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was dramatized for the stage, and was played with great success in all of the Northern, Eastern and Western theatres. In the South the feeling had run so high against the novel that but few attempts were made to produce the play south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The spectacular drama of the *Black Crook* was produced at Niblo's theatre in 1867, and aroused a storm of abuse from the ministers. There was really nothing immoral in the play, it being a simple fairy tale interwoven with a love story. But amidst the splendor of the scenery and gorgeous costumes there burst upon the audience a ballet of French female dancers, dressed in the shortest of skirts and pinkest of tights, who glided and skipped about the stage in graceful antics, but so scantily attired that a fastidious audience were shocked at what was deemed by them an immodest display of female agility. The press varied in their opinions; some considered that the management had gone too far in allowing the performance, while others who had been to Europe thought that the tirade against it was a display of mock modesty. The ministers warned their congregations to shun the unholy abominations, which, of course, had the usual effect of crowding the theatre. The play ran nearly the

entire season and made the fortunes of the author and managers.

Tell the public that a play is vulgar, not fit to be seen, and it will rush to witness it. Tell this same public that another play is refined, beautiful and educational, and the audience will be equally anxious to see it. The public likes a play, not because it is moral or immoral, but because it is interesting and well done. If an audience goes to the theatre expecting a refined, artistic and intellectual entertainment, it is scandalous if they should be shocked by a low and vulgar exhibition. But when the public knows what class of play it is to witness, and is even eager to see a drama that deals with domestic infelicity, and wherein the vice of libertines and the abandoned intrigues of courtesans are more than suggested, then that audience is as much to blame as the manager who presents it. Dr. Sam Johnson excuses to some extent the production of these plays in the following couplet:

“The drama’s laws, the drama’s patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live.”

While this is particularly epigrammatic and partially true, we cannot fully endorse the sentiment. If the greed for money were the only province of dramatic art, this kind of loose philosophy might answer. But the stage has a higher mission, and while it should always entertain, it should never degrade its audience.

During this introduction the names of living actors, for obvious reasons, will not be mentioned. To record the well-deserved success of a few who would fully merit prominent recognition would only offend many others whose names were omitted.

Daly's theatre and his management deserve special mention. The careful and artistic productions of the legitimate and standard plays were always a great treat to the lovers of high dramatic art. His excellent revivals were not always commercially successful, and at times he was forced to present inferior attractions—so far as their literary merits were concerned—to replenish his means; but it must be admitted that this resort was not to his taste or liking. Mr. Daly, not being an actor, could give much of his time to the economic side of his enterprise, and he seemed to be as well qualified in the management of the business arrangements as he was in the direction of the stage.

The actor-manager has seldom been a success. There is a divided duty in a theatre that makes it extremely difficult for one person to properly conduct, and but few men possess the combined attributes of art and business; to select a company of actors and place them in the most prominent and effective light before the public; to read, digest and fully appreciate the strength or weakness of a play, and having done this, to arrange, rehearse and intelligently stage manage it, requires artistic skill and experience that seldom go hand in hand with what is technically called the front of the house. However much we may lament that this should be so, the fact cannot be denied that it requires two skillful pilots to steer that old ship called the theatre, safely into port. The artistic temperament is highly sensitive, and consequently unable to bear the worry of the pecuniary embarrassments that beset the treasurer after a costly dramatic production has failed. A stage manager should be a salaried officer whose

imagination and dramatic skill would be untrammelled with monetary obligations. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said most humorously that the greatest proof of Shakespeare's genius was the fact that he was an actor and a successful theatrical manager. If a list of the names of actor-managers who have failed were given here, like the ghostly apparitions in *Macbeth*, the "line would stretch out to the crack of doom."

The career of William Warren, in Boston, was extraordinary. For over forty years he held the first theatrical position in that city. He was idolized by the public. Those who enjoyed his acting when they were children laughed and cried over his humor and pathos when they were in the prime of life. And to this day, whenever his name is mentioned in Boston, it is accompanied with a blessing, so highly was he esteemed in private life.

Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* made as great an impression in England as it did in his own country. The story of Rip Van Winkle was first dramatized and played at the Adelphi theatre in London, Mr. Yates acting the hero. It was afterward played by Mr. James H. Hackett in America with marked success. Later on the great actor, Charles Burke, played Rip, his pathos being particularly fine. The present version is a dramatization by Dion Boucicault, first produced at the Adelphi theatre, London, in 1865, and has been acted from time to time up to the present day. Boucicault's version, while it has no pretension to literary merit, is undoubtedly an effective drama. The attitude of the principal character is intensely dramatic. The varied emotions of pathos and humor pervade the part. The domestic scene with the

two children in the first act, Rip's expulsion from his home by his wife, in the second; the meeting with the ghostly crew in the mountains, the awakening and the recognition scene between the father and daughter, must always be effective in the hands of an experienced actor. No inferior play could have held a place upon the stage for over a half of a century.

On the evening of May 10th, 1849, there occurred in New York one of the most exciting and terrible theatrical riots known to history. In Ireland's "Annals of the New York Stage" (a very reliable book as to dates and facts connected with theatrical matters) the following account is given of what was called the Macready Riots:

"Mr. Niblo and Mr. Hackett next engaged the establishment for the purpose of presenting Mr. Macready in a series of his admired personations, and announced the tragedy of *Macbeth* for the 7th of May, 1849:

Macbeth	Mr. Macready
Duncan	Mr. Wemyss
Macduff	Mr. C. W. Clarke
Malcolm	Mr. Arnold
Banquo	Mr. Bradshaw
Hecate	Mr. A. Andrews
First Witch	Mr. Chippindale
Second Witch	Mr. John Sefton
Third Witch	Mr. Bridges
Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Coleman Pope

"The performances closed at the commencement of the third act, the lives of Mr. Macready and Mrs. Pope

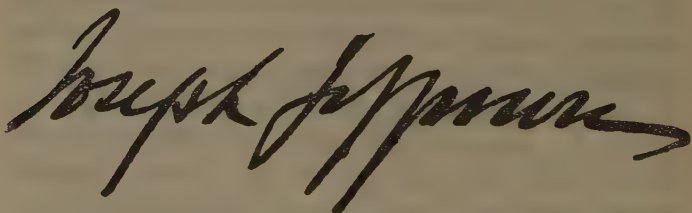
being in danger from the tremendous riot that occurred, incited by parties who appeared determined that the former should never again be heard in a New York theatre.

"A large number of eminent citizens, deeply regretting this unwarrantable insult to Mr. Macready, and fancying that the spirit of malice had been sufficiently gratified, strongly urged him to continue his engagement (which he had determined on throwing up), and assured him of their support and protection. Yielding a reluctant acceptance to their invitation, he reappeared on the evening of the 10th as Macbeth, and the performance passed off with such comparative quiet that he returned his thanks to the audience for their kindness and attention. Outside, however, a different scene was being enacted. An immense concourse of rioters was there assembled who made such violent attacks upon the building that the military, who had been called out for its protection by the Mayor (Woodhull), finally discharged their muskets, by which twenty-two individuals were killed and thirty-six wounded.

"Mr. Macready, who had been kept in ignorance of these external demonstrations during his performance, found his life in such imminent peril on leaving the theatre, that he was obliged to escape in disguise, by wearing the hat and coat of Mr. Arnold. This was the last appearance in New York of the eminent tragedian, who, though strongly urged to reappear, wisely declined to further incite an opposition which had led to such horrible and sanguinary results. Time, it is said, has softened some of the asperity of Mr. Macready's opponents, and many have lived to regret the part they took in an affair

which has left so deep a stain upon the character of the city."

Happily, the time has long since passed when any such disgraceful scene as this would take place. Our country now makes no discrimination between native and foreign talent. The first artists from every land visit our shores confident of a welcome commensurate with their talent. And it is an honor to the American public that while it is loyal to its own artists, it is equally generous to those of all nationalities who ask a recognition of dramatic genius.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Joseph Jefferson". The signature is written in a cursive style with long, sweeping strokes, particularly in the last name "Jefferson".

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lemics. It is fair that we should recognize some glimmerings of desire, in a few regenerate but apparently extra human writers, to enliven their productions with a faint dash of the humor which betokened a leaven of original sin. John Cotton made his catechism appetizing by entitling it "Spiritual Milk for American Babes." There seems to be a foreglimpse of the melodramatic gift in Roger Williams, who constructed a "dialogue" and gave it this sensational name: "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for cause of Conscience," which he followed up with the rousing thriller, "The Bloody Tenent Yet More Bloody," etc.

It was not until a hundred years or more had passed—the century that linked Shakespeare, Dryden, the Restorationists and Sheridan—that America laid the foundation of a native drama, which another century may see as firmly established as that of any of the older lands.

The Adverse Conditions.

Grim were the conditions and dark the prospects for the men and women of gentle upbringing who wished to introduce the world of the drama into American life. Here again, as in a preceding volume, it is vital to perceive that, for the purpose of a comprehensive literary and historical study of the drama, the stage and the play are one, and the dramatist and actor are inseparable. The history of the rise and progress of the written drama is also that of the interpreter of it.

Until the turning point, in the eighteenth century, there was not, and in the nature of the case could

scarcely have been, a native dramatic literature. The Colonial mind was dominated by the prejudice in favor at that time of imported talent and productions. We shall be surprised, as we read the most interesting chronicles on which we now enter, at the unreasoning tenacity of this prejudice, and at the subterfuges which native writers of original gifts adopted to evade it.

That our earliest professional actors were British-born was obviously inevitable, and no discredit to native talent, untrained and doomed, therefore, to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." There is something odd in the circumstance that the very first representation of the conventional Yankee was the creation of the English comedian Thomas Wignell, who played the part of Jonathan in 1787 in a New York theatre, the author of the piece being Royal Tyler, afterward chief justice of Vermont. Not until Edwin Forrest possessed the stage and the hearts of the people could it be said that America had produced a great native-born tragedian.

The English Play; Its Advent and Career.

In Mexico only was the theatre a living factor in social life on this continent prior to the eighteenth century. Not until the summer of 1752 was the drama, in its living shape, introduced by a regular company, and after a bitter conflict with Puritan and Quaker superstition, became a permanent institution. Williamsburg, the former capital of Virginia, was the place selected by the company for its first performance, and the plays, *The Merchant of Venice* and, as an after-piece, Garrick's

farce of *Lethe*. Thus Shakespeare, who belongs to all the world, and to the Americans as much as to the English—for he died only a few years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers—was, both in time and merit, the first dramatist of the western world.

Apart from the drama proper, a history of the American theatre is a subject of importance as connected with the history of American literature and manners. Such a history tends also to mark the growth and improvement of our country, and may even be subservient to the cause of morals, whether the stage, as it exists in special instances or in special periods, exercises a moral influence or the reverse. Moreover, the people of the United States take the deepest interest in the theatre and are justly proud of it; in fact, the play is to the average American virtually a national recreation. Thus, to rescue from oblivion the leading facts relating to the drama, and combine them with personal experiences, including those of prominent actors and dramatists, is a task well worthy of accomplishment. If not so chronicled, the early annals of the New World stage would soon be swept from the memory of man; for there is yet no complete history of that stage, and there are few now living who can throw light on the old-time records of a drama that steadily advances in deserved popularity.

The First Inbading Company.

Garrick had reached the summit of his fame about the year 1745. He had been rejected by Fleetwood

and Rich, the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in 1741, and, after a probation at Ipswich, he was received at the theatre in Goodman's Fields by his friend Giffard, its proprietor and manager, whose successor, William Hallam, is deservedly called the father of the American stage.

On the boards of Goodman's Fields theatre, from which, ten years afterward, issued the leaders of that company which planted the drama in America, Garrick first displayed his unrivalled talents to a London audience and perfected himself in the art which has coupled his name with that of the greater artist, who "exhausted worlds and then imagined new." It was by hard study rather than by genius that Garrick rose to this height and established his reputation as a gentleman, as well as his fame for unrivalled skill in his profession.

In consequence of the success of Garrick, Goodman's Fields theatre became the centre of attraction. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were deserted, so that, at the end of the season of 1742, Fleetwood was glad to engage both manager and actor. Giffard, now befriended by Garrick, was invited to Drury Lane, and the latter entered upon the scene of his greatest triumphs.

William Hallam succeeded Giffard at Goodman's Fields, becoming the proprietor of Garrick's cradle, rendered famous, but unprofitable, from the fact of having had such a nursling. Drury Lane flourished, and the successor of Giffard and Garrick became bankrupt in 1750. This event led to the voyage of discovery planned by the manager and executed by his brother

Lewis, the father of him who was long remembered as old Lewis Hallam.

It is well known that the British drama was, in 1750, in a much more flourishing condition than it has been for the last half century or is at the present day. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning, while fashion, beauty, taste and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below.

The Hallams.

The William and Lewis Hallam mentioned above were brothers of Admiral Hallam. There was a fourth brother, an actor, who was killed accidentally in the green-room by the celebrated actor Charles Macklin, the first great impersonator of Shylock and author of *The Man of the World*. Lewis was a member of his brother William's company at Goodman's Fields and sustained the line of first low comedian. His wife, who was related to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, played the first line of tragedy and comedy. To have been the first low comedian and the first tragic and comic actress in a company which had to strive against Covent Garden, and to vie with Drury Lane, with Garrick as its leader, gives us reason to suppose that Lewis Hallam and his wife were far above mediocrity in their profession, and tradition fully supports this belief.

When William Hallam failed, in 1750, as manager

of Goodman's Fields, his debts were found to be only £5,000, a trifling amount for such a complicated and hazardous speculation. His accounts and his conduct of affairs were so fair and satisfactory to his creditors that they presented him with the wardrobes and other theatrical property of the establishment, thus discharging him from debt, and leaving him in possession of the means to commence business anew. Under these circumstances he turned his thoughts to America, and conceived the idea of sending a company of players to the colonies—not to Puritan New England, but to more prosperous Virginia, which retained much of the cavalier spirit and kept closer to the mother country.

Lewis and his wife consented to cross the Atlantic and try their fortunes in what was then called the Western wilderness. A good company was enlisted. They met at the house of William Hallam, a list of stock plays was selected and a few of the regulation farces, and the cast was agreed upon in general convention. It appears to have been a well-organized band of good thespians, each with her and his part assigned, including duties in front of the house.

Lewis Hallam was appointed manager, chief magistrate, or king, and William, who stayed at home, was to be "viceroy over him." The brothers were to divide profits equally, after deducting the expenses and shares, William being entitled to his half as projector and proprietor, and Lewis as manager and conductor. He and his wife were the principals, Rigby played the leading parts in tragedy and comedy, the names of the rest being Mrs. Rigby, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Miss

Palmer, Singleton, Herbert, Winnell or Wynel, Adcock and Malone.

Our Fathers' Favorite Plays

These are some of the dramas put in study before leaving England: *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Fair Penitent*, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, *Jane Shore*, *The Recruiting Officer*, *King Richard III*, *The Careless Husband*, *The Constant Couple*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Theodosius*, *Provoked Husband*, *Tamerlane*, *The Inconstant*, *Woman's a Riddle*, *The Suspicious Husband*, *The Conscious Lovers*, *George Barnwell*, *The Committee* and *The Twin Rivals*. These were doubtless the popular favorites in London and wherever English was spoken. Of these, six at most now hold the stage, and four of them are Shakespeare's. The farces were Garrick's *Lethe*, *The Lying Valet*, *Miss in Her Teens*, *The Mock Doctor*, *The Devil to Pay*, *Hob in the Well*, *Damon and Philida* and *The Anatomist*. It is interesting to be told that the last-named piece, in which Rigby was the French doctor, was most in demand and brought most profit. Of these eight farces, three were by Garrick and two of them are still played.

The American Company.

The profits of the adventure, to be equally divided between the original proprietor and his brother, were to be the residue and remainder, after deducting the shares, for this was what is known among players as a

sharing company or scheme, and so continued until after the Revolution. In such schemes the manager has one or more shares as a reward for his trouble, one or more shares pay him for the use and wear and tear of the property; he is entitled to one or more additional shares according to his abilities or reputation as an actor, and he usually avails himself of the power which rests with him of casting plays so as to keep up his reputation by appropriating the best or most popular parts for himself. The remaining shares, after the manager is satisfied, are divided among the members of the commonwealth, according to ability, professional repute or the influence obtained by becoming favorites with the public.

In the process of time Hallam's company, under the appellation of the American company, underwent a change. The principal performers became partners in the property; the number of shares was diminished; actors were engaged on weekly salaries, and by degrees the present system was established, in which one man, or a company forming a partnership, are lessees or proprietors, and the stage manager and performers are hired.

At first the number of shares was fixed at eighteen. The number of adult performers was twelve, including the manager, each being entitled to one share. Mr. Hallam had another share as manager; four were assigned to the property and one was allowed for the manager's three children. It is to be presumed that the four shares assigned to the property were to be divided between the brothers as the profits of the part-

nership; otherwise it is hard to say whence profit was to accrue.

The Drama in Virginia.

Early in May, 1752, the voyagers set sail in the *Charming Sally*, perhaps named for the immortal damsel who lived "in our alley," and under the clever seamanship of Captain Lee they arrived safely in Yorktown, Virginia, in the wonderfully good time of six weeks. In the following year Governor Dinwiddie dispatched "one Major Washington," as he is described in the annals of the time, to summon the French posts on the Ohio to surrender to the arms of England. Very probably he witnessed the first representation of plays in Virginia, and one, at least, of the same company of players, the second Lewis Hallam, performed repeatedly before him when he was the first magistrate of the great Republic.

Franklin reckoned the English population at that time to be about a million. As the first settlers of Virginia were of the established English Church, and that form of religion was supported to the exclusion of all others, it is probable that William Hallam was induced to send his company there in preference to the other colonies, from the knowledge that Episcopalians were more liberal in regard to the drama than most other denominations.

Rehearsals on Shipboard.

The foresight exercised by the Hallams in preparing their company for immediate action on their arrival in

America was not without results. The pieces had been selected, cast and put into study before embarkation, and during the passage they were regularly rehearsed. The quarter-deck of the *Charming Sally* was the stage, and, whenever the winds and weather permitted, the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin performed their allotted parts, rehearsing all the plays that had been selected, particularly those fixed upon for the first theatrical exhibitions. They were on their best behavior, for they were not without fear that they might encounter that prejudice against stage-plays which long existed in provincial districts.

After their arrival, on application to Governor Dinwiddie, permission was granted to erect or fit up a building for a theatre in Williamsburg. Hallam found a structure which he judged to be sufficient for his purpose, and proceeded to furnish it with pit, box, gallery and stage. It was a long and roomy edifice in the suburbs of the town, probably erected as a store-house by the early settlers; it was unoccupied, and the manager purchased it. This was the first theatre opened in America by a company of regular players, and although within the boundaries of the capital of the Old Dominion, the seat of William and Mary College, and the residence of all the officers of his majesty's government, it was so near the woods that the manager could, and did, stand within the door and shoot pigeons for his dinner. The proprietors had not included an orchestra in the plan of their establishment; but, fortunately, a professor of music had been before them as a pioneer of the fine arts, and one Pelham, who taught the harpsi-

chord in the town, was engaged with his instrument to represent the wind and stringed instruments which we now look for in an orchestra.

The First Regular Performance.

Antiquarians have pointed out that there is some record of amateur performances at Boston and Philadelphia in 1749, and at New York in 1750, but here we have the first representation of English plays by a regular dramatic organization, in the first American theatre.

On September 5, 1752, in the theatre of Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, the following plays were performed before a delighted audience. The cast shows the strength of the company and the various lines of the performers, who are all included in the following bill, except Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Rigby and Adam Hallam, who was still a child:

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. A COMEDY.

BASSANIO.....	Mrs. Rigby.
ANTONIO	Clarkson.
GRATIANO	Singleton.
SALANIO AND DUKE.....	Herbert.
SALARINO AND GOBBO.....	Winnel.
LAUNCELOT AND TUBAL.....	Hallam.
SHYLOCK	Malone.
SERVANT TO PORTIA.....	Master Lewis Hallam.

(Being his first appearance on the stage.)

NERISSA	Miss Palmer.
JESSICA (her first appearance on stage).....	Hallam.
PORTIA	Mrs. Hallam.

LETHE. A FARCE.

ESOP	Mrs. Clarkson.
OLD MAN	Malone.
FINE GENTLEMAN	Singleton.
FRENCHMAN	Rigby.
CHARON	Herbert.
MERCURY	Adcock.
DRUNKEN MAN AND TATTOO.....	Hallam.
JOHN	Winnel.
MRS. TATTOO.....	Miss Palmer.
FINE LADY.....	Mrs. Hallam.

The first night of the company's performance in America was the first appearance on the stage of young Lewis Hallam, then a boy of twelve. He had only one line to speak, but when he found himself in the presence of the audience he was panic-stricken. He stood motionless and speechless until, bursting into tears, he walked off the boards, making a most inglorious exit. He was afterward the hero and favorite in tragedy and comedy for nearly half a century.

This night's performance gave occasion for the first composition connected with the drama which was written for, or addressed particularly to, an American audience—a prologue especially composed for the purpose, probably on ship-board, by Singleton, and spoken by Rigby. Forty years later, at the request of the author, the lines, as recited, were written down by young Lewis Hallam, who seemed to remember every transaction of that period, every circumstance attending these histrionic adventures, as though they were of yesterday. These excerpts are worth giving, in view of the rare occasion:

To this New World, from famed Britannia's shore,
 Through boisterous seas where foaming billows roar,
 The Muse, who Britons charmed for many an age,
 Now sends her servants forth to tread your stage;
 Britain's own race, though far removed, to show
 Patterns of every virtue they should know.
 Though gloomy minds through ignorance may rail,
 Yet bold examples strike where languid precepts fail.
 The world's a stage where mankind act their parts;
 The stage a world to show their various arts;
 Too oft, we own, the stage with dangerous art,
 In wanton scenes has played the siren's part:
 Yet if the Muse, unfaithful to her trust,
 Has sometimes strayed from what is pure and just,
 Has she not oft, with awful, virtuous rage,
 Struck home at vice, and nobly trod the stage?
 Made tyrants weep, the conscious murderer stand,
 And drop the dagger from his trembling hand?
 Then, as you treat a favorite fair's mistake,
 Pray spare her foibles for her virtue's sake;
 And while her chastest scenes are made appear,
 (For none but such will find admittance here.)
 The Muse's friends, we hope, will join our cause,
 And crown our best endeavors with applause.

Progress of the Drama.

When this company left Williamsburg is not precisely known, but Governor Dinwiddie gave the manager a certificate, signed in council, recommending them as artists and testifying to the propriety of their conduct in private life.

A writer in the *Maryland Gazette*, under date June 19, 1828, claims for Annapolis the first theatre, in point of time, erected in the United States. He says: "In the year 1752, it appears from the files of the *Gazette*, that

plays were performed in what was there called the new theatre—so called, I presume, in contradistinction to the temporary theatres previously used, which, I am told, were such commercial warehouses as could be gotten, and substituted for the purpose.” He quotes the following advertisement:

“By permission of his Honor the President. At the new theatre in Annapolis, by the company of comedians, on Monday next, being the 13th of this instant July, 1752, will be performed a comedy called *The Beaux’ Stratagem*. Likewise a farce called *The Virgin Unmasked*. To begin precisely at 7 o’clock. Tickets to be had at the printing-office. Box, 10 shillings; pit, 7 and 6 pence; gallery, 5 shillings. No person to be admitted behind the scenes.”

The Oldest American Theatre.

The writer in the *Maryland Gazette* goes on to say that “the theatre in Annapolis, which, in 1752, is called the new theatre, was a neat brick building, tastefully arranged and competent to contain between five and six hundred persons. It was built upon ground which had been leased from the Protestant Episcopal church in this city. When the lease, some ten or twelve years ago—1816-1818—had expired, the church took possession of the theatre, which was pulled down merely to procure the materials of which it was built. Scarcely a fragment of it now remains. It was the oldest theatre in the United States, the earliest temple reared in our country to the dramatic Muse. Perhaps it was the first spot upon which the characters of Shakespeare were exhibited to the people of the Western World. It would hereafter have become an object at which the citizens of

this ancient metropolis would have pointed with pride, which the curious would have sought, and which the admirers of dramatic genius would have revered."

Such is the claim put in by the citizens of Annapolis. That the whole of Hallam's company were not there is proved by the silence of his son Lewis and by the circumstance of the two inferior performers playing the first parts. Both were at Williamsburg in September, playing in their subordinate stations. The claim for Annapolis of having erected the first American theatre appears fully made out.

The Drama in New York.

The annals of the American stage are almost as old as those of the nation itself; for as early as the middle of the seventeenth century there are records of dramatic representations in some rude shape in several of the New England and Southern towns. As these were merely amateur performances and present nothing of special interest, they need not here detain us. In New York and Philadelphia the drama made its appearance somewhat later, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that we find it established in a permanent home. Yet shows were given at an earlier period, though sometimes little more than puppet-shows. As pointed out by Charles P. Daly in his *Historical Inquiry*, a New York merchant named George Talbot, advertising in *Bradford's Gazette* for October, 1733, directs inquirers to his store "next door to the play-house." But later investigation has made it prob-

able that this name had reference only to a puppet show. There is no further mention of it, and as the city then contained only 7,055 white inhabitants, it was probably unable to sustain a theatre. We hear nothing more of the real drama until February 26, 1750, when the following notice appeared in the columns of the *Weekly Postboy*:

"Last week arrived here a company of comedians from Philadelphia, who, we hear, have taken a convenient room for their purposes in one of the buildings lately belonging to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., deceased, in Nassau street, where they intend to perform as long as the season lasts, provided they meet with suitable encouragement."

The building was on the east side of Nassau, between John street and Maiden lane. In 1758 it was converted into a church by a body of German colonists, who, a few years later, erected in its stead a more substantial building, which remained standing at least as late as 1810. The following notice of the opening performance appears as an advertisement in the *Postboy*:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S PERMISSION.

AT THE THEATRE IN NASSAU STREET,

On Monday, the 5th day of March next (1750), will be presented the Historical Tragedy of

KING RICHARD III!

Wrote originally by Shakespeare, and altered by Colley Cibber, Esq.

In this play is contained the Death of King Henry VI—The Artful Acquisition of the Crown by King Richard—The Murder of the Princes in the Tower—The Landing of the Earl of Richmond, and The Battle of Bosworth Field.

2—Part I, Vol. XIX.

Tickets will be ready to be delivered by Thursday next, and to be had of the Printer hereof.

Pitt, 5 shillings.

Gallery, 3 shillings.

To begin precisely at half an hour after 6 o'clock, and no person to be admitted behind the scenes.

At this period George II was sovereign of Great Britain, Admiral George Clinton governor of the province of New York and Edward Holland mayor of the city, which contained within its limits about ten thousand inhabitants. Performances probably took place only twice a week, usually on Mondays and Thursdays. For the 12th of March was announced a repetition of *Richard III*, with the addition of the farce of the *Beau in the Suds*. For the 14th and 19th the *Spanish Friar* was billed, and for the 27th, "for the benefit of the Charity School in this city, a tragedy, called the *Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage*, wrote by the ingenious Mr. Otway." For July 23, the last night of the season, were announced *Love for Love* and the *Stage Coach*.

Opposition to the Drama.

We have seen that the first appearance of histrionic artists was at Williamsburg, Virginia, in a building which had previously been occupied for other purposes, probably as a warehouse. Annapolis has the honor of having raised the first temple to the dramatic Muse, and thither the company, led by Lewis Hallam, proceeded from Williamsburg, and, after performing their stock plays and farces, visited Upper Marlborough, Pis-

cataway and Port Tobacco, at that time places of some consequence in Maryland. Hallam's first performance in Nassau street, New York, was on September 17, 1753.

The South, from the more liberal character of its population, was best fitted for the reception of the drama. The Congregationalists of the New England provinces were opposed to any innovations upon their ascetic habits, and particularly to the introduction of those "profane stage-plays" which had been the delight of the Jacobite cavaliers, the enemies of their forefathers. New York, originally a Dutch settlement, retained much of the language and manners of that people and could only be considered as a resort after the Southern provinces. The Quakers of Philadelphia were, of all people, the most opposed to scenic representations, and the more liberal population, which, by its influence and increase, has changed the city of Penn from its drab-colored austerity to the bland and polished amenity of its many-colored receptacles of literature and fine arts, was then in an incipient state. It was, therefore, wisely, as we have seen, that William Hallam, the manager of the London theatre in which Garrick attained to fame, directed his brother Lewis to the genial South, and Virginia and Maryland received the adventurers with a joyous welcome.

After the South, New York presented the fairest field for the efforts of the comedians, and they opened their theatre with the following bill, which is given as an historic document. Detail of this kind would be superfluous in treating of events of more recent date, but at

this early stage a play-bill is a valuable source of information:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S AUTHORITY.

By a Company of Comedians from London, at the New Theatre in Nassau Street, the present evening, being the 17th of September, (1753), will be presented a comedy called

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

The part of young BEVIL to be performed.....by Mr. Rigby.
 The part of MR. SEALAND to be performed...by Mr. Malone.
 SIR JOHN BEVIL.....by Mr. Bell.
 MYRTLE.....by Mr. Clarkson.
 CLIMBERTON.....by Mr. Miller.
 HUMPHREY.....by Mr. Adcock.
 DANIEL.....by Master L. Hallam.
 The part of TOM to be performed.....by Mr. Singleton
 The part of PHILLIS to be performed.....by Mrs. Becceley.
 MRS. SEALAND.....by Mrs. Clarkson.
 LUCINDA.....by Miss Hallam.
 ISABELLA.....by Mrs. Rigby.
 And the part of INDIANA to be performed....by Mrs. Hallam.

To which will be added the Ballad-Farce called

DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

ARCAS.....by Mr. Bell.
 OGON.....by Mr. Rigby.
 KORYDON.....by Mr. Clarkson.
 CYMON.....by Mr. Miller.
 DAMON.....by Mr. Adcock.
 PHILLIDA.....by Mrs. Becceley.
 A new occasional prologue to be spoken.....by Mr. Rigby.
 An epilogue (addressed to the ladies).....by Mrs. Hallam.

Prices.—Box, 8s.; pit, 6s.; gallery, 3s. No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes. N. B.—Gentlemen and ladies that choose tickets may have them at the new printing-office in Beaver Street.

The days of performances were Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and so continued for half a century. On the second night of performing the prices were announced as box 6s., pit 5s., gallery 3s., and toward the middle of October the pit and gallery were reduced to 4s. and 2s.

It will be seen by the above bill that Sir Richard Steele was the first dramatist whose works were presented to the inhabitants of New York. The *Conscious Lovers* is a play well worthy of one of the editors of the *Spectator*. The theatre in Nassau street was closed on March 18, 1754, with *The Beggar's Opera* and *The Devil to Pay*. The company had given the proceeds of one night's performance to the poor.

The Quakers and the Drama.

Already had the religious toleration wisely and benevolently established by William Penn peopled his city with inhabitants of every sect and denomination. While Congregationalism was intolerant and exclusive in the East and Episcopacy in the South, Penn and Baltimore, the Quaker and the Roman Catholic, had opened Pennsylvania and Maryland as places of refuge for liberty of conscience. The consequence was that the plain Quaker color made only a part of the garb of the citizens of Philadelphia even at this early period, but still drab was the livery of the majority. A large portion of the inhabitants, however, saw no offense to morality or religion in any of the colors which give diversity and beauty to dress, or in any of those innocent amuse-

ments which bring men together to sympathize in joys or sorrows, uniting them in the same feelings and expressions, with a brotherly consciousness of the same nature and origin. Many, also, had been accustomed to dramatic representations in their native land, and longed to renew the associations of their youth. Others, who had only read the works of Shakespeare, were anxious to witness a living personification of these characters and ideas which had delighted them in the closet, and looked toward the sister and secondary city of New York with a strong desire to participate in her pleasures and advantages. These causes produced an application to the manager while the company was still playing in New York. Several citizens of Philadelphia urged Hallam to apply to Governor Hamilton for permission to open a theatre in that city, and pledged themselves for its success, notwithstanding any opposition from the followers of Penn. They suggested that it would be advisable at first to make application for permission to play for a few nights only.

Hallam received these overtures with pleasure, and looked around among his companions for a man fitted for the task of opening the way to so desirable an acquisition. Such a pioneer and negotiator needed special address and talents, and we must suppose that Malone had evinced powers of persuasion, and possessed engaging manners or accomplishments superior to those of his fellows, as he was selected by the manager for this important and difficult mission.

Malone willingly undertook the embassy, with the hope of attaining this brilliant accession to his theatrical

property, but he experienced such strenuous opposition, and found the strife with these disciples of peace so perilous, that he wrote for the manager to come to his assistance. Hallam found the city of brotherly love and passive peace divided into two hostile factions, as violent as the green and red of Constantinople, when charioteers shook the empire of the Cæsars to its foundations. Here it was not one color against its opposite, but color against colorless — the rainbow struggling through the cloud.

The Quakers and their adherents carried a petition to the governor for the prohibition of "profane stage-plays." Counter-petitions were signed and presented, and finally the friends of the drama prevailed, and the manager was favored by Governor Hamilton with a permission to open a theatre and cause twenty-four plays, with their attendant after-pieces, to be performed, on condition that they "offered nothing indecent and immoral," and performed one night for the benefit of the poor of the city—and further, that the manager gave security for all debts contracted, and all contracts entered into by the company.

The first regular company of comedians opened their theatre in the store-house of William Plumstead, on Water street, at the first corner above Pine street, and commenced playing in April, 1754, with the tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*. The place was afterward occupied as a sail-loft, and the remains of scenic decoration were to be seen long after the Revolution. It was called the New theatre, the word New being seemingly applied to all places used by this company, although there had

been no previous establishment of the kind. The prices of admittance were, box, 6s., pit, 4s., gallery, 2s. 6d. The company gained money and reputation, notwithstanding a continued and vigorous opposition. Pamphlets were published and distributed gratis during the whole theatrical campaign, and every effort made to show the evils attendant upon plays and players and play-houses, but Shakespeare and his followers prevailed.

The Fair Penitent and *Miss in Her Teens* were the first dramatic pieces presented to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, Nicholas Rowe and David Garrick being thus the first dramatists who spoke from the stage in the city of Penn.

The house was, as might be expected from the excitement, full to overflowing. In the course of the evening a great tumult was occasioned by the discovery of one of the unfriendly petitioners in the pit. He was considered as a spy, and peace was not restored until he was ejected. The governor added six nights to the twenty-four first granted to the players. Thus they held possession of the town until July.

William Hallam, who had brought the troupe to America, now sold his business to his brother Lewis, and returned to England. Lewis carried on the work for a year, and then withdrew to Jamaica, which actors found a more profitable field. He died there in 1756.

A third theatre was built in New York by David Douglas, who had married Lewis Hallam's widow. He was refused permission to perform because he had not asked leave to build his theatre. This was in 1758. After much trouble performances were given, beginning

with *Jane Shore*. The long epilogue in defense of the drama discloses the active hostility displayed by the "unco guid" of New York at that period.

Dramas Better Than Sermons.

Douglas opened the second theatre in Philadelphia, on "Society Hill," in 1759. This was at the corner of Vernon and South streets. Quakers and others besieged Judge Allen, within whose jurisdiction the place was situated, with denunciations of the players and petitions that he would put these people down. Judge Allen rejected their petition, and told the petitioners some wholesome truths, adding that "he had learned more moral virtue from plays than from sermons."

The easternmost boundary of the theatrical empire at this time was Newport, Rhode Island, where the next theatre was built, the company ranging thence to Williamsburg and playing besides at Annapolis, Philadelphia, New York and at smaller places where a courthouse could be transformed into a play-house and scenes of imaginary heroic guilt be allowed to take the place of vulgar plebeian crime.

Perth Amboy, then the capital of New Jersey and the residence of his majesty's governors, judges, treasurers and other officials, with a garrison usually of a regiment of foot, occasionally received the visits of the Thespians, and it is said that old ladies would speak, almost in raptures, of the beauty and grace of Mrs. Douglas and the pathos of her personation of *Jane Shore*.

In 1759, and long afterward, Newport, Williamsburg,

Annapolis and Perth Amboy were places of comparative importance, but later sank into insignificance, while neighboring towns sprang up, towering above and overshadowing them. A truthful and elegant description of Newport has been given by James Fenimore Cooper in his *Red Rover*—the health-inspiring garden of the North, where the Southern planters from the West Indies and Carolinas met in the great slave market of the English provinces.

In 1760 Douglas enlarged his theatre in Philadelphia and gave a benefit for the city college, "for improving youth in the divine art of psalmody and church music." In other cities playhouses were opened in the next few years. The opposition from the outside was always vigorous, and the players fought back in prologue and epilogue in excellent temper. In 1761 a performance of *Othello* was given in New York for the benefit of the poor, the actors contributing their services freely, and it produced \$286.25 for charity.

Customs of the Time.

Notwithstanding the notification, "no person admitted behind the scenes," the disorderly and improper practice of permitting men to mingle with the actors and actresses, and even to show themselves on the stage, was common at this time, as is proved by the following public notice of December 31, 1761: "Complaints having been several times made that a number of gentlemen crowd the stage and very much interrupt the performance, and as it is impossible the actors, when thus

obstructed, should do that justice to their parts they otherwise would, it will be taken as a particular favor if no gentleman will be offended that he is absolutely refused admittance at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in either the stage or upper boxes." This is a state of affairs which it is now hardly possible to conceive, though we know from the history of the English theatre that such was the practice in London for many years. On benefit nights the stage would be almost filled with spectators, the auditory being so seated as to allow but a small portion of the boards for the actors. The custom was abolished by David Garrick, though not without strong opposition. The ceremony of waiting on ladies and gentlemen at their houses with bills had been for some time left off in this company.

In these notices from bills and advertisements we may gain a glimpse at our long-buried ancestors of the colonial period which conjures up scenes of real life. We may picture to ourselves the beaux of 1761, with their powdered wigs, long, stiff-skirted coats and waistcoats, with flaps reaching nearly to the knees of their breeches, their silk stockings, short, quartered shoes and silver or paste buckles, crowding and ogling the actresses on the stage, having secured the box ticket for the purpose of gaining admission behind the scenes; the ladies in the boxes looking now on the actor, and now on a friend or brother by his side. And we see the actor or actress going from house to house, presenting benefit bills and soliciting patronage—"rather an inconvenience to the person so waited upon."

The company finished their labors in New York on the 26th of April, 1762, with a play for the benefit of the Charity school, from which "a handsome sum was raised and delivered by Mr. Douglas to the churchwardens."

Rise of the Revolution Drama.

It is probably news to most of us that the theatre felt the first shock of the struggle for independence. The troubles that agitated the colonies because of the obnoxious Stamp Act caused the destruction of the New York playhouse. The drama, like the other gentle arts, can only be cherished in seasons of peace and prosperity. During the civil wars in England, the theatres were closed, and the players entered the king's army, in opposition to the Parliament. The republicans of New York, in 1764, whether on account of the predilection of the actors for monarchy, or from other causes, determined to tear down the playhouse in Beekman street, and, as related by an eye-witness, a crowd assembled in a yard, or open space, opposite to the theatre in the evening, and set on a number of boys to commence the work, which, once begun, found hands enough to aid it. Thus the first cloud portending civil war discharged its thunders on the temple of the Thespians; but the cloud passed off, and left the political horizon in a state of deceitful calm and brightness.

In 1773 the first theatre was built in Charleston, South Carolina, Douglas having gained permission from the magistrates and being invited by the inhabitants. The season began in September and lasted fifty-

one nights, with three performances weekly, closing in June, 1774.

Of course, during these years several changes had taken place in the company. Lewis Hallam's cousin, Wignell, had arrived from England, and his future partner, Henry, had shown himself an admirable and versatile actor. The troupe, satisfied with their experience in the new country, and expecting a continuance of favor, had called themselves "The American Company." It is probable that they were quite equal in ability to any company in England, outside of the three London theatres. But owing to the impending change in the political atmosphere, they were doomed to meet with an unexpected repulse, and flee for refuge from the storm.

The Continental Congress Closes the Theatres.

Members of the Douglas company intended to reopen the New York theatre in the fall, but the Continental Congress had met in Philadelphia, and not seeing in a company of English players fit instruments to support the cause of American liberty, and doubtless wishing to give public thought a more serious turn, those devoted patriots recommended a suspension of all public amusements.

It was on the 24th of October, 1774, that the first Congress passed the resolution by which they agreed to discountenance and discourage every species of extravagance and dissipation, and among them named "gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments." This resolu-

tion of Congress was conveyed to Douglas in a letter from the president, Peyton Randolph, and the committee of New York likewise gave him notice to the same effect. Their word was law to the multitude, the theatre was closed, and the company sailed for the British West Indies. With their departure the record of professional dramatic performances in the American colonies is closed. Not until the proclamation of the treaty of peace had rendered the colonies a free and independent nation did the players return, after an eventful interval of more than ten years.

II.

The Drama After the Revolution.

In the nature of the case these retrospective notes are more concerned with the drama in America than the American drama. The latter now begins to occupy the stage and to bid for national favor against the imported play. There is no room for wrangling over the condition of things in the dramatic realm. The nation had, as we have seen, been occupied with graver matters than literary and artistic amusements. Allowance must be made for the limited field of public interest in the acted drama. Political and patriotic fervor began to influence the taste and opinion more decidedly. The feeling grew that the national spirit should animate the recreations of an emancipated people. For a considerable time the stage became an occasional battlefield whereon faction-feelings met and clashed. There were tory sentiments and revolution sentiments introduced into drama which stirred the audiences to wild demonstrations. In this way the theatre resumed its influence, if, indeed, it had ever been more than temporarily dormant.

During the Revolution, while the play-houses were

compulsorily closed, the people of the large towns found their amusement in thronging the public promenades, and marching in step to the music of military bands. The gorgeously attired soldiers, British, German and native, drew continual crowds of good citizen folk, whose admiration we may be sure was for the tailoring and the swaggering mien rather than the professional pursuits of the strange legions. In New York the John Street theatre was preserved intact by the adherents of the crown and the Episcopal church, while most of the meeting-houses of other denominations were used as barracks, storehouses, and riding schools. The American company, dispersed in 1774, as already told, was replaced by officers of the British army and navy, then, as now, much given to amateur theatricals, in which they exhibit a surprising degree of talent.

Keeping the Drama Alive.

To give a connected narrative of the ups and downs of the drama in America during the troublous period now under notice would demand a volume to itself, and it would be a volume of stage chronicles rather than the story of dramatic evolution, which is our main purpose. It is a uniquely interesting subject, one that invites sympathetic and ample treatment for the new light it sheds on the devoted labors of those who pioneered, and did heroic service, in the extremely unpropitious circumstances in which the cause of the drama and dramatic art then had to struggle. Our present duty, however, is to summarize, as fairly and graphically as

good intent can compass, the general facts which enable us to realize the state of the drama and the histrionic art as known to the American people in those parlous times. Without straining after precise chronological sequence we shall present a comprehensive panorama of affairs, incidents and important utterances, which will collectively convey a true impression of the national dramatic situation.

Military Dramatists and Players.

Curiously enough, the British officers began their efforts by writing dramas and farces in Boston during the war. The serious drama called *The Heiress*, by Burgoyne, was preceded by a farce, also his, *The Blockade of Boston*, which was intended to ridicule the stalwart Yankees who were then holding the soldiery of England cooped up on a narrow neck of land, protected by their ships. The irony of the situation must have entered painfully into the souls of the British forces, who flung farcical bubbles as their deadliest ammunition, when by and by these same serious Yankees drove them out with disgrace, and received the surrendered sword of farceur Burgoyne on the field of Saratoga.

It is remembered that, while the officers were performing Burgoyne's farce, an alarm was given that the rebels had assaulted the lines, and when a sergeant entered and announced the fact, the audience, supposing that his words, "The rebels have attacked the lines on the Neck!" belonged to the farce, applauded the very natural acting of the man, and were not disturbed until successive encores convinced them that it was not

to the play that the words belonged, and that the prompter was not behind the scenes, but behind the trenches.

This was, as far as is known, the second drama written in America, and the first so written that was performed, although not by professionals, but by amateurs. Another piece in dramatic form was published about this time, and perhaps ought to take chronological precedence. It bears no date, but as it was printed by James Rivington, in New York, previous to the occupation of that city by the British, and purports to have been originally printed in New England, it must have been published before *The Blockade of Boston* was played by the British officers. That it was written before hostilities commenced, its politics and whole scope and tendency evince. Though its form is dramatic, it was not intended for representation, but by its humor and satire to attract readers and gain proselytes to the cause of royalty or toryism. It is entitled *The Americans Roused; or, a Cure for the Spleen*, and the dramatis personæ are Sharp, a country parson; Bumper, a country justice; Fillpot, an innkeeper; Gravears, a deacon; Trim, a barber; Brim, a Quaker, and Puff, a late representative.

A Cure for the Spleen.

Trim, a political barber, conceited and talkative, is the advocate of the people in his shop, but merely because it serves his interest. The real advocates of freedom are Puff, who, to suit the author's views, is a stupid, ignorant, pretending blockhead, and Deacon

Gravears, as stupid and ignorant as the other. The shrewd Quaker, the honest justice, and the orthodox parson are all friends to old England's paternal dominion and right of rule over the colonists. The result is that all become converts to the parson's doctrine. The barber says he is "determined to drop his shop preachments, or else to take the right side of the question, whatever becomes of his custom." The deacon fears that he and his patriotic friends have been wrong. The representative begins "to see things in a different light." The landlord is glad he had "nothing to do with these matters." And the Quaker sums up, or, as the players say, tags the piece with "Treason is an odious crime in the sight of God and men; may we none of us listen to the suggestions of Satan; but may the candle of the Lord within lighten our paths; and may the Spirit lead us in the way of truth, and preserve us from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion."

So much for the politics of the piece; the following are specimens of the character drawing and dramatic humor. Trim protesting against the banishment of politics from his shop because they are a part of his trade:

Brim.—Why, I have often heard thee holding forth to thy customers with such apparent zeal against British tyranny and oppression, that I was verily persuaded thou wert infected with the epidemical frenzy of the times.

Trim.—Ay, friend Brim, all trades have their mysteries, and one half the world live by the follies of the other half.

Puff.—But pray, Mr. Trim, are you such a tory as to turn all our grievances into scorn and derision, and only pretend to be a friend to your country for the sake of a living!

Trim elsewhere says:

Trim.—If I was denied the privilege of my shop to canvass politics, as a body may say—that is, Lord North, East India Company, constitution, charter rights, and privileges, duties, taxes and the like o' that—body o' me, sir, strip me of this darling privilege, and you may take my razors, soap, combs and all.

The parson compares the Americans to the Jews, who, though placed in the chosen land by their king, who had “driven out the Canaanites, the Indians, before them, now vauntingly say, Who shall be Lord over us?”

Brim wishes the clergyman to teach the truth to the republicans; for he “seems to be moved to become a light to their feet, and a lamp to their path.”

Trim.—Face is the Latin for candle—I am dumb. Perge, domine reverende.

The parson thunders against the ministers who have used the pulpit to stir up rebellion.

Trim joins in with:

Trim.—As Dryden says—

“These lead the path, though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.”

And Lilly's grammar ranks them with beasts and robbers—
“Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos.” No offense to you, sir.

The author of *A Cure for the Spleen* was a dramatist, and although his work may not strictly belong to the history of the American theatre, it may class with

American dramatic literature, and therefore not be out of place. Although the best plays are those originally intended for representation, many very excellent dramas have been written for the closet, some to inculcate religious doctrines, some devoted to the delineation of passion, and others merely the sport of poetic imagination. The play in question was intended to instruct in government and politics, and, however mistaken the author may have been, he possessed a certain degree of talent.

The British in New York.

After being driven from Boston, the British went to New York and availed themselves of the few theatres left there. A dramatic corps was formed as early as 1777 in the John Street house, the manager and chief low comedian was Surgeon-General Beaumont. Some of the officers played female parts; for instance, Lieut. Pennefeather appeared as Estifania, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The allies of the British forces, the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagos and other supporters of the king did not know happily that the great warriors of their great father, George, submitted to the degradation of the petticoat.

Major Williams, of the artillery, was the hero of tragedy, the Richard and Macbeth of the company, and the heroine bore his name, though not as its legal possessor. Her comedy had considerable merit, as also Sullen and a woman named Clarinda. There were other females associated with the company, such as had "fol-

lowed the drum," and these were paid for their services at the rate of two, three and four guineas each performance. The names of Captain Oliver Delancy, 17th Dragoons; Captain William Loftus, Guards; Lieutenant Pennyfeather, Captain Phipps, Captain Stanley and others are recorded with that of Major André, as performing at this time. Add to these many afterward known in London, when peace and half-pay had deprived them of the heroic splendor which surrounded them in the streets and on the stage of New York. The house in John street was now called the "Theatre Royal;" the play-bills were headed "Charity," and sometimes "For the benefit of the Orphans and Widows of the Soldiers."

As the officers had musicians at hand in their regimental bands, the orchestra was better filled than in the times of the professional players. They had fourteen performers at a dollar a night. Their scenery is said to have been wretched, their dresses elegant. Notwithstanding this general censure of the scenery, it has been confidently asserted that Major André was expert at the brush. The scene department was likewise assisted by one Thomas Barrow, originally a coach painter, and for many years the only dealer in engravings known in New York. Certainly he had both taste and knowledge in the art of design.

The British in Philadelphia.

When the British army took possession of Philadelphia, in 1777, the theatre in Southwark was opened and

supported as that in New York continued to be. Here also Major André was one of the scene painters, and it is recorded that a drop curtain which he painted continued to be used as long as the house stood. In addition to their amusements at the theatre, the gentlemen of this gay and chivalrous army got up with great splendor a memorable entertainment which they called a *Meschianza*, a mixture of ball, masquerade and tournament, an account of which is given in Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*.

Theatre Royal in New York.

In Gaine's *Mercury* of November 15th, 1779, appears the following advertisement: "Theatre Royal. Such ladies as are duly qualified, and inclined to perform on the stage during the course of the ensuing winter, will please to send in their proposals, sealed and directed to the managers, to be left at Mr. Rivington's."

The office of prompter, so essential in a theatre, was filled by Mr. Hemsworth, who occasionally played; he was not an officer, and occasionally received a benefit; otherwise, benefits could not be a part of the dramatic arrangements, where all was for the benefit of the poor.

From November 13th, 1780, to June 11th, 1781, the theatre was kept open, but as the efforts of the managers of the great military drama became languid, so the ardor for the stage declined; and the theatre was abandoned by the military occupants before the town was surrendered to the men who had been sometimes rather an interruption of their sports, from the period

of the blockade of Boston to the final sinking of the English flag at the evacuation of New York, on the 25th of November, 1783.

Hallam's Return to Philadelphia.

With peace returned the players by profession, but not the whole company. Hallam arrived first, with a weak detachment, as if to gain a footing in the new republic. Philadelphia was the place chosen at which to make the attempt; but the people received the runaways coldly and with a certain degree of contempt.

When Hampden, Pym, Vane, Milton and their glorious companions, raised the standard of humanity against that of ignorance and oppression, and put to flight the dramatic muse by the clang of the trumpet and the thunder of the war-horse, her retainers, being the king's servants, exchanged the mock truncheon and foil of the green-room and the stage for real command and pointed weapons, in the ranks of their royal master; but it does not appear that any of the stage heroes of the American company became leaders or followers in the regiments of George III. They seem to have gained a safe distance from the scene of strife, when American patriots defied and drove out the standard and adherents of monarchy, and, having seen the stage on which the contending parties had been playing a tragedy of many acts cleared by the retreat of the royalists, they crept from their hiding places and approached warily to the land in which they felt that they had no part or portion as partakers in its dangers, its sufferings, or its

glories. The republicans received them at first with indifference, and many would have willingly continued the prohibition of stage-plays which the caution of the first Continental Congress had recommended.

The good people of Philadelphia were decidedly opposed to everything relating to stage-plays, which were so many branches of the tree of evil planted by William Shakespeare and his associates to corrupt the world. Young men who joined amateur companies lost their positions as clerks, or if apprentices, were severely punished. But there were many wealthy and respectable people who did not share these narrow views and wished to enjoy the drama. The city authorities, under Quaker influence, prohibited the erection of a play-house, but as their jurisdiction then extended only to South street, a brick building had been erected on the opposite side of that street, in the district of Southwark. It was a sorry-looking edifice, more like a country barn than a temple of the drama. Yet on it was bestowed the high-sounding name, Apollo theatre. It had one large door in the centre, with windows on either side; in the interior the view from the boxes was intercepted by pillars supporting the upper tier and the roof. It was lighted by plain oil lamps without globes, a row of which also served to light up the stage. The scenery was dingy in the extreme, representing almost entirely ancient castles and the sombre foliage of surrounding woods. Old musicians fiddled away in the orchestra as if life and death depended upon their exertions, their melodies sounding like ghostly echoes from the tomb.

The actors and their costumes were in keeping with

the rest, combining all the styles of dress used in by-gone ages. Much of the scenery had been painted by the unfortunate Major André during the British occupation of Philadelphia, one of the drop scenes executed by him being the finest thus far produced in the United States. Little did the unfortunate artist suppose, while painting the scene, that, a few years later, it would be used in a national play which had for its subject his capture and death as a spy. "It represented," says one who saw it, "a landscape with a distant champaign country and a winding rivulet extending from the front of the picture to the extreme distance. In the foreground and centre was a gentle cascade,—the water beautifully executed—overshadowed by a group of majestic forest trees." In the tragedy of *André* this drop scene was used to represent the pass on the banks of the Hudson river where the major was captured by three militiamen, for it was the only one available. Pitiful as was this makeshift, however, the scene was the best part of the entertainment, for the play had no merit as a drama and was only concocted for holiday occasions. Yet it served its purpose for a Fourth of July audience, and was so used for the first time in the summer of 1807.

Although out of chronological order, we add here some notes about this primitive theatre of Philadelphia. After the Revolution the stage-box at one side was the playhouse, and on such occasions the *Poor Soldier* fitted up for President Washington when he visited was usually given by his desire. Quaker influence had now diminished, and after a time new theatres were

built in the city proper, the first on Chestnut street, in 1794, which was also graced by Washington's presence, and one on Walnut street, in 1807, still in existence. The Southwark theatre fell somewhat into disrepute, and in 1821 it was burnt, with most of its property, including André's scenery. Only the walls were saved from the conflagration, and these were afterward used for a distillery.

The theatre in Southwark was opened by Hallam, assisted by Allen, on the 11th of March, 1785. The *Pennsylvania Mercury* praises their entertainments, and expresses the hope "that Shakespeare, Addison and Young may be permitted once more to enforce on our citizens the love of virtue, liberty and morality."

The Legislature Debates the Drama.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania was in session at this time; and after the players had retired to New York, a debate took place on the subject of prohibiting a theatre, which, as it may stand for a fair specimen of popular sentiment for and against the drama at this period, may be reproduced in a brief abstract.

A motion was made to add a clause to a bill before the House for suppressing vice and immorality. This clause prohibited the erecting of any "play-house, stage or scaffold," for the purpose of acting any kind of dramatic work, enumerating them, from the tragedy to the pantomime, and fined all persons concerned in or abetting in any manner such immoral practices. In the debate that followed, General Anthony Wayne, the

hero of Stony Point, was the first speaker. He hoped that the theatre would not be mentioned in a bill for suppressing vice and immorality. He asserted that a well regulated theatre was universally acknowledged to be an efficient engine for the improvement of morals.

Dr. Logan thought that theatres were only fit for monarchies. He said the government of Geneva prohibited a theatre in that republic as inimical to their liberties; that the kings of France and Sardinia had endeavored to establish a theatre in Geneva to subvert the republic. He, however added, "if we had a theatre under proper regulations, where no plays should be exhibited except those calculated to expose vice or recommend virtue, I should have no objection."

Robert Morris, one of the greatest of our statesmen, and the ablest of financiers, boldly declared himself a friend to the theatre, as affording a rational, instructive and innocent amusement. "As to the effect of the theatre on morals and manners, I hold it," said he, "to be favorable to both."

Clymer, in favor of the drama, urged that, say or do what we would, a theatre would be forced upon us; it is a concomitant of an independent state. No civilized state is without it." He contended that it served to refine and purify manners. "Are we forever," he asked, "to be indebted to other nations for genius, wit and refinement?"

Whitehill, the mover of the clause, avowed his opinion that no regulation could prevent the vice and immorality of a theatre, and said he would oppose the establishment of one in the state of Pennsylvania.

Smiley thought that by drawing the minds of people to amusements they were led to forget their political duties. "Cardinal Mazarin," he said, "established the Academy of Arts and Sciences in France with this view." He avowed himself "no friend to the fine arts," and asserted that "they only flourished when states were on the decline."

The last mentioned speaker has at least the merit of consistency. He had sagacity enough to perceive that the fine arts were all connected, and must stand or fall together, and he knew that the drama was one of the number. He placed the theatre where it should be; for if the drama is injurious to a state, so are literature and the arts. His last assertion was the fruit of ignorance of the history of nations. He honestly confounded the abuse of things with the things themselves. What has been so abused to the purposes of evil as the press? Yet what is so precious to man?

Findley saw in a theatre regulated by government "a dangerous tool in its hands," forgetting that the people who created the ministers of government were the judges of the representations brought on the stage, and that such an engine in the hands of the government would be jealously watched by the people. A theatre directed by government would be attended by the best citizens; they would guarantee the purity of this source of instruction and delight, and the political impulse given must always accord with the opinion of the public; so must the laws of a state or they become nugatory. Findley concluded that the stage vitiated taste by representing unreal characters.

Clymer, in reply, said that "if the pieces represented are not immoral, the stage cannot be immoral." He asserted that, as the people of Europe had progressed in civilization and refinement, their plays had improved in purity.

Robert Morris asserted that all celebrated nations had "permitted the establishment of theatres, and that they had improved the manners of the people. The writers for the theatre have generally been men of extensive genius." He thought the lessons given to vice and folly salutary. He hoped to see American poets suiting plays to our times, characters and circumstances. "The taste and manners of a people," he said, "regulate the theatre; and the theatre has a reciprocal effect on the public taste and manners."

General Wayne said he thought the prohibition of plays during the war, by Congress, was an ill-judged measure, as plays might have been represented that would have stimulated to heroic actions. "A theatre," he continued, "in the hands of a republican government, regulated and directed by such, would be, instead of a dangerous instrument, a happy and efficient one."

Whitehill, in reply, repeated his opinion that the establishment of a theatre tended "directly to the encouragement of licentiousness."

Robert Morris, after some further remarks in favor of the stage, concluded by saying "in such large societies as are common in cities like this, people will find out amusements for themselves unless governments do it." He expressed his belief as before, that a regulated theatre improved morals.

General Wayne proposed that all plays previous to performance should be submitted to the executive council, which would be responsible to the people.

Clymer exposed the ignorance which asserted that the fine arts only flourished under despotism, or in the decline of liberty. He said, "Virgil and Horace lived before the republic was overthrown, and in Greece there was not a single author of eminence after the fall of republicanism."

Finally, the clause which prohibited the drama, as being one of the sources of vice and immorality, was rejected.

The First American Play.

The Contrast, a comedy in five acts, was performed on the 16th of April, 1786, being the first native dramatic work which had ever been presented on a regular stage by a regular company of comedians.

The author was Royal Tyler, a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard, and resident of Boston. He was a lawyer, and also served as an officer in suppressing Shay's insurrection. Besides this play, he wrote one entitled *May Day*, and several years later a popular farce, *The Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon*. This was a satire on the rage then prevalent in the North for speculating in the lands of what was called the Yazoo purchase. He became involved in difficulties and settled in Vermont, at Brattleboro; grew up with the State, was elected to the bench, and ultimately became Chief Justice. He wrote a novel, *The Algerine Captives*, and various poems. He died in 1824.

The Contrast, from the dramatic standpoint, is not a very brilliant piece of work, but as the starting point of the American drama, it merits attention. It may be noted, however, that *The Prince of Parthia*, by Thomas Godfrey, was published in Philadelphia as early as 1767, after the death of the author. It had been offered to the American Company some years earlier, but was not performed.

The Contrast is extremely deficient in plot, dialogue and incident, but has some merit in the characters, and in that of Jonathan, played by Wignell, a degree of humor, and knowledge of what is termed Yankee dialect, which, in the hands of a favorite performer, was relished by an audience gratified by the appearance of a home production—a feeling soon exchanged for a most discouraging predilection for foreign articles, and contempt for literary home-made effort. The comedy was given by the author to Wignell, who published it in 1790, by subscription. It was somewhat coldly received; yet Jonathan the First has, perhaps, not been surpassed by any of his successors. He was the principal character; strictly speaking, the only character. The following is his description of a play-house in New York, and of the performance of *The School for Scandal* and *The Poor Soldier*:

Jenny.—So, Mr. Jonathan, I hear you were at the play last night.

Jonathan.—At the play! Why do you think I went to the devil's drawing-room?

Jenny.—The devil's drawing-room!

Jon.—Yes; why, ain't cards and dice the devil's device? And the play-house the shop where the devil hangs out the

vanities of the world upon the tenter-hooks of temptation? I believe you have not heard how they were acting the old boy one night, and the wicked one came among them sure enough, and went right off in a storm and carried one-quarter of the play-house with him. Oh, no, no, no! You won't catch me at a play-house, I warrant you.

To the question, "Where were you about six o'clock?" Jonathan replies:

Jon.—Why, I went to see one Mr. Morrison, the hocus-pocus man; they said as how he could eat a case-knife. As I was going about here and there to find the place, I saw a great crowd of folks going into a long entry that had lanterns over the door; so I asked a man if that was the place where they played hocus-pocus. He was a very civil kind of a man, though he did speak like the Hessians. He lifted up his eyes and said, "They play hocus-pocus tricks enough here, Got knows." So I went right in, and they showed me away clean up to the garret, just like a meeting-house gallery. And so I saw a power of topping folks, all sitting round in little cabins just like father's corn crib, and then there was such a squeaking of the fiddles, and such a tarnal blaze with the lights, my head was near turned. At length people that sat near me set up a hissing like so many mad cats, and then they went thump, thump, thump, just like our Peleg thrashing wheat, and stamped away just like the nation, and called out for one Mr. Langolee—I suppose he helps act the tricks.

Jenny.—Well, and what did you do all this time?

Jon.—Gor, I—I liked the fun, and so I thumped away and hissed as lustily as the best of them. One sailor-looking man that sat by me, seeing me stamp, and knowing I was a cute fellow, because I could make a roaring noise, clapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're a d——d hearty cock, smite my timbers!" I told him so I was, but he needn't swear so and make use of such wicked words.

Jenny.—Did you see the man with his tricks?

Jon.—Why, I vow, as I was looking out for him, they lifted up a great green cloth and let us look right into the next neighbor's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made in that 'ere way?

Jenny.—Not many. But did you see the family?

Jon.—Yes, swamp it, I seed the family.

Jenny.—Well, and how did you like them?

Jon.—Why, I vow they were very much like other families. There was a poor, good-natured curse of a husband, and a sad rantipole of a wife.

Jenny.—But did you see no other folks?

Jon.—Yes. There was one youngster, they called him Mr. Joseph; he talked as sober and pious as a minister, but, like some ministers that I know, he was a sly tike in his heart, for all that; he was going to ask a young woman to spark it with him, and—the Lord have mercy on my soul!—she was another man's wife.

Jenny.—And did you see any more folks?

Jon.—Why, they came on as thick as mustard. For my part, I thought the house was haunted. There was a soldier fellow who talked about his row-de-dow-dow and courted a young woman; but of all the cute folk I saw, I liked one little fellow—he had red hair and a little round, plump face like mine, only not altogether so handsome. His name was Darby—that was his baptizing name; his other name I forget. Oh! it was Wig—Wag—Wag—all—Darby Wagall—pray do you know him? I should like to take a sling with him, or a drop of cider with a pepper-pod in it, to make it warm and comfortable.

Jenny.—I can't say I have that pleasure.

Jon.—I wish you did; he's a cute fellow. But there was one thing I didn't like in that Mr. Darby, and that was, he was afraid of some of them 'ere shooting-irons, such as your troopers wear on training days. Now, I'm a true-born Yankee American son of liberty, and I never was afraid of a gun yet in all my life.

Jenny tells him he "was certainly at the play-house," and he cries:

Jon.—Marcy on my soul! Did I see the wicked players? Mayhap that 'ere Darby, that I liked so, was the old serpent himself, and had his cloven foot in his pocket. Why, I vow, now I come to think on't, the candle seemed to burn blue, and I'm sure, where I sat, it smelt.

III.

William Dunlap.

Before Lewis Hallam came to America in 1754, a few amateurs in Philadelphia and Boston had presented plays even in spite of local prohibitory laws. Hallam's troupe was the first to introduce professional acting, and it was well entitled to the name which it assumed—"The American Company." Their plays, however, were all imported from the London stage, and this continued to be the custom long after the political independence of the United States was established. There arose in due time a desire for plays of native authorship and of local interest. We have seen the first attempt to gratify this desire, and its partial success. But a more determined and persistent effort was made by William Dunlap, who has been honored by the title, "Father of the American Drama." His merit has been recognized by various historians of the stage, and has led to the formation of the Dunlap Society in New York, which has republished in limited editions the best of his plays and adaptations, besides various treatises relating to the origin and history of the American drama.

William Dunlap's father was of Irish birth and an

officer in the British army. After crossing the Atlantic with General Wolfe, he was wounded in the memorable attack on Quebec, and at the close of the war settled at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Here his only son, William, was born on the 19th of February, 1766. In early boyhood he had access to a kind neighbor's well-stocked library, but the breaking out of the Revolutionary war interfered with his education. His father adhered to the king's cause, but took no active part in the struggle. He resided in New York city during most of its occupation by the British. When William was but twelve years old he lost his right eye by its being struck with a piece of wood while at play. For months he was prevented from using the remaining eye, but as soon as he was allowed, he devoted himself to drawing, for which he had early shown inclination. In 1784 he was sent to London to study painting under the distinguished Benjamin West, a native of Pennsylvania, who was then president of the Royal Academy. With this eminent preceptor he passed three years, and always spoke of him with high respect.

About the end of the summer of 1787, William Dunlap returned to his home in America. He himself frankly records that while abroad, from his eighteenth to his twenty-second year, a time of life fraught with danger and temptation, the theatre had been his delight. He had seen all the great performers then on the English stage, and as many plays as his finances permitted. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket and other theatres had been visited for the sake of the performances, and not as scenes of dissipa-

tion. He had seen all Shakespeare's acting plays and many others, especially the new pieces of the day, presented by the immediate successors and some of the contemporaries of Garrick.

Filled with these recollections, Dunlap first saw the American company on his return performing upon the stage where, as a boy, he had witnessed the representations of Shakespeare, Home and Cumberland by the officers of his Britannic majesty, during the intervals of their military exertions in suppressing what they termed the rebellion. He heard of the success of *The Contrast*, and although it was already put on the prompter's shelf or buried in the chest, the praises bestowed upon it lit up the inflammable material brought from abroad, and a comedy in five acts was written in a few weeks. A Yankee servant, a travelled American, an officer in the Revolutionary army, a fop, such as fops then were in New York, an old gentleman and his two daughters, one lively and the other serious, formed the dramatis personæ. The play was read to critics as young as the author, and praised to his heart's content. It has long been consigned to oblivion, and fortunately, as the writer confessed, no traces remain of its merits or demerits.

Having written a play, how was the author to approach those awful beings, the managers? He had never been behind the scenes of a theatre, and his ideas of managers were those formed from books; Garrick and Colman and Sheridan, the arbiters of the fate of authors, and famed themselves for wit and learning, investing all managers with a splendor little short of

regal dignity. He had not read that letter of Garrick to Colman, which says: "I know that fools may be, and that many fools have been, managers." Little did the young author know how much these redoubtable American kings wished for alliance with the citizens, and how gladly they would meet any overtures from the son of a merchant. In fact, he knew nothing of the theatre, its managers or its actors but the mere outside. As a medium of communication between the play-writer and the managers a man was pointed out who had for a time been of some consequence on the London boards, and now resided under another name in New York. This was the Dubellamy of the English stage, a first singer and walking gentleman. Though past his meridian, he was still a handsome man, and was sufficiently easy of access and full of the courtesy of the old school. A meeting was arranged at the City tavern, and a bottle of Madeira discussed with the merits of this first-born of a would-be author. The wine was praised, and the play was praised—the first, perhaps, made the second tolerable, for that must be good which can repay a man of the world for listening to an author who reads his own play, and unless the work has uncommon merit, the listener's task is a hard one. The play was read with good emphasis and discretion, in the reader's opinion, and apparently in that of the veteran Dubellamy. "It was excellent, wanted a little pruning, but far less than *She Stoops to Conquer*, when Goldsmith read it to us in the green-room." Surely, a delightful draught of flattery from one who had seen the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The

comedy bore a mawkish title, *The Modest Soldier*; or, *Love in New York*.

An introduction to the managers was the next step; and a reading by appointment at Henry's house before Hallam, Henry and Mrs. Henry. The lady was polite, Henry complimented, Hallam was shy and silent. Henry being the acting manager, several interviews with him succeeded. On one occasion the author of the comedy, calling on him, was ushered into his chamber by Mrs. Henry, and found him extended on a field-bed and apparently unable to rise. His gigantic figure appeared larger than ever, his face was flushed with fever and the lower part covered with beard. His disease was gout, and he occasionally expressed his suffering, but spoke cheerfully, and even jocosely. The same evening he played the youthful lover in *The Clandestine Marriage*, and his morning visitor saw him in apparent health and elegantly appareled, while his brother manager, Hallam, a harlequin in activity, represented Lord Ogilby, a character he had seen performed by King at Drury Lane, and mimicked those twitches and excruciating pains which Henry, feeling in reality, covered with the mask of apparent ease and enjoyment. Such is a picture of theatrical life.

The comedy of the young author was accepted and cast, but after some delays, its appearance was, by agreement, deferred until the next winter, as the benefits were soon to commence, for the company was about to leave the city. The next season alterations were proposed and made to suit Mrs. Henry. But the bringing out was still put off, and it was only time

and experience that explained to the candidate for fame the mystery of his disappointment. There was no part suited to Henry, and he was the acting and very efficient manager. There was no part suited to his wife, and she was another efficient manager. The best man's part was intended for Wignell; the best woman's part was cast by the author for Mrs. Morris, as the representative of the lively comedy lady. The acting manager was jealous of and at variance with Hallam and Wignell, and Mrs. Morris was patronized by Wignell. These were mysteries unthought of by the young author, who, buoyed up by hope and expectation, anticipating the success of this much-praised comedy, proceeded to write a second, in which, without design, one part was suited to Henry, another did not displease his wife, and the lively lady was evidently inferior to the character assigned to the manager's lady. This second comedy was seized with avidity by Henry. The author was easily persuaded to let the second come out first, and the first was ultimately abandoned—no doubt a well-merited fate, the flattery of Dubellamy, Hallam and the rest notwithstanding.

The Father of an Only Child.

The second play was named *The Father* and was brought out in September, 1789. It had been studied carefully, was played correctly and received with great applause by the citizens. It was the first play performed by regular comedians which had come from the American press, was immediately reprinted in

Halifax, and some years afterward another edition was published, with the title enlarged by the words of *an Only Child*. The serious or pathetic parts received full support from Henry, who played the father, and from Mrs. Henry, who was the heroine. Wignell added to his reputation as a comic actor, and the play was performed until the benefits commenced, in about three weeks after its first appearance. The author made an attempt to soften the asperities which war had created, and to reconcile his countrymen to their British brethren. When secessions occurred in the ranks of the American company, including that of Wignell, who was the great favorite of the laughter-loving section, the piece was laid aside, never to be revived.

Short-lived as it was, *The Father of an Only Child* may claim attention as the first American play printed in New York that had been performed in a regular theatre, and the first performed of the many written by William Dunlap, whose name should be kept in lively remembrance by American lovers of the drama. Some account may therefore be given of the cast, the characters and their representatives.

Colonel Campbell, "the father of an only child," was played by Henry. The colonel, like several of our patriotic officers of 1775, is supposed to have been a physician before taking up the sword. When a student at Edinburgh, he had clandestinely married, lost his wife, and, when he returned home, left his only child with a friend, who had educated him and placed him in the British army under his own name. Campbell supposes he was killed at Bunker Hill, and now arrives

in New York to visit his two sisters and wards. Racket, played by Hallam, had married one of these sisters and is a dissipated man and a bad husband. In his house the scene lies, and the unities are fully observed. Rusport, played by Biddle, is an impostor, pretending to be an officer in the English army, but really the fugitive servant of Haller—Mr. Harper—who proves to be the son of the colonel, supposed to have fallen in battle. Tattle—Mr. Wignell—is the family physician and Marplot of the piece; Campley—Mr. Wools—is a companion of Haller's; Platoon—Mr. Ryan—is a kind of poor Corporal Trim to Colonel Campbell; Jacob—Mr. Lake—is a German soldier, left behind by the Hessians. Such are the males. Mrs. Racket, played by Mrs. Morris, encourages the addresses of Rusport in jest, and excites her husband's jealousy. Caroline—Mrs. Henry—had met Haller in Halifax, and been betrothed to him, and discovers to Campbell that his son was not killed at Bunker Hill, but is only lost to him by subsequent events, as is suspected by her. Mrs. Grenade—Mrs. Harper—and Susannah—Miss Tuke—thicken the plot and serve to unravel it. Haller detects his servant, discovers that he is somebody else and not himself, and is married to Caroline, and all the rest ends as a play should do.

John Henry was fully six feet in height, and had been uncommonly handsome. He played Othello better than any man had done before in America, though it is recorded that he wore the "uniform of a British general officer, his face black, and his hair woolly." This need not appear strange, for in 1786-7 John

Kemble, playing the Moor—with Mrs. Siddons as Desdemona—appeared in a military suit of scarlet and gold lace—coat, waistcoat and breeches; he wore white silk stockings, his face was black, and his hair, not woolly—but long and black, was queued in the military fashion of the day. Bensley played Iago, and very well, in a modern uniform of blue and red. Henry therefore dressed in the manner of his contemporaries, and was at that time a victim of the gout. His Irishmen were very fine, and he had great merit in serious and pathetic fathers. The *American Quarterly Review* thus speaks of the play: "The plot is sufficiently dramatic to carry on interest throughout; the characters are well drawn and well employed, and the dialogue possesses what is indispensable to genuine comedy, a brief terseness and unstudied ease."

A SCENE FROM DUNLAP'S PLAY.

Enter Dr. Tattle, Mr. Racket, Mrs. Racket and Rusport.

Tattle.—Oh, Racket, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?

Racket.—So, another infernal coxcomb!

Tat.—What's the matter? You don't seem well. How d'ye do, ma'am? Your servant, sir. (To Rusport.) Racket, you have not introduced me to this gentleman.

Rack.—Captain Rusport, this is my friend Dr. Tattle.

Tat.—Yes, sir, Tattle—Terebrate Tattle, M.D.

Rack.—Doctor, this is Captain Rusport, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.

Tat.—How d'ye do, sir? I'm very glad to see you, indeed. Very fine potatoes in Halifax. Racket! this way. Here, just come from abroad. You'll recommend me?

Rack.—If he wants a physician, I certainly will. (Half aside.) In the full hope that you will poison him.

Tat.—Thank you! thank you! Servant, ma'am. Fine weather, ha? A little rainy, but that's good for the country.

A fine season for coughs and colds, sir. (To Rusport.) Oh, Racket, my dear fellow, I had forgot that I heard of your accident. No great harm done, I perceive. What a tremendous fall you must have had, precipitated from the scaffolding of a three-story house, and your os parietale brought in contact with the pavement, while your heels were suspended in the air, entangled in a mason's ladder!

Rack.—Pooh! pooh! I broke my nose.

Tat.—Is that all? Why, I heard—so, so—only a contusion on the pons nasi. I was called up to a curious case last evening.

Rack.—Then I'm off.

(While Tattle is speaking, Racket goes, and Rusport and Mrs. Racket retire laughing.)

Tat.—Very curious case indeed. I had just finished my studies for the evening, smoked out my last cigar, and got comfortably in bed. Pretty late. Very dark. Monstrous dark. Cursed cold. Monstrous cold for the season. Very often the case with us of the faculty; called up at all times and seasons. Used to be so when I was in Paris. Called up one night to a dancing-master, who had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of the shoulder I ever witnessed. I soon put his shoulder in shape to draw the bow again, and his leg to caper to the sounds it might draw from his kit, violin or fiddle. As for his head, a dancing-master's head, ma'am (looking round), head, head. Oh, there you are, are you? I beg your pardon, I thought you were by me. (Following them.) So you see, ma'am, as I was saying, I was called up last night to witness the most curious case (They avoid him, he follows), curious case. The bone of the right thigh—— (Racket reënters.)

Rack.—So the doctor is at it still.

Tat.—Right thigh—— I am glad you have come to hear it, Racket. The bone of the right thigh, ma'am. (She turns away.) Curious case; the bone of the right thigh, captain.

Rusport.—You must have gained great credit by that cure, doctor.

Tat.—Cure, sir? What—oh, you mean the dancing-master! I can assure you, I am sought for. I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality of the people of this country for old

women's prescriptions: hoarhound, cabbage-leaves, robin-run-away, dandy-gray-russet and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education can scarcely make himself known.

Mrs. Rack.—But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Tat.—Why, yes, ma'am. I found there were but two methods of establishing a reputation, made use of by our physicians; so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.

Mrs. Rack.—And what are they, doctor?

Tat.—Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty.

Rack.—These are methods of attaining notoriety.

Mrs. Rack.—Notoriety, let me tell you, is often a sure passport to wealth.

Tat.—Very true, ma'am; did I ever tell you——

Rack.—A man becomes notorious by actions which bring him to the pillory or the gallows.

Tat.—Very true, sir. You've heard me say, perhaps——

Mrs. Rack.—In that case the stock of notoriety acquired can be of little service, as the subject of it is launched into eternity before he has an opportunity of trading upon his capital.

Tat.—Very good, ma'am—capital! Did I ever—— (She retires with Rusport.) Racket, did I ever tell you of the child that——

Rack.—That swallowed the pap-spoon? Yes, yes, you told me that.

Tat.—Pap-spoon? Swallowed? Pap-spoon? I never heard of such a case—and yet it might—and yet—no—no—I mean the case of the infant that broke——

Rack.—Yes, yes, you told me that.

Tat.—There is an Indian nabob just arrived who has a cursed cachectic habit——

Rack.—True, true; he has, he has. But doctor, how goes on your matrimonial negotiation?

Tat.—My landlady——

Rack.—Almost married, ha? Miss Gingham has consented?

Tat.—A clever old woman—good old soul.

Rack.—But you don't think of marrying her?

Tat.—Ha, ha! Good, good! Poor old soul, she is very much affected with——

Rack.—But Miss Gingham?

Tat.—Pshaw! What's Miss Gingham to a fine case of bilious fever?

The doctor having left them, it is observed that he had travelled France, Italy and Germany in pursuit of science.

Mrs. Rack.—But science travelled faster than he did, and cruelly eluded his pursuit. Poor doctor! The few ideas he has are always travelling post; his head is like New York on May Day—all the furniture wandering.

Reënter Tattle.

Tattle.—Racket, I forgot to tell you——

Mrs. Rack.—Could you not find my sister?

Tat.—I want to tell you, madam, of a monstrous mortification——

Rack.—Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! Is Caroline at home?

Tat.—Who? Oh! ah! I had forgot. I don't know. I'll tell you. I had ascended about half, perhaps two-thirds, of the staircase—case—— Did I tell you of the case of the——

Rack.—Nay, stick to the staircase.

Tat.—No. I must descend. I happened to think, without any apparent train of associated ideas leading to the thought, of an affair that happened last night—nay, you must listen—it's worth hearing. It's quite likely that I told you some time ago of my having employed a professor of the mechanical part of painting to delineate my name upon a black board to put over my door. By the bye, it's a very mistaken notion that the effluvia arising from the pigments used in this branch of painting——

Rack.—Nay, nay, the sign. It was painted and put over your door.

Tat.—And looked very well, too, didn't it? Very well, I assure you, captain. Terebrate Tattle, M.D. Large gold characters, well and legibly designated. This, striking the organ of

vision, or rather being impressed on the retina in an inverted position, like the figures in a camera obscura, and thence conveyed to the mind, denoted my place of residence. An ingenious device, and it answered my purpose. I got a case of polypuses by it immediately.

Rusp.—Pray, sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Tat.—Nay, sir, polypuses are——

Rack.—Nay, but, doctor, the sign.

Tat.—Ay. Right! Good! So, sir, it was displayed, to the ornament of the street and the edification of the passengers. Well, sir, last night—last night, sir, somebody or other took it down—took it down, sir, and nailed it over a duck coop. “Terebrate Tattle,” say the gold letters; “Quack, quack, quack!” say the ducks. ’Twas illiberal, cursed illiberal!

But we must bid good-bye to rattlebrain Tattle, and turn to the grand figure of the day.

Washington at the Play.

When General Washington and his staff attended the theatre in Philadelphia, the play bespoke was usually *The Poor Soldier*. In this piece there was a comic character, that of Bagatelle, a Frenchman. The part of the stage Frenchman of the period was broadly played to ridicule the peculiarities of the nation, making him a ludicrous foil to the supposed manlier attributes of the conventional Briton, who had no eccentricities, was always a model of virtue and bravery, and could whip three Frenchmen with one hand. The Revolution had considerably modified American opinion of British perfection, and it is very interesting to read the following advertisement of the managers of the theatre, in which they bow to the protests of their

most influential patrons in suppressing this insult to our then allies:

"It is with real concern the subscribers learn that a character in *The Poor Soldier* has given umbrage to any frequenters of the theatre; it is both their duty and invariable study to please, not to offend, as a proof of which they respectfully inform the public they have made such alterations in the part alluded to as they trust will do away with every shadow of offense."

Wignell requested something from Dunlap for his benefit, soon to take place, and the character of Darby, in *The Poor Soldier*, in which he was extremely popular, suggested an interlude, in which Darby, after various adventures in Europe and the United States, returns to Ireland and recounts the sights he had seen. This trifle was called *Darby's Return*, and was for years very much in favor, being several times republished. The remembrance of the first performance was rendered doubly pleasing from the lively interest and pleasure with which it was witnessed by President Washington. When Wignell, as Darby, recounted what had befallen him in America, in New York, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the inauguration of the president, the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and changes of countenance of the great man became intense. He smiled at the following lines alluding to the change in the government:

There, too, I saw some mighty pretty shows:
A revolution without blood or blows,
For, as I understood, the cunning elves,
The people all revolted from themselves.

But at the lines—

A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm, a-soldiering to go;
But having gain'd his point, he had, like me,
Returned his own potato ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With one accord
He's called to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a great man, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor—
They love him like a father or a brother,
As we poor Irishmen love one another,

the president looked serious; and when Kathleen asked,

How looked he, Darby? Was he short or tall?

his countenance showed embarrassment, from the expectation of one of those eulogiums which he had been obliged to hear on many public occasions, and which must doubtless have been a severe trial to his feelings; but Darby's answer that he had not seen him, because he had mistaken a man "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until all the show had passed, relieved the hero from apprehension of further personality, and he indulged in what was with him extremely rare—a hearty laugh.

Dunlap's Plays and Adaptations.

Dunlap's success in these plays brought him into the closest connection with the theatre. Other pieces, tragic and comic, from his pen were produced. In 1796 he became associated with Hallam and Hodgkinson in the management of the John Street theatre, New York.

In January, 1798, the company was transferred to the newly completed Park theatre, and soon after Dunlap became sole manager. On the 30th of March he produced a five-act tragedy in blank verse on the capture of Major André, which had temporary success.

The Park theatre reopened on the 18th of November, 1799, with the *Heir at Law* and the *Old Maid*, with the Hodgkinsons in the cast. But the ready Dunlap, as manager, soon proceeded to deluge the stage with his own plays and adaptations. Though some were fairly successful, he never won more than a transitory success; for he was rather a playwright or concocter of plays than a dramatist. First came a translation from the German of Kotzebue's *Self-Immolation, or Family Distress*. It failed, and it is mentioned here only as the occasion of Dykes' first appearance on the stage. Later he became one of the best comic actors of old men's parts, and was one of the pioneers of the drama in Ohio when that region was little more than a wilderness. More successful was *False Shame*, also adapted from the German. It was frequently played to well-filled houses, though its popularity was due less to the piece than to the excellent acting of Hodgkinson and Miss E. Westray. "Never," says the manager, "was part better suited to Mr. Hodgkinson than Erlach, and never was part better played."

After a few days' intermission, caused by the news of Washington's death, the manager brought out *The Robbers*, translated from Schiller, together with a monody composed by Charles Brockden Brown and delivered by Cooper. This was followed by a translation

called *The Wild Goose Chase*, which was afterward superseded by the English operetta *Of Age To-morrow*. Then came another adaptation from the German entitled the *Force of Calumny*, the last two meeting with success. A version of Kotzebue's *Count of Burgundy* received less favor than one of the *Virgin of the Sun*, by the same author. The latter preceded by several years the performance of Reynolds' more celebrated play of the same name at Covent Garden. Sheridan's *Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla*, which still holds possession of the boards, was first played in New York with great applause, Dunlap restoring the final scene as written by Kotzebue. For Mrs. Hodgkinson's benefit was given, for the first time, Kotzebue's drama of *The Corsicans, or the Dawnings of Love*, and for Dunlap's benefit, *Pizarro*, with the *Stranger's Birthday*—a sequel to the *Stranger*—for afterpiece. In the sketch Mrs. Hodgkinson's daughter was first presented to the public. In another benefit Mrs. Melmoth appeared as Mandane in Hoole's tragedy of *Cyrus*—its only performance in New York—followed by Dibdin's farce from Kotzebue entitled *The Horse and the Widow*. Miss E. Westray appeared to the public as the heroine in *Henry the Second and Fair Rosamond*. Dunlap's *Mysterious Monk* won a passing success.

Dunlap Quits the Stage.

For some years Dunlap conducted his theatre with spirit and intelligence, and kept up his translations from the German. Yet in February, 1805, he was driven to

bankruptcy. For a time he turned to portrait painting, but in 1806 he was called back to assist at the Park theatre, and remained in this connection five years. Dunlap's direct interest in the theatre ended before the war of 1812, but we add a brief outline of his subsequent career.

In 1814 he was made a paymaster of the New York militia, owing his appointment to the recommendation of Washington Irving. Afterward he returned to art, and painted large pictures, "Calvary" being original, and "Christ Rejected" an imitation of West's painting, based on a printed description. These pictures were exhibited in most of the cities and towns of the Union. Dunlap was the founder of the American Academy of Design in New York. He had already published biographies of the English actor George Frederick Cooke and the American novelist Charles Brockden Brown. In 1832 he issued his valuable *History of the American Theatre*, and in the following February he received the well-deserved tribute of a complimentary benefit at the Park theatre, which produced fully \$2,500. In that year he also published by subscription his entertaining, gossipy *History of the Arts of Design in America*. Both of these works abound in anecdote and information collected from original sources. To them all subsequent historians are indebted for matter which cannot be found elsewhere. Another entertaining work was called *Thirty Years Ago; or, The Memoirs of a Water Drinker*. It contains his recollections of the old Park theatre and of the actors associated with it, as well as other scenes in the history of New York. Later, Dun-

lap wrote a *History of New York for Schools*, in the old-fashioned form of a dialogue, bringing the account down only to the inauguration of Washington as president. This work he afterward elaborated on a larger scale, giving graphic pictures of manners and customs in the colonial and revolutionary periods. Soon after the completion of this work the veteran dramatist, artist and historian died, on the 28th of September, 1839.

Though not a great painter nor a great playwright, Dunlap earned the respect and kind regard of his contemporaries. There are on record sixty-five titles of plays written or translated by him; probably several more were lost, as he distributed the manuscripts freely. The value of his labors in promoting the drama in America has become more apparent in the lapse of time, and is now universally acknowledged. His histories are generous in tone, and entirely free from egotism, though he tells much of his own career in both branches of art. His criticisms on other artists and on actors are just and kindly. He delighted in presenting the picturesque scenes in the annals of old New York, and especially in connection with his beloved theatre.

An open-hearted, busy-minded man, facile in speech as with pen, Dunlap both created and rounded out an era in American dramatic literature which, without just such qualities as his, would have been tame and inconsequential. He thrust a spirit into his time which greatly enlivened it, and then with the fidelity of a true artist he reflected it in his works, so as to make reversion to it a pleasure and profit that, instead of diminishing, constantly enhance as the years go by.

Any reader of his productions, any student of his art, must note with favor how maturity of years deepened and intensified his efforts. His skill with the brush was directed more and more to larger and more serious subjects, and his pen kept even pace with this turn by employment in the grave matters of history and in the educational affairs of his day. Thus he was a useful man of his community, as well as a source of admiration for his own and after time.

IV.

The Last Decade of the Eighteenth Century.

In 1750 the legislature of Massachusetts, roused by the attempts of some amateurs at theatrical performances, had passed a stringent prohibitory law against such scandalous proceedings. But in Boston there were many citizens of more liberal spirit. In 1790 the persevering manager, the second Lewis Hallam, petitioned for a repeal of the old law, but in vain. In the next year the selectmen of Boston, after debating a similar petition, instructed their representatives in the legislature to endeavor to procure a repeal. The subject came up in the lower branch in January, 1792, and a committee reported that a repeal was not expedient. In spite of strenuous effort, this report was adopted. Then the wily Hallam adopted new tactics. An exhibition-room was opened in which rope-dancing and gymnastics of various kinds were performed. Soon announcement was made of "A moral lecture, in five parts, in which the dreadful effects of conspiracy will be exemplified." This was a mere cover for the performance of Otway's *Venice Preserved*. Other moral lectures or dialogues followed, which included *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Finding that, in spite of the law, the drama was bound to come in with favor of the people, the legislature yielded and repealed the old statute. The Federal Street theatre was accordingly built, and was opened on February 4, 1794, with a prologue written by Thomas Paine, the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A gold medal had been offered for the best literary effort, and as this prologue was the beginning of the regular drama in Boston, an extract from it may not be out of place. It was spoken by the manager, Charles Powell, one of several actors who, while the old law was in force, had been giving so-called moral lectures on *Jane Shore*, *Douglas* and *The School for Scandal*.

When first o'er Athens learning's dawning ray
Gleamed the dim twilight of the Attic day,
To charm, improve, the hours of state repose,
The deathless father of the drama rose,
No gorgeous pageantry adorned the show;
The plot was simple, and the scene was low.
Without the wardrobe of the Graces, dressed;
Without the mimic blush of art, caressed;
Heroic virtue held her throne secure,
For vice was modest, and ambition poor.

But soon the Muse, by nobler ardors fired,
To loftier heights of scenic verse aspired.
From useful life her comic fable rose,
And curbless passions formed the tale of woes;
For daring Drama heav'n itself explored,
And gods descending trod the Grecian board,
Each scene expanding through the temple swelled,
Each bosom acted what each eye beheld.
Warm to the heart, the chymic fiction stole,
And purged by moral alchemy the soul.

Hence artists graced and heroes nerved the age,
The sons or pupils of a patriot stage.
Hence in this forum of the virtues fired,
Hence in this school of eloquence inspired,
With bolder crest the dauntless warrior strode;
With nobler tongue the ardent stateman glowed;
And Athens reigned Minerva of the globe,
First in the helmet, fairest in the robe;
In arms she triumphed, as in letters shone,
Of taste the palace, and of war the throne.
But lo! where, rising in majestic flight,
The Roman eagle sails th' expanse of light!
His wings, like heaven's vast canopy, unfurled,
Spread their broad plumage o'er the subject world.
Behold! he soars where golden Phœbus rolls,
And, perching on his car, o'erlooks the poles.

The globe half ravaged by the storm of war,
The gates of Greece admit the victor's car;
Chained to his wheels is captive science led,
And taste transplanted blooms at Tiber's head.
O'er the rude minds of empire's hardy race
The opening pupil beamed of lettered grace:
With charms so sweet the houseless drama smiled,
That Rome adopted Athens' orphan child.
Fledged by her hand, the Mantuan Swan aspired;
Awed by her power, e'en Pompey's self retired;
Sheathed was the sword by which a world had bled;
And Janus blushing to his temple fled;
The globe's proud butcher grew humanely brave;
Earth stanch'd her wounds, and ocean hushed his wave.
At length, like huge Enceladus depressed,
Groaning with slavery's mountain on their breast,
The supine nations struggled from disgrace,
And Rome, like Ætna, tottered from her base.

Thus set the sun of intellectual light,
And, wrapt in clouds, lower'd on the Gothic night.
Dark gloomed the storm—the rushing torrent poured,
And wide the deep Cimmerian deluge showered;

E'en learning's loftiest heights were covered o'er,
 And seas of dullness rolled without a shore;
 Yet, ere the surge Parnassus' top o'erflowed,
 The banished muses fled their blest abode.
 Frail was their ark, the heaven-topped seas to brave,
 The wind their compass and their helm the wave;
 No port to cheer them, and no star to guide,
 From clime to clime they roved the billowy tide;
 At length by storms and tempests wafted o'er,
 They found an Ararat on Albion's shore.

Yet long so sterile proved the ravaged age,
 That scarcely seemed to vegetate the stage;
 Nature, in dotage, second childhood mourned,
 And to her infant cradle had returned.
 But hark! her mighty rival sweeps the strings!
 Sweet Avon, flow not!—'tis thy Shakespeare sings!
 With Blanchard's wings in fancy's heaven he soars;
 With Herschel's eye another world explores;
 Taught by the tones of his melodious song,
 The scenic muses tuned their barbarous tongue;
 With subtle powers the crudest soul refined,
 And warmed the Zembla of the frozen mind.
 The world's new queen, Augusta, owned their charms,
 And clasped the Grecian nymphs in British arms.
 Then shone the drama with imperial art,
 And made a promise of the human heart.
 What nerve of verse can sketch the ecstatic view,
 When she and Garrick sighed their last adieu!
 Description but a shadow's shade appears,
 When Siddons looks a nation into tears.

* * * * *

Ye lovely fair, whose circling beauties shine
 A radiant galaxy of charms divine;
 Whose gentle hearts those tender scenes approve,
 Where pity begs, or kneels adoring love;
 Ye sons of sentiment, whose bosom fire
 The song of pathos and the epic lyre;
 Whose glowing souls with tragic grandeur rise,
 When bleeds a hero or a nation dies;

And ye, who throned on high a synod sit,
 And rule the lofty atmosphere of wit;
 From whom a flash of comic lightning draws
 A bursting thunder-clap of loud applause:
 If here those eyes, whose tears, with peerless sway,
 Have wept the vices of an age away;
 If here those lips, whose smiles, with magic art,
 Have laughed the foibles from the cheated heart;
 On mirth's gay cheek can one gay dimple light;
 In sorrow's breast one passioned sigh excite;
 With nobler streams the buskin's grief shall fall;
 With pangs sublimer throb this breathing wall;
 Thalia, too, more blithe, shall trip the stage,
 Of care the wrinkles smooth, and thaw the veins of age.

And now, thou dome, by Freedom's patrons reared,
 With beauty blazoned and by taste revered;
 Apollo consecrates thy walls profane—
 Hence be thou sacred to the Muses' reign:
 In thee three ages shall in one conspire;
 A Sophocles shall swell his chastened lyre;
 A Terence rise, in native charms serene;
 A Sheridan display the perfect scene—
 And Athens, Rome, Augusta, blush to see
 Their virtues, beauty grace, all shine—combined in Thee.

* * * * *

This splendid poetic and historical defense of the drama was an auspicious welcome to the home of the Puritans. The author was then in his twenty-first year and a graduate of Harvard college. When he received his degree of A. M. in the following year he delivered another fine poem on *The Invention of Letters*. At the theatre he had not only won the prize for his prologue, but had fallen in love with Miss Baker, a member of Hallam's company, then but sixteen years of age. His father objected to the match, and the young couple

waited a year before being married. The father did not relent until some years had passed. In the meantime the son was "master of ceremonies" at the theatre. But in 1798 this first Boston playhouse was destroyed by fire. Another theatre was built on the site the next year. Paine wrote other prologues and poems which brought substantial pecuniary returns.

As his productions became more widely known, he was vexed to find himself confounded in public opinion with the more noted Thomas Paine, whose patriotic pamphlet, *The Crisis*, had been highly praised by the leaders of the American Revolution, and whose *Age of Reason* was later denounced for its infidelity. The Boston Paine had to share some of his namesake's reproach, and resented the imputation of principles which he abhorred. He therefore applied to the legislature of Massachusetts for a change of appellation, on the plea that he unfortunately had no Christian name, and the General Court bestowed on him his father's honored name, which he bore henceforth with the addition of Junior, and on which he conferred new lustre. Unfortunately, his convivial habits prevented the permanent success which his genius might have won.

His earliest ode, *Rise, Columbia*, was written in the same year as his first prologue, but is less known than its merits deserve. We quote a single verse:

RISE, COLUMBIA.

When first the sun o'er ocean glowed,
And earth unveiled her virgin breast,
Supreme 'mid nature's vast abode
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest:
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poise the globe and bound the sea.

Perhaps this poetical hyperbole was too bold for pious New Englanders. Much more successful was his spirited ode written in 1798, when the whole country was agitated at the prospect of a war with France, which had abolished monarchy and started a propaganda of republicanism in Europe. Public opinion in the United States was greatly divided on the question of aiding France in its struggle for liberty. That nation was striving to destroy Great Britain's supremacy on the sea, and resented the policy of strict neutrality which President Adams was pursuing on the lines laid down by Washington. Paine's new song of *Adams and Liberty* was eagerly taken up, and became a favorite with the Federal party. Of it we quote also the opening stanza:

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
 For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
 May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
 And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended:
 'Mid the reign of mild peace,
 May your nation increase,
 With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
 And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

This song was so well received that Paine obtained from it about eleven dollars a line. It is said that when he showed it to a friend, Major Ben Russell, at whose house he was a guest, he was told that it had not been made as effective as it could be, inasmuch as there was no mention of Washington in it. Russell

declared that the young poet must improve it, and that he should have no wine until he had done so. Paine, put upon his mettle, anxious to quench his thirst, and with the sideboard in view, immediately dashed off a stanza which the public afterward regarded as the best in the poem:

Should the tempests of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's Temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assault of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

There were nine stanzas altogether of this patriotic ode, making it too burdensome to the memory of the average citizen, however much he might approve its sentiments. Yet the sale of it is reported to have yielded the author a profit of more than \$750. But still greater were his receipts from his poem on *The Ruling Passion*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1797, its publication bringing him fully \$1,200. Similar pecuniary success attended Paine's orations, which obtained also the praise of Washington and other leading men of the nation. His attempts at journalism, however, ended in failures, and his law practice was interrupted by his fondness for the theatre, and for other pleasures at variance with the close study, agreeable office consultations, and those larger and more exacting court duties which are indispensable, if success at the bar is the end in view. This brilliant writer, whose

career did not fulfill the promise of his early efforts, died in 1811, leaving his three children to the care of his father.

Hail, Columbia!

As the origin of one popular American ode has been noted, still more does that of the truly national song deserve to be recorded in the history of the American drama. It was produced at the same time and from the same cause as the other, yet the story of its origin is more dramatic. Congress was in session in Philadelphia in the summer of 1798, and was deliberating upon the question of open war with France, since acts of hostility had already occurred. Both France and England, then furiously at war, had violated the rights of the neutral Americans, who profited by the strife. Party spirit rose very high, both within Congress and among the people.

At this critical time the Philadelphia theatre on Chestnut street was open and was attended by adherents of both sides. One of the actors, who had talent as a singer, was to have a benefit, and, according to the custom then prevailing, had taken twenty boxes, which his friends were expected to fill. As a special attraction he wished to announce a new song. The talent of the theatrical company had been unable to furnish one to the tune of the "President's March," and had, in fact, pronounced the feat impossible. The actor, however, called on Joseph Hopkinson, who had been his school-mate and was then a rising lawyer, and asked his help

in this emergency. His father, Francis Hopkinson, had, during the Revolution, entertained the American patriots with the humorous ballad of *The Battle of the Kegs*, in derision of the British troops then occupying Philadelphia. The actor hoped that the learned son might succeed in composing a patriotic song suited to new circumstances. Hopkinson kindly consented to try, and had *Hail, Columbia!* ready the next day. It was announced on Monday morning, and that night the theatre was crowded to excess. So it continued to be, night after night, for the rest of the season. The song was encored and repeated many times each night, the audience heartily joining in the chorus. The author had carefully avoided alluding to either France or England, and had endeavored to arouse a truly American spirit above and beyond the passions and policy of partisans. Hence the song found favor with the men of both parties. All approved its sentiments, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to its lines. The success of the song was not confined to the time and place of its origin. It has been adopted by the entire nation and carried to the remotest parts of the world. For it America is indebted to a Philadelphia theatre and a Philadelphia lawyer.

Hopkinson was not a votary of the muse; he remained faithful to his profession, in which he attained the highest distinction, being engaged in cases of national importance. He served two terms in Congress, and in 1828 was appointed by President John Quincy Adams judge of the United States District Court, to which office his father had been chosen on the organization of

the national judiciary in 1789. Judge Joseph Hopkinson was a patron of education and the founder of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts. He died in January, 1842. His name has been immortalized by his friendly contribution to the benefit of an actor.

The First Joseph Jefferson.

This chapter cannot be closed properly without noting the arrival of the first of a family whose name is inseparably connected with the drama in America. Even he was not its earliest representative on the stage, for his father, Thomas Jefferson, born in Yorkshire, England, about 1728, had won a fair reputation in England and had been associated with Garrick, whose style of acting he adopted and maintained with dignity. The son, Joseph Jefferson, was born at Plymouth, England, in 1774, and early acted in the theatre of that town. He was invited by Charles Stuart Powell to come to Boston and assist in the new theatre. Accordingly, in 1795, this young man crossed the Atlantic to win affection and popularity in the New World. Arriving at Boston, he found the management of the theatre in strange hands and his services not required. But he made the acquaintance of Hodgkinson and Hallam, who had come over from New York in November, 1795, for a season, and was allowed to appear as one of the witches in *Macbeth*. His first important appearance in New York was at the John Street theatre, on February 10, 1796, when he represented Squire Richard in *The Provoked Husband*. William Dunlap thus describes Joseph Jefferson

at that time: "Of a small and light figure, well formed, with a singular physiognomy, a nose perfectly Grecian, and blue eyes full of laughter, he had the faculty of exciting mirth to as great a degree by power of feature, although handsome, as any ugly-featured low comedian ever seen." Dunlap gives a little story about his vigorous personation of characters. A baker, named Miller, had undertaken to play Clement in *The Deserted Daughter*. Clement is the clerk of the attorney, Item, represented by Jefferson. "Worked up to a phrensy of feigned passion, Jefferson, a small-sized man, seized Miller by the breast, and, while uttering the language of rage, shook him violently. Miller, not aware that he was to be treated so roughly, was at first astonished; but as Jefferson continued shaking, and the audience laughing, the young baker's blood boiled, and, calling on his physical energies, he seized the comedian with an Herculean grasp, and violently threw him off. Certainly, Miller never played with so much spirit or nature on any subsequent occasion."

Jefferson continued at the John Street theatre for nearly two years, and then went to the Park, when it opened on January 29, 1798, under Dunlap's management. As chief comedian, he received a salary of \$23 a week, which in the next season was increased to \$25. This was the salary, also, of Hallam and Cooper, the chief tragedians. Jefferson married Euphemia Fortune, daughter of his landlady, and William Warren, who came from England in 1796, and was destined to an active part in American theatricals, married her sister Esther. Mrs. Jefferson made her début on the stage at

the Park on December 22, 1800, appearing as Louisa Dudley in Cumberland's *West Indian*. When Dunlap, in December, 1798, produced *The Stranger* for the first time in America, he had actually not seen Kotzebue's German original, but had obtained from London a sketch of the plot and part of the dialogue. On this basis he built up a play in which Cooper finely personated the Stranger, Jefferson made a hit as Peter, and Mrs. Barrett was powerful as Mrs. Haller. So great was the success of the piece, that Dunlap immediately set to work to master the German language, and was thus enabled to keep his stage well supplied with novelties which won the favor of the people in New York and elsewhere.

John Hodgkinson, another English actor who came to America by the invitation of Henry, Hallam's partner, was superior even to Jefferson in low comedy. He became one of the managers of the John Street theatre in 1794, and held the position four years. Then he joined Jefferson in the Park, and afterward acted in the chief cities along the Atlantic coast. Bernard, in his *Early Days of the American Stage*, praises Hodgkinson for his versatility. "In the whole range of the living drama there was no variety of character that he could not perceive and embody, from a Richard or a Hamlet down to a Shelly or a Sharp. . . . Hodgkinson had one gift that enlarged his variety beyond all competition: he was also a singer, and could charm you in a burletta, after thrilling you in a play; so that through every form of the drama he was qualified to pass. . . . He was tall and well proportioned, though inclining to

be corpulent, with a face of great mobility, that showed the minutest change of feeling, whilst his voice, full and flexible, could only be likened to an instrument that his passions played on at pleasure." The reader will find in our next chapter Washington Irving's less favorable criticism of this comedian and his antics. Hodgkinson's brief but brilliant career was terminated by yellow fever, near Washington, in September, 1805. He was but thirty-eight years old.

V.

The Opening of the Nineteenth Century.

A review of the plays performed at the theatres in the Eastern and Southern states about 1800 gives interesting results. We find represented the tragedies, historical dramas and the comedies of Shakespeare, which were always in demand. The programme of the New York season of 1801-2 (which was interrupted by an epidemic of yellow fever), included *Lovers' Vows*, *Fortune's Frolic*, Colman's *Poor Gentleman*, *A Cure for Heartache*. Colman's operatic romance of *Blue Beard* drew a house of \$1,090 one night in 1803. (A musical and spectacular piece of the same name has been the most popular play in New York in the season of 1903). Dibdin's *Il Bondocani*, afterwards called *The Caliph of Bagdad*, was for a long time the favorite stock piece. Dr. Stock, an Englishman, produced a play in Philadelphia, called *A Wedding in Wales*. *Douglas* was a favorite tragedy. Kotzebue's plays, translated by Dunlap and others, were included in most repertories. *The School for Scandal*, *The Voice of Nature* and the American piece, *The Italian Father*, were popular attractions, except that the latter

was coldly received when it was announced to be a native production, it having been at first taken for a foreign piece. A similar fate at first befel the American play, *Conceit Can Cure*, but its merits ultimately turned the verdict.

The Philadelphia season opened with a series of pieces, of which one proved exceptionally successful. These were the opera of the *Blind Girl*, the *Tale of Mystery*, *House to Be Sold*, *Hear Both Sides*, *Hero of the North*, *Blue Devils*, *John Bull* and many smaller pieces. The success of the last play was extraordinary, notwithstanding its local character and title. Such was the doubt as to its reception by the American public, that Wignell's agent in England, from whom it was received, apologized for sending the manuscript, "fearing that it would prove a useless expense, as the character and title of the piece would present an unsurmountable objection to it." The play was acted with universal applause under its proper name of *John Bull, or an Englishman's Fireside*, not with the timid alteration, *An Honest Man's Fireside*, adopted in some theatres. This admirable comedy long remained one of the favorites on the list. It is known that Colman received the large sum of £1,000 for it, retaining at the same time certain reserved privileges as to its publication, though these did not benefit him until some time later.

Other attempts at dramatic creation were occasionally fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to get a hearing in these years, but few had any success. Of the better ones some idea may be gained from the following passages from letters to William B. Wood, written at his

request by I. N. Barker, a prominent dramatist of the time.

Barker's Dramatic Reminiscences.

Says Barker: "Very early in life I began a play of three acts, with a marquis and some banditti in it. Cervantes furnished the plot, and it was to be called the *Spanish Rover*. This was in the year 1804. The fate of the one act, which was completed, will be seen hereafter.

"In the next year I wrote a masque entitled *America*, a brief, one-act piece, consisting of poetic dialogue, and sung by the Genius of America, Science, Liberty, and attendant spirits, after the manner of the masque in *The Tempest*. It was to close a drama I had projected on the adventures of Captain Smith in Virginia, in the olden-time. The drama, however, when completed, was found sufficiently long without it, and the masque was laid aside.

"*Attila*, a tragedy suggested by Gibbon, was commenced about this period, and nearly two acts were written. Should I ever be tempted to do anything more in the dramatic way, it will be to finish *Attila*; for he is certainly an excellent stage personage. I was, a year or two ago, on the point of bringing him forward for Forrest, when I was informed that Stone had an *Attila* almost ready for the stage; he since tells me that he has laid it up in lavender. When I commenced, I had no idea that this hero had ever been, or could ever be, thought of by a dramatist, and behold, Corneille and Schiller have each written an *Attila*; Stone had almost

finished another, and just as I had determined to go at it, forth comes an *Attila* in London, which, however, is said to be a dull piece of work. But you must yourself have been the victim of these odd coincidences, and just as you had fixed upon a subject or title, found yourself superseded—a thing next in atrocity to the ancients' stealing all one's fine thoughts. My comedy of *Tears and Smiles* was to be called *Name It Yourself*, when out comes a *Name It Yourself* in England, and out comes also a *Smiles and Tears*, with a widow, an Irishman, and almost all my dramatis personæ. I write the *Indian Princess*, and an *Indian Princess* appears in England. Looking over the old English dramatists, I am struck with the *Damon and Pythias* of Edwards as a subject, but am scarcely set down to it, when lo, the modern play in London; and what is worse, with the fine part of Pythias absolutely transformed into a snivelling fellow, who bellows like a calf at the prospect of dying for his friend. Wallace was purloined from me in like manner, and several other heroes. At length I fixed upon Epaminondas, as a learned Theban of so philosophical a cast that even the French had not thought of him for the boards. I form my plot, and begin con amore, when I am told that Doctor Bird has written a *Pelopidas* and an *Epaminondas*, comprehending the whole life of the latter.

Tears and Smiles.

"*Tears and Smiles*, a comedy in five acts, was written between the 1st of May and the 12th of June, 1806,

The idea of writing it was suggested at a dinner of the Fishing Company, at their ancient castle on the Schuylkill, on which august occasion you were yourself a guest. The topic happened to be Breck's *Fox Chase*, which had been first acted on the preceding night. Manager Warren, who was present, asked me to enter the lists as a dramatist, and Jefferson put in for a Yankee character. By-the-way, such a Yankee as I drew! I wonder what Hackett would say to it! The truth is, I had never seen a Yankee at the time. You may have forgotten all this; and also that in walking home, when I ventured to hint to you that I had already written a dramatic piece, you very frankly advised me to throw it into the fire, remarking that the first attempts of young dramatists were never fit to be seen, and always made their authors ashamed. When I got home, determined to obey the injunction of the oracle, I took up the mask 'with zeal to destroy.' But, no: I could not immolate liberty, science, peace, plenty, nay, my country, America—and so saved my conscience by bringing the *Spanish Rover*, robbers and all, to the stake, a fate which, I dare say, they richly deserved.

"*Tears and Smiles* was cast with the whole strength of the company: Warren, Wood, Cain, Jefferson, Blissett, Mills, McKenzie, Bray; and Mesdames Melmoth, Wood, Woodham, Francis, Jefferson. It was first acted March 4th, 1807, to a brilliant audience, and with complete success. Notwithstanding, I must confess that one of the deities of the gallery, where I had ensconced me, went to sleep in the second act. Nay, others appeared likely to follow his example during the sentimental

dialogue, and were perhaps only kept awake by the expectation of seeing 'that funny fellow, Jeff, again.' Never did I hail a 'funny fellow' with so much glee as on that eventful night. The prologue was kindly undertaken by Wood, who began in his most lofty manner—

With swelling port, imperious and vain,

and there he stopped, at a dead fault. After in vain endeavoring to recall what was to follow, he addressed the audience: 'Upon my soul, ladies and gentlemen, I am so unaccustomed to this kind of speaking, that I must beg,' etc., etc., etc., this in his peculiar jaunty way, and with his usual happy effect.

"The piece was announced for repetition; on the next night the author was 'trotted out,' and ambled through the lobbies and boxes, and the booksellers made proposals. What a triumph for a tyro! I gave the copy-right to Blake, who transferred it to Longworth.

"On the second night, being in the green-room, several of the ladies complained, on coming off, that they were put out in their parts by loud and impertinent remarks from one of the stage boxes. My course was instantly adopted. I went round to the box, and calling out one of the gentlemen, made such an expostulation as had the desired effect. The conduct of those persons had been so flagrantly indecent as to draw upon them sounds of disapprobation from several parts of the house. There were certain witlings about town—Samuel Ewing, a lawyer, was one—who, induced by the reputation the piece had gained on the first night,

THE INDIAN PRINCESS

After an original painting by W. A. Lenders



to lay aside their habitual apathy toward American productions, were now aroused only to malignant feelings, as I was neither politically nor socially of their set.

The Embargo.

"The Embargo; or, What News?" liberally borrowed from Murphy's *Upholsterer*, was prepared for Blissett's benefit, on the 16th of March, 1808. The subject of an embargo, then existing, was rather ticklish, and some of the patriotic sentiments were somewhat coldly received by a portion of the audience; but the majority were of the right feeling, and bore me triumphantly through. Very much to their credit, several of our merchants were distinguished for the applause they bestowed. Blissett took the piece to Baltimore, where it was performed, and whence it was sent, at the request of Bernard, to Boston. It was never printed.

The Indian Princess.

"The Indian Princess", in three acts, founded on the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, begun some time before, was taken up in 1808, at the request of Bray and worked up into an opera, the music to which he composed. It was first performed for his benefit to a crowded house; but Webster, then particularly obnoxious, having a part in it, a tremendous tumult took place, and it was barely heard. I was on the stage, and directed the curtain to be dropped. It has since been frequently acted in nearly all the theatres of the United

States. A few years since I observed in an English magazine a critique on a drama called *Pocahontas; or, The Indian Princess*, produced at Drury Lane. From the sketch given, this piece differs essentially from mine in the plan and arrangement; and yet, according to the critic, they were indebted for this very stupid production 'to America, where it is a great favorite, and is to be found in all printed collections of stock plays.' The copyright of *The Indian Princess* was also given to Blake, and transferred to Longworth. It was printed in 1808 or 1809. George Washington Custis, of Arlington, has written a drama on the same subject.

Marmion.

"*Marmion*, from Scott's poem, was finished early in 1812, at the special request of Wood. *The Chronicles* of Holinshed supplied me with several characters, and particularly with a good speech for King James, in which a close parallel is run between the conduct of England to Scotland, and, by allusion, to this country. As it was intended by Wood and Cooper that *Marmion* should come out as an English play, I was fearful this 'one speech' might unkennel the occult design, but they declared it must remain as a powerful 'touch at the times;' and remain it did, and was always effective. A London critic, in *The Opera Glass*, quotes it, with the remark that it must have had a powerful effect when uttered on our stage at the period when hostilities were about commencing; it is also quoted with approval by a critic in the *American Quarterly Review*. *Marmion*

was first acted in New York, in April, 1812. Cooper announced it as a play by Thomas Morton, author of *Columbus*, etc.; this was audacious enough in all conscience, but the finesse was successful, and a play, probably otherwise destined to neglect, ran like wildfire through all the theatres. The war intervening, *Marmion* went unpublished until it was printed by Palmer in Philadelphia.

"Talking of coincidences, on the very day I sent *Marmion* to New York, I received a note from a Mrs. Ellis, who had furnished the Olympic theatre with several pieces, begging me to furnish a newspaper puff for a drama, *Marmion*, she was about producing.

"*The Armorer's Escape; or, Three Years at Nootka Sound*, a melodramatic sketch, in two acts, founded on the adventures of John Jewitt, armorer of the ship *Boston*, was first acted in Philadelphia, March 24th, 1817. Jewitt performed the hero himself, and has the only copy of the piece.

"*How to Try a Lover*, a comedy in three acts, suggested by some passages in a whimsical novel of Le Brun's, and introducing the novelty, as I then thought it, of the *Court of Love* to the stage, was written in 1817, and was promptly announced. Why it was not acted, I am unable to say, as it was the only drama I have written with which I was satisfied."

Isaac Harby.

Alberti, a once popular tragedy in five acts, written for Cooper and first acted at Charleston in 1818, was

from the pen of Isaac Harby, who was also the author of *Alexander Severus* and the tragedy of the *Gordian Knot*. Like other dramatists, Harby had his full share of troubles. Placide, the manager of the Charleston theatre, said to Harby, after attempting a perusal of the manuscript of *Alberti*, "De Angleese was not very coot, and de play and de incidents were outré bad—vera; and he must write something to catch de people. Mr. Harby vish to write like de Shakespeare man, one great big genius, eh! by gar!" Elsewhere, and especially in New York, the play was successful, for it is a beautiful piece of classical composition. Its purpose was the vindication of the character and conduct of Lorenzo de Medici from the calumnies of Alfieri. George Washington Harby, simply a namesake, was the author of the *Battle of Saratoga*, *Mohammed*, *Nick of the Woods* and other successful pieces.

Very popular was F. Haynes' three-act drama of *Lucretia Borgia*, arranged for the stage by James Rees. It is a free translation from Victor Hugo, and abounds with all the wild imaginings of the author, as well as the horrid facts which history records. Haynes also translated from the French the *Iron Mask*.

Ingersoll's "Edwy and Elgiva."

Charles J. Ingersoll, a congressman and distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, produced a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Edwy and Elgiva*, founded on incidents in early English history. It was performed with marked success in Philadelphia, Mrs. Merry, to whom

the play was dedicated, taking the part of Elvira. He was also the author of *Julian the Apostate* and other works of considerable merit. He was a man of extensive learning and of a shrewd, quick and searching wit, which, together with his great skill in debate, made his speeches highly effective. The following extract is from *Julian*, where Zopyrus, after being detected as a spy, and attempting to assassinate the emperor, is pardoned, and thus defies him:

Tormentor of mankind—my country's plague,
Ambition's toy and superstition's fool,
Fit archetype of overreached Rome,
With fame inebriate and begrimed with gore,
Commenting the vainglorious pyramid
Which lifts the iron sceptre high above
The prostrate nations trodden down by thee—
Here, to thy beard, I vow that bloody hate,
That national and everlasting hate
Which Persians with their mothers' milk imbibe—
Which in my bones a marrow thrills against thee.

A Prolific Playwright.

J. S. Jones, a Bostonian actor and dramatist, at one time manager of the Tremont theatre, was the author of more than sixty fairly successful, though not popular, plays. Among them were the prize drama of *The Wheelwright* and *The Green Mountain Boy*.

The First Washington Theatre.

In the spring of 1800, Wignell received a pressing request to establish a theatre at the new city of Wash

ington; and to facilitate this purpose, a building was offered in every way suitable, situated nearly in the centre of the new metropolis. A company had erected, but not completed, originally for the purpose of a large hotel, the extensive building subsequently known for many years as the post office and patent office, afterwards destroyed by fire. It consisted of a large, spacious central edifice, with two extensive wings. After disheartening troubles and loss of scenery in transit from Philadelphia, the house was opened with Otway's drama, *Venice Preserved*. It was warmly received and applauded by an audience more numerous and splendid than could have been expected from a population so slender and so scattered. The encouragement continued to exceed expectations, yet fell very far below expenditure, as the company included all who had composed the Philadelphia establishment. Wignell's object was to obtain a footing in Washington, where he might keep together his company during the summer, in the event of the recurrence of the pestilence, which was regarded as but too probable. He always expressed pride at having established a theatre in the capital, properly calling it the National theatre. From the citizens of Washington the principal performers received the most gratifying attention and hospitality. Another theatre was built on Pennsylvania avenue, and later one was erected at Alexandria.

Washington Irving's Criticisms.

Anything by so pleasing a writer as Irving is worth reading, but especially the following communications

to his brother's paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, under the names of Jonathan Oldstyle and Andrew Quoz. It is believed that these have not been published, and are particularly interesting as critiques of some plays of the day, and of a few popular comedians; the portly gentleman and the merry Andrew are take-offs on Hodgkinson, and the elegant lady is Mrs. Johnson.

"I was much taken (says Irving) with the play-bill announcing in large capitals, *The Battle of Hexham; or, Days of Old*. Here, said I to myself, will be something grand—days of old!—my fancy fired at the words. I pictured to myself all the gallantry of chivalry; here, thought I, will be a display of court manners and true politeness: the play will no doubt be garnished with tilts and tournaments; and as to the banditti, whose names make such a formidable appearance on the bills, they will be hung up, every mother's son, for the edification of the gallery.

"With such impressions, I took my seat in the pit, and was so impatient that I could hardly attend to the music, though I found it very good. The curtain rose. Out walked the queen, with great majesty; she answered my idea, she was dressed well, she looked well, and she acted well. The queen was followed by a pretty gentleman, who, from his winking and grinning I took to be the court fool. I soon found out my mistake. He was a courtier 'high in trust,' and either general, colonel, or something of martial dignity. They talked for some time, though I could not understand the drift of their discourse; so I amused myself with eating peanuts.

"In one of the scenes I was diverted with the stupid-

ity of a corporal and his men, who sung a dull song, and talked a great deal about nothing, though I found by their laughing there was a great deal of fun in the corporal's remarks. What this scene had to do with the rest of the piece, I could not comprehend; I suspect it was a part of some other play thrust in here by accident.

"I was introduced to a cavern where there were several hard-looking fellows sitting around a table carousing. They told the audience they were banditti. They then sung a gallery song, of which I could understand nothing but two lines:

The Welshman had like to 've been chok'd by a mouse,
But he pulled him out by the tail!

"Just as they had ended this elegant song, their banquet was disturbed by the melodious sound of a horn, and in marched a portly gentleman, who I found was their captain. After this worthy gentleman had fumed his hour out, after he had slapped his breast and drawn his sword half a dozen times, the act ended.

"In the course of the play I learned that there had been, or was, or would be, a battle; but how, or when or where, I could not understand. The banditti once more made their appearance, and frightened the wife of the portly gentleman, who was dressed in man's clothes, and was seeking her husband. I could not enough admire the dignity of her deportment, and the unaffected gracefulness of her action; but who the captain really was, or why he ran away from his spouse, I could not understand. However, they seemed very glad to find

one another again; and so at the last the play ended with the falling of the curtain.

"I wish the manager would use a drop scene at the close of the acts: we might then always ascertain the termination of the piece by the green curtain. On this occasion I was indebted to the polite bows of the actors for this pleasing information. I cannot say that I was entirely satisfied with the play, but I promised myself ample entertainment in the afterpiece, which was called *Tripolitan Prize*. Now, thought I, we shall have some sport for our money; we shall no doubt see a few of these Tripolitan scoundrels spitted like turkeys for our amusement. Well, sir, the curtain rose; the trees waved in front of the stage, and the sea rolled in the rear. All things looked very pleasant and smiling. Presently I heard a bustling behind the scenes; here, thought I, comes a fierce band of Tripolitans, with whiskers as long as my arm. No such thing; they were only a party of village masters and misses, taking a walk for exercise, and very pretty behaved young gentlefolks they were, I assure you; but it was cruel in the manager to dress them in buckram, as it deprived them entirely of the use of their limbs. They arranged themselves very orderly on each side of the stage, and sang something, doubtless very affecting, for they looked pitiful enough. By and by came up a most tremendous storm; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain descended in torrents; however, our pretty rustics stood gaping quietly at one another till they must have been wet to the skin. I was surprised at their torpidity, till I found they were each one afraid to move first,

through fear of being laughed at for their awkwardness. How they got off, I do not recollect, but I advise the manager in a similar case to furnish every one with a trap door, through which to make his exit. Yet this would deprive the audience of much amusement; for nothing can be more laughable than to see a body of guards with their spears, or courtiers with their long robes, get across the stage at our theatre.

"Scene passed after scene. In vain, I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of a Mahometan phiz. I once heard a great bellowing behind the scenes, and expected to see a strapping Mussulman come bounding in; but was miserably disappointed, on distinguishing his voice, to find out by his swearing that he was only a Christian. In he came—an American navy officer—worsted stockings—olive velvet small-clothes—scarlet vest—pea-jacket, and gold laced hat—dressed quite in character. I soon found out by his talk that he was an American prize-master; that, returning through the Mediterranean with this Tripolitan prize, he was driven by a storm on the coast of England! The honest gentleman seemed from his actions to be rather intoxicated; which I could account for in no other way than his having drunk a great deal of salt water as he swam ashore.

"Several following scenes were taken up with hallooing and huzzaing between the captain, his crew and the gallery; with several amusing tricks of the captain and his son, a very funny, mischievous little fellow. Then came the cream of the joke; the captain wanted to put to sea, and the young fellow, who had fallen desperately in love, to stay ashore. Here was a contest

between love and honor—such piping of eyes, such blowing of noses, such slapping of pocket-holes! But Old Junk was inflexible. What! an American tar desert his duty! (three cheers from the gallery) impossible! American tars forever! true blue will never stain! etc.

“Here was a scene of distress. The author seemed as much puzzled how to dispose of the young tar as Old Junk was. An American seaman could not be left on foreign ground, nor separated from his mistress.

“Scene the last opened; it seems that another Tripolitan cruiser had borne down on the prize as she lay about a mile off shore. How a Barbary corsair had got in this part of the world; whether she had been driven there by the same storm, or whether she was cruising about to pick up a few English first-rates, I could not learn. However, here she was; again were we conducted to the seashore, where we found all the village gentry, in their buckram suits, ready assembled to be entertained with the rare show of an American and Tripolitan, engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. The battle was conducted with proper decency and decorum, and the Tripolitan very politely gave in; as it would be indecent to conquer in the face of an American audience. After the engagement, the crew came ashore amid huzzas, and the curtain fell. How Old Junk, his son and his son’s sweetheart settled it, I could not discover.”

The New York Theatre a Century Ago.

Irving describes the New York play-house and its audience:

"I observed that every part of the house has its different department. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music. The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling, and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a bow from John (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre who enters to move a table or snuff a candle, and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain).

"My friend," said I, to a countryman who complained of candle-grease falling on his coat, 'we must put up with a few trifling inconveniences when in pursuit of pleasure.' 'True,' said he: 'but I think I pay pretty dear for it: first to give six shillings at the door, and then to have my head battered with rotten apples, and my coat spoiled with candle-grease; by and by, I shall have my other clothes soiled by sitting down, as I perceive everybody mounted on the benches. I wonder if they could not see as well if they were all to stand on the floor.'

"Here I could no longer defend our customs; for I could scarcely breathe while thus surrounded by a host of strapping fellows standing with their dirty boots on the seats of the benches. The little Frenchman who thus found a temporary shelter from the missive compliments of his gallery friends was the only fellow benefited. At last, the bell again rung, and the cry of 'down, down!—hats off!'—was the signal for the commencement of the play.

"I had chosen a seat in the pit, as least subject to annoyance from a habit of talking loud that has lately

crept into our theatres, and which particularly prevails in the boxes. In old times, people went to the theatre for the sake of the play and acting; but I now find it begins to answer the purpose of a coffee-house, or fashionable lounge, where many indulge in loud conversation, without any regard to the pain it inflicts on their more attentive neighbors. As this conversation is generally of the most trifling kind, it seldom repays the latter for the inconvenience they suffer of not hearing one-half of the play.

"I found, however, that I had not much bettered my situation; but that every part of the house had its share of evils. Besides those I had already suffered, I was yet to undergo a new kind of torment. I had got in the neighborhood of a very obliging personage, who had seen the play before, and was kindly anticipating every scene, and informing those about him what was to take place; to prevent, I suppose, any disagreeable surprise to which they would otherwise have been liable. Had there been anything of a plot in the play, this might have been a serious inconvenience; but as the piece was entirely innocent of everything of the kind, it was not of so much importance. As I generally contrive to extract amusement from every incident that happens, I now entertained myself with remarks on the self-important air with which he delivered his information, and the distressed and impatient looks of his unwilling auditors.

"My country neighbor was exceedingly delighted with the performance, though he did not half the time understand what was going on. He sat staring with open

mouth at the portly gentleman, as he strode across the stage, and in furious rage drew his sword on the white lion. 'By George, but that's a brave fellow,' said he, when the act was over; 'that's what you call first-rate acting, I suppose.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'it is what the critics admire in the present day, but it is not altogether what I like; you should have seen an actor of the old school do his part; he would have given it to some purpose; you'd have had such ranting and roaring and stamping and storming; to be sure this honest man gives us a bounce now and then in the true style, but in the main he seems to prefer walking on plain ground to strutting on the stilts used by the tragic heroes of my day.'

"This is the chief of what passed between me and my companion during the play and entertainment, except an observation of his that it would be well if the manager were to drill his nobility and gentry now and then, to enable them to go through their evolutions with more grace and spirit.

"'But what is your opinion of the house?' said I; 'don't you think it a very substantial, solid-looking building, both inside and out? Observe what a fine effect the dark coloring of the wall has upon the white faces of the audience, which glare like the stars in a dark night. And then, what can be prettier than the paintings on the front of the boxes—those little masters and misses sucking their thumbs and making mouths at the audience!'

"'Very fine, upon my word; and what, pray, is the use of that chandelier, as you call it, that is hung among

the clouds, and has showered down its favors on my coat?

“Oh, that is to illumine the heavens, and to set off to advantage the little periwigged Cupids, tumbling head over heels, with which the little painter has decorated the dome. You see, we have no need of the chandelier below, as here the house is perfectly well illuminated; but I think it would have been a great saving of candle power if the manager had ordered the painter, among his other pretty designs, to paint a moon up there, or if he was to hang up that sun with whose intense light our eyes were greatly annoyed in the beginning of the afterpiece.’

“But don’t you think, after all, there is rather a sort of a kind of heavyishness about the house? Don’t you think it has a little of an undergroundish appearance?”

“To this I could make no answer. I must confess I have thought myself the house had a dungeon-like look; so I proposed to him to make our exit, as the candles were putting out and we should be left in the dark. Accordingly, groping our way through the dismal subterraneous passage that leads from the pit, and passing through the ragged bridewell-looking ante-chamber, we once more emerged into the purer air of the park, when, bidding my honest countryman good-night, I repaired home, considerably pleased with the entertainments of the evening.

“I shall conclude with a few words of advice for the benefit of every department.

“I would recommend:

"To the actors—less etiquette, less fustian, less buckram.

"To the orchestra—new music, and more of it.

"To the pit—patience, clean benches, and umbrellas.

"To the boxes—less affectation, less noise, less coxcombs.

"To the gallery—less grog and better constables; and

"To the whole house, inside and out—a total reformation. And so much for the theatre."

Andrew Quoz's Rejoinder.

To Jonathan Oldstyle's criticisms Andrew Quoz thus makes answer:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I perceive by the late papers you have been entertaining the town with remarks on the theatre. As you do not seem, from your writings, to be much of an adept in Thespian arcana, permit me to give you a few hints for your information.

"The theatre, you observe, begins to answer all the purposes of a coffee-house. Here you are right; it is the polite lounge, where the idle and curious resort to pick up the news of the fashionable world, to meet their acquaintances, and to show themselves off to advantage. As to the dull souls who do go for the sake of the play, why, if their attention is interrupted by the conversation of their neighbors, they must bear it with patience—it is a custom authorized by fashion. Persons who go for the purpose of chatting with their friends are not to be deprived of their amusement; they have paid their dollar, and have a right to entertain themselves as best

they can. As to those who are annoyed by their talking, why, they need not listen to it—let them mind their own business.

“I think you complain of the deficiency of the music, and say that we want a greater variety and more of it. But you must know that, though this might have been a grievance in old times, when people attended to the musicians, it is a thing of but little moment at present. Our orchestra is kept principally for form’s sake. There is such a continual noise and bustle between the acts that it is difficult to hear the notes; and if the musicians were to get up a new piece of the finest melody, so nicely tuned are the ears of their auditors that I doubt whether nine hearers out of ten would not complain, on leaving the house, that they had been bored with the same old pieces they have heard these two or three years back. Indeed, many who go to the theatres carry their own music with them; and we are so often delighted with the crying of children by way of glee, and such coughing and sneezing from various parts of the house by way of chorus—not to mention the regale of a sweet symphony from a sweep or two in the gallery—and occasionally a full piece, in which nasal, vocal, whistling and thumping powers are admirably exerted and blended, that what want we of an orchestra?

“In your remarks on the actors, my dear friend, let me beg of you to be cautious. I would not for the world that you should degenerate into a critic. The critics, my dear Jonathan, are the very pests of society; they rob the actor of his reputation, the public of their amusement; they open the eyes of their readers to a

full perception of the faults of our performers; they reduce our feelings to a state of miserable refinement, and destroy entirely all the enjoyments in which our coarser sensations delighted. I can remember the time when I could hardly keep my seat through laughing at the wretched buffoonery, the Merry Andrew tricks and the unnatural grimaces played off by one of our theatric Jack Puddings; when I was struck with awful admiration at the roaring and ranting of a buskined hero, and hung with rapture on every word while he was 'tearing a passion to tatters'—to very rags! I remember the time when he who could make the queerest mouth, roll his eyes and twist his body with the most hideous distortions, was surest to please. Alas! how changed the times, or rather, how changed the tastes! I can now sit with the gravest countenance, and look without a smile on all such mimicry—their skipping, their squinting, their shrugging, their snuffing delight not me; and as to their ranting and roaring,

'I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,'

than any such fustian efforts to obtain a shallow gallery applause.

"Now, though I confess these critics have reformed the manners of the actors, as well as the tastes of the audience, so that these absurdities are almost banished from the New York stage, yet I think they have employed a most unwarrantable liberty.

"A critic, my dear sir, has no more right to expose the faults of an actor than he has to detect the decep-

tion of a juggler or the impositions of a quack. All trades must live; and as long as the public are satisfied to admire the tricks of a juggler, to swallow the drugs of the quack or to applaud the fustian of the actor, whoever attempts to undeceive them does but curtail the pleasures of the latter and deprive the former of their bread.

"Odsbud! hath not an actor eyes, and shall he not wink? Hath not an actor teeth, and shall he not grin? feet, and shall he not stamp? lungs, and shall he not roar? breast, and shall he not slap it? hair, and shall he not club it? Is he not fed with plaudits from the gods? delighted with thumpings from the groundlings? annoyed by hisses from the boxes?

"If you censure his follies, does he not complain? if you take away his bread, will he not starve? if you starve him, will he not die? and if you kill him, will not his wife and seven small infants, six at her back and one at her breast, rise up and cry vengeance at you? Ponder these things seriously, my friend Oldstyle, and you will agree with me that, as the actor is the most meritorious and faultless, so is the critic the most cruel and sanguinary character in the world, as I will show you more fully in my next."

Jonathan Oldstyle Again.

In conclusion may be given Oldstyle's account of *The Wheel of Truth*, which is the most cruel cut of all upon the portly gentleman who performed Harlequin, or the Merry Andrew (Hodgkinson):

"We found the play already commenced. I was particularly delighted with the appearance and manners of one of the female performers. What ease, what grace, what elegance of deportment! 'This is not acting, Cousin Jack,' said I; 'this is reality!'

"After the play, this lady again came forward and delivered a ludicrous epilogue. I was extremely sorry to find her step so far out of that graceful line of character in which she is calculated to shine, and I perceived by the countenances around me that the sentiment was universal.

"Ah, said I, 'how much she forgets what is due to her dignity! This charming countenance was never made to be so unworthily distorted, nor that graceful person and carriage to represent the awkward movements of hobbling decrepitude. Take this word of advice, fair lady, from an old man and a friend: Never, if you wish to retain that character for elegance which you so deservedly possess—never degrade yourself by assuming the part of a mimic.'

"The curtain rose for the afterpiece. Out skipped a jolly Merry Andrew. 'Aha!' said I, 'here is the Jack Pudding. I see he has forgot his broomstick and grid-iron; he'll compensate for these wants, I suppose, by his wit and humor. But where is his master, the quack?' 'He'll be here presently,' said Jack Stylish; 'he's a queer old codger; his name's Puffaway; here's to be a rare roasting-match, and this quizzical-looking fellow turns the spit.' The Merry Andrew now began to deal out his speeches with great rapidity; but on a sudden, pulling off a black hood that covered his face,

who should I recognize but my old acquaintance, the portly gentleman!

"I started back with astonishment. '*Sic transit gloria mundi!*' exclaimed I, with a melancholy shake of the head. 'Here's a dreary but true picture of the vicissitudes of life! One night paraded in regal robes, surrounded with a splendid train of nobility, the next degraded to a poor Jack Pudding, and without even a gridiron to help himself! What think you of this, my friend Quoz?' said I; 'think you an actor has any right to sport with the feelings of his audience by presenting them with such distressing contrasts?' Quoz, who is of the melting mood, shook his head ruefully and said nothing. I, however, saw the tear of sympathy tremble in his eye, and honored him for his sensibility.

"The Merry Andrew went on with his part, and my pity increased as he progressed; when, all of a sudden, he exclaimed, 'And as to Oldstyle, I wish him to Old Nick!' My blood mounted into my cheeks at this insolent mention of my name. 'And what think you of this, friend Quoz?' exclaimed I, vehemently; 'I presume this is one of your rights of actors! I suppose we are now to have the stage a vehicle for lampoons and slanders, on which our fellow-citizens are to be caricatured by the clumsy hand of every dauber who can hold a brush. Let me tell you, Mr. Andrew Quoz, I have known the time when such insolence would have been hooted from the stage.'

"After some persuasion I resumed my seat and attempted to listen patiently to the rest of the afterpiece; but I was so disgusted with the Merry Andrew that, in

spite of all his skipping and jumping and turning on his heel, I could not yield him a smile.

"Among the other original characters of the *dramatis personæ*, we were presented with an ancient maiden, and entertained with jests and remarks from the buffoon and his associates containing equal wit and novelty. But, jesting apart, I think these attempts to injure female happiness at once cruel and unmanly. I have ever been an enthusiast in my attachment to the fair sex; I have ever thought them possessed of the strongest claims on our admiration, our tenderness and our protection. But when to these are added still stronger claims—when we see them aged and infirm, solitary and neglected, without a partner to support them down the descent of life—cold, indeed, must be that heart, and unmanly that spirit, that can point the shaft of ridicule at their defenseless bosoms—that can poison the few drops of comfort heaven has poured into their cup.

"'Away with such despicable trumpery—such shallow, worn-out attempts to obtain applause from the unfeeling! I'll have no more of it. Come along, friend Quoz; if we stay much longer, I suppose we shall find our courts of justice insulted and attempts to ridicule the characters of private persons.' Jack Stylish entreated me to stay and see that addition the manager had made to his live stock of an ass, a goose and a monkey. 'Not I,' said I; 'I'll see no more of it.' I accordingly hobbled off with my friend Andrew Quoz, Jack declaring he would stay behind and see the end of the joke. On our way home I asked friend Quoz how he

could justify such clumsy attempts at personal satire. He seemed, however, rather reserved in his answers, and informed me he would write his sentiments on the subject.

"The next morning Jack Stylish related to me the conclusion of the piece; how several actors went into a wheel, one after another, and after a little grinding were converted into asses, geese and monkeys, except the Merry Andrew, who was found such a tough jockey that the wheel could not digest him, so he came out as much a Jack Pudding as ever."

Another Boston Prologue.

Bernardo del Carpio was written by Henry F. Harrington, a Boston editor, about 1816, and published in his own paper. The prologue, by I. C. Pray, Jr., is worth quoting:

Down through the deep, unshadowed, sunless, vast,
Where lie the death halls of the buried past,
Let but the mind send forth its rays of light—
How looms in glory up a glorious sight,
While grows in brightness still more bright the earth,
As varied lands display the drama's birth.
Each cradle glistening, as in days of old
Did Arethusa's streams of bubbling gold,
When bursting forth in barren spots where came
But blasting storm of scorching noontide flame.
Each nation calls the child its own—declares
That theirs it is, and ever shall be theirs.
Here, with a scornful mien, old classic Greece
Doubts that the babe in China spoke Chinese.
There a Peruvian loves to disagree
With the rude savage of the Southern Sea;
And while with Afric groups of boasters chide,

Or sit in jealous musings side by side,
 Lo! in the midst Hindostan strives to show
 She knew the child two thousand years ago.
 But see! Religion, with her cowed head,
 Now o'er the scene has strange amazement spread,
 And every nation hails the joyous hour,
 And owns she woke the Drama's slumbering power—
 That she at first, in sea-divided lands,
 Taught it with love to spread its swaying hands,
 And lend its aid, wherever it abode,
 To turn the mind of man from earth to God.

But soft! The picture changes. Now the light
 Fades from the scene, and nature stands in sight.
 She reigns o'er all, for with her form arose
 The Drama's dawn—with her its day must close.
 Mark now its progress. From the shores of Spain
 Columbus launches on the pathless main,
 Cuts through the ocean, and discovers here
 An open, wide-extended hemisphere.
 Nor long speeds time, ere upward to the skies
 Unnumbered towns and noble cities rise;
 And here, to-night, the drama speaks again,
 As genius leads us back to ancient Spain,
 And shows, with true historic scenes, the state
 Of Castile's king, and young Bernardo's fate—
 Of Castro's zeal—but stay. I'll tell no more.
 See but the play, and, if you will, encore.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

A notable event in American dramatic history is the burning of the theatre at Richmond, Va., on the 26th of December, 1811. William Twaits, whose ability as a comedian has already been noted, was then the manager. The fire was caused by a spark falling on the curtain during the performance of *The*

Bleeding Nun. The house was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the capital. The fire spread rapidly; the people in the pit escaped easily, but those from the boxes were crowded together in a narrow corridor, which led to an angular staircase. This slender outlet was soon blocked with persons overcome by the crush and smoke, and the people behind were unable to extricate themselves. The house became a mass of flames and suffocating vapor. Piercing cries were heard; the strong trampled on the weak; many leaped from windows and were maimed or killed. Fathers who were separated from their children rushed back into the flames to save them, if possible. Husbands and wives refused to leave each other and died together. Altogether, seventy-one perished, being either burned to death or dying afterward from their injuries. Among them were George W. Smith, Governor of Virginia, and other persons of distinction. The citizens of Richmond wore mourning for a month, and public amusements were prohibited for a period of four months. The calamity caused a thrill of horror throughout the country. The Virginia Legislature resolved that the members should wear crape for thirty days, and the Senate of the United States took similar action. On the site of the theatre a Protestant Episcopal Church was erected as a memorial of the catastrophe, and called the Monumental. In many States ministers and religious people pronounced the conflagration a divine judgment, and the fact had for several years a deterrent effect on the attendance at places of amusement.

In the course of time, however, the pall was gradually

lifted from calamity, and catastrophe became a memory, always sad, to be sure, but freed from the horrors of a judgment, and from the superstitions that, at times, cause reason to tremble on her throne. The dramatic instinct survived, to once again find normal indulgence in improved plays and amid more gorgeous and far safer surroundings.

VI.

Interpreters of the Drama.

Comparatively few of the community are readers of the drama, even in these days of printing press activity. In the early years of the nineteenth century their number was much less. The popularity of plays depended on the men and women who interpreted, or, at least, represented the characters and more or less elucidated the significance of the plot. Among the public favorites of those days were not a few whose names are held in esteem to-day, whose gifts are cherished traditions, exercising a living influence on their successors. It is essential to the complete understanding of the hold the drama had upon our ancestors that we should know somewhat of the men who wielded so great power as interpreters of the greater plays. Chronological order is not of the first importance in such a review, and indeed is not attainable if desired, as the careers of so many run parallel, and the success which a few are fortunate in winning at the start, only comes to others after years of steady advancement.

There are several professed histories of the American stage, some biographies of the most famous actors, and

various collections of reminiscences, generally entertaining, yet in the mass giving rather confused views of the actual state of the drama and its exponents in the early years of the nineteenth century. Where we hoped for a panorama, we have to be content with a kaleidoscope.

Thomas Abthorpe Cooper.

Besides the actors previously mentioned, there were others of English birth and training, who attained fame in America. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper had come from Philadelphia to play Hamlet. He was quite young, born in 1776, and under the guardianship of the famous political writer, William Godwin, he had received a fine education. He became the leading player in the great drama, and wandered from city to city as a star.

Cooper long remained the favorite of the public, even George Frederick Cooke failing to diminish his professional repute; but the subsequent appearance of Kean, Booth and Macready, together with the discovery of many faulty readings, threw him into comparative neglect, and he was finally superseded by younger and fresher actors. His income was large, and at one time he had accumulated a considerable fortune; but his fondness for gambling and his extravagant style of living finally reduced him to poverty, and in all the larger towns a benefit was given for his family, under the patronage of wealthy and influential citizens. A performance given for this purpose at the Bowery theatre, New York, on the 7th of November,

1833, yielded a total of \$4,500, the largest amount received up to that time for a single night's entertainment at any American play-house. His last appearance at the Park was in January of the same year, when he played Iago to Forrest's Othello, and his last appearance in the metropolis was at the Bowery, in the character of Mark Antony, in 1835. His daughter was married to the son of President Tyler, to whom Cooper owed his comfortable position in the New York Custom House.

George Frederick Cooke.

In 1801 George Frederick Cooke had made his fame at forty-five as Richard III. Like Kean, whom in other ways he resembled, he gave way to dissipation. Sometimes he would appear in a state of intoxication, sometimes he failed to appear at all. Illness was his excuse for his shortcomings, and in spite of their indignation the audience could not repress a roar of laughter when one night, after several ineffectual efforts to proceed, he laid his hand upon his heart, and hiccoughed, "My old complaint, ladies and gentlemen, my old complaint." His last appearance at Covent Garden, and in London, was in 1810, when he played Falstaff. Two years afterward he died in Boston, being the first of the great English actors who starred in America.

There is a description of Cooke's Sir Giles Overreach in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, contained in a letter of Sir Walter to Joanna Baillie in 1813. "I saw him

—John Kemble—play Sir Giles Overreach, the Richard III of middling life, last night; but he came not within a hundred miles of Cooke, whose terrible visage, and short, abrupt, and savage utterance gave a reality even to that extraordinary scene in which he boasts of his own successful villainy to a nobleman of worth and honor, of whose alliance he is ambitious. Cooke, somehow, contrived to impress upon the audience the idea of such a monster of enormity as had learned to pique himself even upon his own atrocious character." Washington Irving describes his acting as Iago in the third act of *Othello*. "He grasped Kemble's left hand with his own, and then fixed his right, like a claw, on his shoulder. In this position, drawing himself up to him with his short arm, he breathed his poisonous whispers into his ears. Kemble coiled and twisted in his hand, writhing to get away, his right hand clasp- ing his brows, and darting his eye back on Iago."

It was when under the effects of one of his bacchanalian revels that Cooper persuaded him to engage for America—a step that he probably never would have taken in his sober moments, but which he had no cause to regret. In spite of his failings, he was a genius. He died soon after his last appearance in Boston, 1812. Edmund Kean erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's churchyard, New York.

The Rival Tragedians' Duel.

Dunlap has recorded a famous duel between the rival tragedians, Cooke and Cooper. The scene was at Cato

Alexander's tavern, between four and five miles north-east of New York City Hall, on the old Boston road.

Spiffard had tired of the noise of the table, wearied with flashes of merriment not inspired by wit, but by wine; not the genuine and healthy progeny of the reasoning faculty when indulging in sportive recreation, but the mere empty ebullition of excited animal spirits, without the guidance or control of reason. He had walked up and down the road in search of a pleasant place for retirement, but finding none, seated himself upon a bench under a building erected for the reception of water drinkers—it was the horse-shed in front of the house. The tavern had a piazza, but the noise of the revellers made it almost as disagreeable as the smoke-incumbered dining-room. The tumult increased so as to reach the place of refuge he had chosen. Discordant sounds commingled in confusion, the monotony of which was broken by the high, harsh, screeching and croaking of Cooke's notes of inebriation.

"I'm your man, sir!—a dead shot, sir! George Frederick is the name to cow a Yankee!"

The whole party now issued to the piazza, and after a preliminary discussion of the mode in which wounded honor was to be cured by the duello (a discussion of which Spiffard only heard pieces or snatches of sentences, as "ten paces—five paces—Yankee actor—dead shot"), they descended and took a station between the tavern and the horse-shed.

It now appeared that Cooke and Cooper were to be pitted, not as actors, but as duellists. The seconds were busy loading the pistols (an implement of death or

amusement always kept in readiness at Cato's). Cooke became silent and dignified, only showing by increased energy in his step (not always properly applied) and increased color in his face the increase of his ebriety. His antagonist was all politeness—the established etiquette with those who meet to murder. The seconds and witnesses displayed to the eye of the water-drinker, or any other rational animal, that they were all so far blinded themselves that they could not see how plainly they were exposing their supposedly deep-hidden hoax to any clear-sighted spectator.

The word was given. The two tragedians fired at the same moment, or nearly so. Cooke's second took advantage of the smoke and noise to thrust a stick through his principal's coat, to produce a bullet-hole; at the same time he threw his left arm around him, as if for support, crying, "He has hit you, sir."

But Cooke was in one of those half-mad, half-cunning paroxysms, which enabled him to act as the subject of the hoax, while he in reality hoaxed the hoaxers, and enjoyed all the pleasure of acting the part of the dupe, with the assurance of duping those who thought they were playing upon him. He was assuming the madman, and sufficiently mad to enjoy all the pleasure which "only madmen know." Pretending to believe that he was hit by his opponent's ball, he, with a force which only madness could give, threw out his left arm and hurled his officiously designing second several paces from him, reeling until the cow-yard (the court-yard of the establishment) received him at full length. As the smoke evaporated, Cooper was seen extended in

mock agonies, his second and others of the party leaning over him in pretended mourning.

"Mr. Cooke, your ball has passed through the lungs of poor Cooper, I'm afraid. The surgeon is examining the wound. There is little hope——"

"None, sir! I never miss. He is the tenth. I am sorry for him." He stalked up to the pretended hurt man with due gravity. This was a precious opportunity for the veteran to mingle sarcasm and mock regrets, and to pay the hoaxers in their own coin, stamped anew in the mint of his brains, and he did not let it escape him.

"Poor Tom, poor 'Tom's acold!' I am sorry for him. I'm sorry that his farthing-candle-life was extinguished by my hand, although he deserved death from none more. 'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of' our murderous pistols to our own breasts. I warned him of my unerring aim; but the 'thief would seek the halter.' How do you find his wound, sir?"

"I am examining it, sir; I am torturing him."

"It is no more than he has done to hundreds of hearers."

"I am afraid, sir, he will never play again."

"Then by murdering him honorably I have prevented many dishonorable murders. Shade of Shakespeare, applaud me! He will never again murder Macbeth instead of Duncan, or throttle Othello instead of Desdemona. I am second Mahomet overthrowing idolatry! The wounded god of the Yankee-doodles lies prostrate! Fie, George Frederick, to triumph over a block. Farewell, poor Tom! poor enough." This was said over his

shoulder. "I could have better spared a better actor—but let that pass, while we pass to our pious meditations. Who takes order for the funeral? Bear the body in!" When sober, none did more justice to his rival's merit, although now so scurrilously unjust.

"He revives, sir. There is hope yet," said the surgeon.

"Then may the poets mourn."

While the pretended dead duellist was being removed into the house, Cooke's second approached him, exclaiming, "The horses are ready, sir; we must fly!"

"We, sir! When I fly or creep I choose my company. George Frederick Cooke never flies from danger. Fly, sir! If the idol of Yankeeland lives, there is nothing to apprehend him from his worshippers, nothing to fly from, except when he acts; and if he dies—and if he dies, and by my hand, I have honored him and benefited the world." So saying, the hero strutted most sturdily up the steps of the piazza, where, feeling the difficulty of ascent, he recollected his wound, called for assistance and was supported to the table, at which he sat, like another Banquo, the man whose fall he had triumphed over.

Joseph Jefferson in Philadelphia.

The appearance of the first Joseph Jefferson in New York has already been noted. In 1803 he removed to Philadelphia, whose Chestnut Street theatre, then under Mrs. Wignell's control, was the foremost in the land. William B. Wood was the stage-manager, and

the company comprised, among others, William Warren, who was well qualified for Falstaff and Sir Robert Bramble; William Francis, who acted comedy old men, such as Sir Anthony Absolute; and William Twaits, who shone to advantage as Tony Lumpkin and other comedy young men. Twaits had a long face, projecting eyes, carrotty hair and a large mouth, capable of being twisted into a wonderful variety of expressions. He formed an admirable contrast to the neat and handsome Jefferson. Francis Blissett, another of the company, was a reserved, thoughtful person, fond of books and music, and averse to society. Yet he was an excellent actor of minor parts, and could speak with French or German accent or with rich Irish brogue.

Jefferson's first appearance in this able company was in the character of Don Manuel in Cibber's comedy, *She Would and She Would Not*. Afterward he appeared as Sir Oliver Surface, Crabtree and Sir Peter Teazle. In the last named he was considered inferior to Warren. Yet critical observers declared that in general his acting was marked by exquisite delineation of his line of character, freedom from all exaggeration and perfect naturalness.

The Chestnut Street theatre was destroyed by fire in April, 1820. It was rebuilt, but never recovered its former glory. Jefferson, afflicted with the gout, had begun to decline in vigor and lost popular favor. Wood, who had been associated with Warren in the management, left in 1826, and the latter failed entirely three years later. Jefferson, who had occasionally made visits to other cities, was now obliged to wander through

the West and South, seeking engagements. The excellence of his character was acknowledged and admired by all who came in contact with him. His dramatic ability, though somewhat impaired, was manifest to the last. He died at Harrisburg, Pa., in 1832, and was buried in the grounds of the Episcopal Church. Eleven years later Judges J. B. Gibson and Rogers, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, placed a memorial stone, with appropriate inscription, over his grave. Forty years later the remains were removed to the Harrisburg cemetery, the same stone being placed over the new grave. The inscription closed with this quotation: "I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest: of most excellent fancy."

Edmund Kean in America.

Kean made his first appearance in America in 1820. When he played *Richard III*, the admirers of Cooke would not admit his superiority to their favorite, but on appearing as Othello, he conquered all doubters. His Philadelphia engagement was for sixteen nights, in these plays, *Richard III*, *Lear*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Iron Chest*, *Brutus*, *Rule a Wife*, *Bertram*, *Town and Country*. Kean's impassioned acting created the custom of calling out performers, dead or alive, to receive applause before the curtain. He was gentle with his associates on the stage, and was well liked by them. His engagement proved profitable to all concerned; his own receipts averaged \$260 a night for a forty-nights' season. When he went to

Boston he took offense at the small attendance and refused to play. Such excitement followed that he was obliged to leave the city abruptly. He went back to England and played with his usual success until a law-suit exposed his criminal connection with an alderman's wife. Kean was then hissed from the stage in Edinburgh and London.

Kean ventured on a second visit to the United States in 1825, and was at first received with riot and confusion whenever he attempted to act. After offering apologies he was allowed to appear in New York and Philadelphia. When he went to Baltimore to fulfill his last engagement no suspicion was entertained that he was to be visited by the indignation of an organized band; nor had a whisper of any intended disorder reached the managers. The curtain rose on *Richard III*, and the play proceeded quietly, as usual, until the appearance of Gloster, when a violent opposition from persons stationed in various parts of the house rendered all Kean's attempts to be heard hopeless. Some ill-managed efforts were made to address the audience, but he was not allowed to speak. The greater portion of the female auditors retired in disgust from the disgraceful scene, and the play at length ended in noise and confusion. Warren conducted the ladies of the company through the crowd without molestation; Kean was conveyed through the adjoining house to his lodgings safely, but in extreme terror; for in some expression uttered by the rioters, it was fairly inferred that personal violence would be offered. The frequent calls for "another tragedian"

during the tumult led to a strong, and, perhaps, well-founded suspicion that partisan feeling was not without its share of influence in the riot. The ill effects of these disorders did not end with the derangement of all plans and the destruction of a season which, in its beginning, promised a large profit. The worst result was an apprehension on the part of the female element of future difficulties, which deterred many from ever visiting the theatre for a long time afterward.

Junius Brutus Booth.

The first appearance of Junius Brutus Booth in America was at Richmond, Va., on July 6th, 1821. He was classically educated and had already been a rival of Edmund Kean in London. He made his American début as Richard, and created an unusual sensation. In the autumn a Baltimore engagement, for six nights only, was a moderate success; but it certainly was not brilliant. The houses averaged a little over \$300 and his benefit reached \$525, the performances including, besides *Richard*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *The Iron Chest*. There was a deliberate attempt to elevate him above Kean, and to claim for him the originality of a peculiar style of acting, practised by both, could not fail to create a prejudice against him, and he suffered from it afterward in every part of the Union. The discussion became angry, involving even so high a dignitary as John Quincy Adams, an unbounded admirer of Booth, who was for some time under a mistaken impression that his performance at Brussels, where he

was engaged with an English company, was the first exhibition of this peculiar style. The deserved reputation of the great statesman as an experienced judge of acting entitled his opinion of Booth to no common respect, and there were many others of unquestionable taste who took up his cause with zeal, venturing upon comparisons between Booth and Kean, to the disadvantage of the latter. Time, however, dispelled the false idea, and Booth suffered in the result.

In some characters, indeed, and especially in Richard, the equal of Junius Brutus Booth has seldom been seen. His voice was singularly flexible and melodious; full, clear, and susceptible of the most exquisite pathos. His countenance was one of the most expressive ever seen on the stage, and his eye fairly beamed with intelligence and fire. He especially excelled in depicting the fiercer passions, as hate, fear, scorn, revenge, despair, and the like; but in the softer emotions he was not so happy. His genius was at once singularly gentle and wild. His last years were passed on the farm which he purchased in 1822, some thirty miles from Baltimore, where he lived in the most frugal and simple manner, avoiding all notoriety, and only leaving his home when he went into town to sell his butter and eggs. No tree was felled on his ranch, and no animal life was taken; nor would he permit, in his family, the use of animal food. All forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head.

In his earlier career Booth was a more pleasing companion than he afterward became. His eccentricities,

amounting at times to actual insanity, did not prevent him from making professional tours until the close of his life. He rarely spoke of Kean, but always with sincere respect. Of his failure in London he spoke quite frankly. While the Drury Lane managers were preparing a splendid revival of *King Lear* for Kean, their rivals of Covent Garden determined to forestall them, though by an imperfect effort. For this purpose they engaged Booth for a few nights, the number to depend on the success, at £20 per night and a benefit; Booth as Lear, Charles Kemble as Edgar and Macready as Edmond. After a few nights, however, the receipts so diminished that it was found necessary to discontinue the play. Probably in compliment to Booth's talents and exertions the experiment was continued for a few nights longer, on condition of his being satisfied with £10 per night, and the performances dragged along until Booth, according to agreement, announced for his benefit *Richard III*. How deplorable was the result may be understood from the fact that he was obliged on the ensuing morning to pay £80, the sum necessary to make up the deficiency in the expenses of the night. The loss swallowed nearly the whole of his earnings on the former nights. Thus disappointed, he acted through some of the provinces, and often with deserved success; for it would not have been wise to indulge in eccentricities, and he behaved himself with entire regularity.

Wood thus concludes: "With all his follies and attempts at singularity, this really fine actor was an object of interest to all who can appreciate genius and study.

Ill-directed by imprudent associations, it is greatly to be lamented that all attempts to withdraw him from these to circles more suited to his manners, mind and reputation were so unavailing." Yet it should be noted that his son Edwin, who was destined to rise to higher fame, did much to redeem his father. For many years he was his father's constant attendant, but unfortunately was separated from him at the last by professional engagements. Junius Brutus Booth died on a Mississippi steamboat on the 3d of November, 1852, while returning from a visit to New Orleans.

We are indebted to the veteran litterateur for the following splendid critical estimate of the elder Booth:

"In his best impersonations Junius Brutus Booth gave that impression of a complete harmony of physical and mental attributes which spares the spectator the necessity of scrutinizing his own conceptions and endeavoring to readjust them or to find a means of reconciling inconsistent sensations. His vivacity in animated dialogue; his intensity, whether in the vehement outbursts of passion or in its repressed and concentrated utterances; his absorption in moments of deliberate thought or reflection; the picturesqueness, not of his make-up or costume, but simply of his face and form, especially when rendered vivid by the chiaroscuro of the stage or the arrangement of the tableau; the underlying suggestions of reality in his general manner of moving and speaking—these were qualities that gave the effect of constant variety and contrast, without infringing on the unity of the conception or breaking the continuity of the performance. The personality of the actor was forgotten,

and all the details seemed the spontaneous workings and unconscious illustrations of the character he represented.

“ When, on the rise of the curtain, he stepped on the stage as Gloster and began the speech,

Now is the winter of our discontent,

the critical scrutiny which one naturally turns upon an actor at his first entrance was instantly checked. The stately but elastic tread; the defiant port and sweeping gesture; the kindled eye, and its changeful gleams of mockery and malignity; the smooth yet impassioned flow of the delivery, with its expressive variety of tones and inflections—all conspired to fix the attention on the scene itself and make the spirit and meaning of it engross and fill the mind. It was the same throughout the performance; if at any point a doubt obtruded itself, it was swept away by the strong current of interest and expectation. In the scene transferred by Cibber from the third part of *Henry V*, Booth’s attitude, look and tones after he had stabbed the gray-haired king are far more distinct and vivid in my remembrance than anything I have witnessed at the theatre in recent years. The affected amazement with which he stooped over the prostrate body as he uttered the words

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?

changed to the cruelest aspect of triumphant irony in the succeeding phrase,

I thought it would have MOUNT-ed,—

when the hunchbacked form towering erect, the head with the plumed hat thrown back, the eyes following the upturned point of the raised and outstretched sword, the syllable I have marked as emphatic uttered not only at the height of the voice, but with a swelling volume of sound, produced a feeling as of some general ascent in which one was taking an involuntary part. The other striking features of the performance—the rapid alternation of pretended humility and devotion and of sarcastic amusement in the scene with Lady Anne; the tent-scene, with its agony of fright, the dripping brow and shaking limbs, and the hoarse cry for succor; above all, the fiery death-struggle, in which Kean's rapid thrust with the disarmed hand—borrowed from the description of a combat in the Peninsular War—was reproduced with what I can hardly believe to have been any diminution of the original effect—are equally strong in my recollection.

“The high-water mark of Booth's acting was reached in Iago, a part that neither taxes the physical energies nor calls for the highest mental qualities to represent it properly, but which has perhaps been more grossly misrepresented than any other. It is often, indeed, assigned to actors who are in evident ignorance of the meaning of many of the words. But even performers of a different stamp are apt either to make the character merely repulsive, or else, by depriving it of intensity, to present but a pale reflection of its diabolical craft and malignity. The double mask under which Iago hides the fiendish depravity of his deeply-brooding

nature—that of the blunt, gay, outspoken cynic, and that of the trusty, zealous and attached friend—with the fitful revelations of what is beneath, makes it a matter of the subtlest skill to assimilate the conception and produce a single blended effect. The feelings excited by Booth's performance were such as one might experience in watching a consummate swordsman wielding his weapon with a devilish ferocity of intent that rouses the desire to baffle it, but with a lightness of wrist, a swiftness of parry and lunge that compel admiration. It was the refinement, not the coarseness of the hypocrisy, that made it apparent to the spectators, as well as successful in the attainment of its aim. The changes of demeanor were rapid and complete, but there was nothing violent or grotesque in the transition. It was the supple Italian nature passing from one guise to another with a Protean ease and grace. In the night scene where he stabs Rodrigo the play of his features under the glare of the lantern swung with uplifted hand had a vividness and picturesqueness which no painting could reproduce. But it is not alone the salient points of a performance which throughout was full of spirit, rich in color and finished in all the details, that rise before me as I turn the leaves of the play. The tone, the look, the gesture, come back in every passage. I had seen other actors in the part before; I have seen many actors in it since; but one impression alone has neither been effaced nor blurred. Iago is for me identified with Booth.

“The harmonic faculty is shown in its full force only when the character assumed has in the representation

a distinct and complete individuality, and no suggestion of the actor's other impersonations mingle with and mar the impression. Mere mechanical aids, especially in tragic acting, go but a little way in producing this effect. The whole nature must be possessed and controlled by the new spirit that has entered into it. No tragedian whom I have seen displayed this power in the same degree as Booth. It was perhaps the more noticeable because in the very narrow range of his successful impersonations several of the characters might be said to belong to the same type. Richard, Iago and Sir Giles Overreach are all unscrupulous, malignant, versed in the arts of treachery, profound dissemblers, indefatigable plotters, with the one redeeming virtue, if such it can be called, of indomitable courage. They are, of course, as distinct creations as if this similarity did not exist; but in a mere description the points of difference would be likely to fade in the general resemblance. In Booth's performance of each of these parts it seemed as if the walk, gestures, attitudes, looks and tones belonged to that particular character and no other. When he made his appearance in the hall of Lady Allworth's house, amidst a group of other persons, his short, quick step and his ferret-like glance around the apartment, as if taking a rapid inventory of its contents, were instant indications of a covetous, grasping, crafty nature. The constant by-play; the easy naturalness of every movement; the suppressed tones of intense passion when he asked,

Do I wear a sword for fashion, or is this arm
Shrunk up and withered?—

while the clenched fist, the strung cords to the wrist to which the fingers of the left hand pointed, and the blighting glance that shot from the eyes, made any answer unnecessary; the half-smothered exultation as he pictured himself in the full fruition of his hopes, and the final torrent of impotent fury and desperation when all his designs have turned to his own ruin—made up a picture in which every touch deepened the tints and heightened the general effect. The coarse exaggeration and intrinsic unnaturalness that make the play little better than a modern melodrama were unnoticed. One felt as if the domestic life of a barbaric age, with its quaint manners, its violent passions, its striking contrasts and strange vicissitudes were unfolded before one's eyes. Possibly this impression might have been still stronger if the scenery and appointments had been more suitable; but, beyond a general perception of their deficiencies, I had no thought of them."

James Wallack.

On the 7th of September, 1818, James Wallack, afterward proprietor of Wallack's theatre, in New York, made his first appearance in America as Macbeth, following it in succession with Coriolanus, Rolla, Romeo, Hamlet, and Richard III, all of which met with triumphant success. Wallack was also a Londoner, the day of his birth, August 24th, 1794, being that whereon Astley's amphitheatre was destroyed by fire, an event which, it is said, precipitated his entrance into the world. His father, William Wallack,

was an excellent actor of nautical parts at Astley's, and his mother was the best performer that ever trod its boards, a woman of superior mind, and very far above the station into which fate had thrown her. She was the mother also of Mrs. Jones, the favorite of New York in 1806; of Henry Wallack and Mrs. Stanley, better known as Mrs. Hill, and of Mrs. Pinnett, of London, whose daughter, as Mrs. A. Wigan, became one of the greatest favorites of the British metropolis.

James Wallack's name first appears on a play-bill on Easter Monday of 1798, at the opening of the Royal circus, afterward the Surrey theatre, in a drama entitled *Black Beard*, which ran a hundred and thirteen nights. He was then four years of age, and when still very young, received the appointment of midshipman in the navy, but was unable to resist the fascinations of the stage. At twelve he made his début at the German theatre, Leicester square, whence he was soon called to Drury Lane, to personate the few parts adapted to his age. He afterward spent three years in Dublin, but returned to London in 1812, and made his first appearance at the Lyceum theatre, where the Drury Lane company were then playing, as Sangrida, in the *Wood Demon*. When Drury Lane theatre was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire, he appeared there on its opening night as Laertes, to the Hamlet of Elliston. From this period his reputation as an actor commenced, and in the youthful heroes of genteel comedy, and in many second characters of tragedy, he soon established an enviable reputation.

Wallack attained his high position by the most careful study and unceasing cultivation of his powers, and the results were plainly perceivable in every character which he personated, even in those where he was the least successful. In Shakespeare's finest tragic parts, however, and in others requiring passion and intense excitement, he was inferior to Cooper, Kean, Booth or Forrest. It was aptly remarked of him that he was first in his line, but that his line was not first.

Wallack early became a citizen of the United States, but frequently revisited his native land. In 1837 he became manager of the National theatre, formerly the Italian Opera house, and under his régime, the elder Vandenhoff, Miss Shirreff, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Wilson the vocalist, James Browne, W. H. Williams, and other eminent artists, were first introduced to the American stage. His connection with this establishment terminated with its destruction by fire in the fall of 1839. After a long sojourn abroad, in 1852, he came out to assume the management of the Lyceum theatre, which, under Brougham's management, had sunk to the lowest ebb. Gathering around him a few choice spirits, the prestige of his name at once attracted public attention, and by his superior taste and judgment, his pieces were put upon the stage in a style surpassing that of any other establishment in the city, while his own performances, as well as those of his company, satisfied the most fastidious critic, and resulted pecuniarily with satisfaction to himself.

At the Lyceum he closed his career as an actor, having personated within its walls a long list of his most

celebrated characters, his last part being Colonel Delmar in the drama of the *Veteran*, written by his son, John Lester Wallack. At the termination of his lease he built the famous Wallack's theatre, on Broadway, at the corner of Thirteenth. It was first opened on the 25th of September, 1861, and at the close of the season in the following year he last appeared before the curtain to return his acknowledgments to his friends for their liberal patronage. Wallack had been for several years a sufferer from gout and asthma, which finally caused his death at his residence on Fourteenth street, on Christmas day of 1864, at the age of three-score and ten.

In his prime, Wallack's face was extremely handsome, intellectual and expressive; his figure was finely proportioned; his attitudes were strikingly elegant and graceful, and his voice rich, strong and melodious. His elocution was so finished and impressive that, as is related, Bishop Wainwright, one of the most distinguished of American prelates, applied to him for a course of lessons in the art; but the actor declined, on the ground that the reverend gentleman, who was indeed a most accomplished reader, was already his superior. He married, in early life, a daughter of the Irish comedian and vocalist, Johnstone, the predecessor of Tyrone Power on the London stage. Lester Wallack, born in America in 1819, was their first child.

Henry Placide.

Worthy of note is the comedian, Henry Placide, so long the pride of the metropolis. From small begin-

nings and the humblest efforts he appears never for a moment to have faltered in his purpose or swerved from the direct road to prosperity and distinction, critically analyzing the smallest part intrusted to his care, and throwing around it a finish, an elegance and a completeness impossible to a less careful and discriminating actor. The result was that he distanced every competitor in his peculiar line; and though other favorites sprang up, there was not a general comedian who could be compared with him; in the lowest and broadest line of comedy he was the only one who ever trod the American stage that was so perfectly irresistible in humor, and yet entirely free from grimace and buffoonery.

Henry Placide was born in 1799 at Charleston, S. C., where his father was an actor and manager of a theatre. The son made his first appearance in New York at the Park theatre, September 2d, 1823, in the character of Zekiel Homespun, and at once gained a position in the favor of the audience that twenty years' service never impaired. Placed in a subordinate position to Hilson and Barnes, his great fidelity to nature, though in less conspicuous parts, soon raised him to a level with them, forming a comic trio that had never been equalled in the history of the New York stage. But, admirable as were the other two players, it finally became apparent that to Placide was the attention of the audience principally given, and that he was fully capable of sustaining any character in which they appeared; and first one, and then the other, gave up his situation, leaving him entire free

dom of choice in his selection of parts, embracing as wide a range as ever comedian chose to revel in. From clowns of the broadest Yorkshire dialect to the most mimicking Cockney cit, in the garrulous Frenchman, and the high-bred English gentleman, the simplest rustic, or the keenest London footman, in the clumsy hobbledohoy, or the pathetic childishness of extreme old age, he was equally at home and equally superior. Hilson only excepted, he was also by far the best buffo vocalist ever heard in English opera. Probably no actor so completely exemplified the idea of what a genuine comedian ought to be. After gaining the highest honors that could be bestowed on him in New York, and establishing his claim to be considered the most chaste and finished of American actors, for many years, as suited his pleasure or convenience, he confined himself to short engagements in the principal cities of the Union, giving but little evidence of decay, either mental or physical.

John Howard Payne.

The actors whose various careers form the chief part of the early annals of the American drama were usually Englishmen who had crossed the Atlantic in search of fortune or, perhaps, a bare living. With the dramatists the case was different. While the great majority of the plays acted were of British origin, their writers did not venture abroad nor care to obtain new subjects from America. From time to time a playwright sprang up in the soil of the New World, and succeeded in get-

ting his productions performed on the stage. The most prolific was Dunlap, who had become a stage-manager, and thus was able to present whatever he chose. The plays of another dramatist of American birth became as famous in England as in his native land, while his gem of song has been cherished in all parts of the world. This was John Howard Payne, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*.

Payne was born in the city of New York on the 9th of June, 1791. His father was a Yankee schoolmaster, whose ancestors had come to Cape Cod within two years after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth. His mother was a beautiful and accomplished lady of Jewish descent. John Howard was the sixth of their nine children, and his childhood was spent chiefly on Long Island and in Boston, where his father conducted academies. At the age of thirteen John returned to New York to become a clerk in a mercantile house. But his literary and dramatic bent was shown in his editing a little paper, called *The Thespian Mirror*. Some articles in this paper attracted the attention of William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, who procured for the boy the means of entering Union College, at Schenectady. Here again he edited a paper. His mother's death and his father's failure now led Payne to leave college and seek employment in Boston. His time was divided between editorial work and training for the stage. On the 24th of February, 1809, he made a successful début at the Park theatre, New York, as Young Norval in Home's play, *Douglas*, and, after playing six nights, obtained a benefit, by which he

realized \$1,400. At Boston his success was even greater than in New York. Liberal offers from Philadelphia and Southern cities soon followed. The following epigram was published on the day after his benefit in Baltimore:

All those who from Payne had experienced delight,
With increased admiration and pleasure each night,
To evince their desire of delighting again,
Attended last night, and gave pleasure to Payne.

His Southern tour extended as far as Charleston, and was uniformly successful. Similar tours were made by the boy actor in the two following years.

In January, 1813, Payne sailed for England, but did not obtain an opportunity to act until June, when the usual success followed his performance of Norval in the Drury Lane theatre. His engagement lasted a month, after which he visited Liverpool, Dublin and other cities, playing Rolla and Romeo with equal success.

On his visit to Paris he became acquainted with Talma. Here he began his work as a dramatist by translating *The Maid and Magpie*, for which he was paid £150. In later years, Payne, becoming stout, lost his youthful beauty and favor as a dramatic prodigy. He therefore devoted himself to authorship. His famous play of *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was produced at Drury Lane theatre December 3d, 1818, Edmund Kean taking the title rôle. It ran for seventy-five nights with crowded houses. It was printed in great haste in a cellar under the stage, where the author was amused to see the whole Roman senate clad in

togas and setting type from the prompter's manuscript. Payne acknowledged in his preface that he had borrowed freely in his play from the seven other plays which had been written on the subject. Dissatisfied with the returns he received from the managers, Payne sought to better himself by taking charge of the Sadler's Wells theatre. Many new plays were brought out and well received; yet at the end of the season Payne found he had lost over seven thousand dollars by the undertaking. Being unable to give his creditors security for this sum, he was thrust into a debtors' prison.

But relief came in an unexpected and thoroughly dramatic manner. A parcel was delivered to him without explanation. It contained two plays by Victor, and one of these Payne immediately translated and fitted for the English stage. In a few days it was in the hands of the manager of Drury Lane theatre, and soon was accepted. It was produced on February 2d, 1821, under the title *Thérèse, or the Orphan of Geneva*. This fine adaptation is given in full in this volume. Payne had been allowed by the court to leave the prison to supervise the rehearsal and witness the first performance. So substantial was his share of the profits that he was able to make an arrangement with his creditors, and then started for Paris, where he was employed in watching new plays and selecting and translating such as were suitable for the English stage.

In 1823 Payne sold to Charles Kemble three manuscript plays for £250. One of these was the opera *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, and in it was the original version of *Home, Sweet Home*. The song of two stanzas

had been written in a lodging-room in Paris in the October previous. Payne afterward revised the song, and new music was composed by Henry R. Bishop from an old Sicilian Vesper hymn. The following is a correct copy from the author's manuscript:

Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
 Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 There's no place like home!

This English opera was produced at the Covent Garden theatre in May, 1823, with a success that surprised the manager as much as it flattered the author. The part of Clari was rendered by the beautiful Miss Maria Tree (afterward Mrs. Charles Kean). Her melodious voice rendered the song so popular that more than a hundred thousand copies were sold within a year by the publisher. Yet of the abundant profits the poor author received nothing. Nor did the manager pay him the extra amount promised when the play should reach its twenty-fifth night. Many apocryphal stories

have grown up about this famous song and the author's wretchedness at the time of its composure. In fact, he was then living in comfort in a sky-parlor in a fashionable quarter of Paris, though as a bachelor he may not have enjoyed all the pleasures of home.

For a time Washington Irving joined Payne in his work of translating and adapting French plays, and shared the suite of rooms which he then occupied. In this way the plays called *Charles II, or the Merry Monarch*, and *The Youth of Richelieu*, were composed. For them the manager of Covent Garden paid two hundred guineas, and Payne expected as much more from the copyrights. *Richelieu* was afterward published in New York with a dedication to Irving, who had stipulated that his partnership in these plays should not be disclosed. Payne next started, in London, a critical journal called *The Opera Glass*, but its career was abruptly terminated by his illness.

In the summer of 1832 Payne returned to New York, after an absence of nineteen years, and was warmly welcomed by his friends and relatives. In November he received a public benefit at the Park theatre, the opening play being *Brutus*, with Edwin Forrest in the title rôle; *Home, Sweet Home*, of course, followed; and then Shakespeare's *Katherine and Petruchio*, with Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny in the principal parts. Even this superb treat was not enough, for the entertainment was closed with Payne's comedy of *Charles II*. The total receipts were seven thousand dollars. A benefit at Boston in the following

April was less successful, owing to injudicious management, though the audience comprised the wealth and culture of the city.

Payne's home was now with his brother, Thatcher Payne, a lawyer, in New York city. In 1835 he made a tour of the Southern States and received a complimentary benefit at New Orleans. This closed his connection with the stage. He engaged in literary work, writing for newspapers and magazines. He applied for a position in the government service, and in August, 1842, President Tyler appointed him consul at Tunis, but he did not reach that destination until the following May, having tarried at London and other cities to greet his friends. During three years' residence at Tunis he added to his official duties the task of writing a history of the place, but this work was interrupted by his recall in President Polk's administration. On his way back he again lingered in the principal cities of Europe, reaching New York in July, 1847. On a change of administration at Washington he went to that city and applied for reappointment to Tunis, but did not succeed until Millard Fillmore became president. His commission was made out in February, 1851. In the previous December the Swedish vocalist, Jenny Lind, closed her concert at Washington by turning to Payne, who was in the audience, and singing *Home, Sweet Home*, which was received with rapturous applause.

On the 6th of May, 1851, Payne sailed from New York. On reaching Tunis he found the consulate residence much dilapidated, but, with the generous aid of the Bey, proceeded to restore and embellish it suitably.

A dangerous illness followed, and on the 9th of April, 1852, he died, after having received all proper attention from the British consul and Sisters of Charity. His body was buried in the Protestant cemetery of St. George, near Tunis.

The banker, William W. Corcoran, of Washington, in his boyhood had witnessed Payne's triumphs on the stage, and in latter life had befriended him while visiting that city. In 1882 he generously undertook the duty of bringing back the remains of the American dramatist to his native land. With the aid and approval of the American and British governments this task was accomplished in the following year. Though the coffin was found to have rotted, the skeleton was entirely preserved. Suitable ceremonies were observed in the chapel at Tunis, and in New York the new coffin lay in state in City Hall for a day. It was finally deposited in Oak Hill cemetery, at Georgetown, D. C., with appropriate funeral rites, on June 9th, 1883, the ninety-second anniversary of the beloved dramatist's birth. A marble monument, crowned by a bust of the poet, was erected there. A beautiful monument had previously been placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. But the true memorial of the poet and dramatist is found in his immortal song, which still cheers the world as it "flies through the mouths of men."

THERESE, THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Author of "Home, Sweet Home," and various dramas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARWIN, *a Lawyer.*

FONTAINE, *a Pastor.*

COUNT DE MORVILLE.

PICARD, *his Steward.*

LAVIGNE, *a Farmer.*

DELPARC, *a Magistrate.*

THERESE, *assumed name Mariette.*

COUNTESS DE MORVILLE.

BRIDGET, *wife of Lavigne.*

NANNETTE.

PRELUDE.

Payne's *Brutus* has been considered his best play as a literary effort. He admitted, however, that he borrowed the plot and adapted much of its best dialogue. This drama is given, instead of the former, as a better example of his dramatic skill with modern characters. It also illustrates the popular play of its period. Edwin Forrest played Carwin on its production in 1829.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Garden of the Chateau de Morville. An iron rail fence, with a gate in the middle, crosses the back of the stage. At the right of the actors, one of the side fronts of the Chateau, and steps going up to it, embellished with vases. At the left, a little gate leading to the orchard. Near the front, a yoke-elm-tree hedge, with a garden-chair. The back-ground, beyond the railing, represents a beautiful landscape.

Picard and Lavigne come out of the Chateau. Lavigne has empty sacks and panniers over his arms and about his person as the curtain rises.

Lavigne.—(On the steps and speaking behind the scenes.) My Neddy can stand where he is. There's no fear of his running away. I'm only going into the orchard a minute with Father Picard, to get some prunes. (Comes down to Picard, who is taking a pinch of snuff.) Come, now, Picard, is it honest, parson's truth that you have been telling me?

Picard.—Parson's truth, indeed! 'Tis Picard's truth—and none honester. The countess and her son are coming home this very day. I and Miss Mariette have just got letters.

Lav.—Then I'll be off; no matter for the prunes. The countess and her son coming home! They must pass the farm on their way from Lausanne to the Chateau, and if they take my old wife, Bridget, unawares, she'll be all in such a fluster!

Pic.—Don't flatter yourself. They'll not stop at the farm. Her ladyship has pressing reasons for coming back so quick. (Mysteriously.) Great news, Lavigne! There's great news, I tell you. There was a letter in my parcel for the village notary, and he's to be here at twelve.

Lav.—You don't say so! Why, Picard—bless my soul! Picard, do you think the young count is to—to—to wed Miss Mariette? Hey? What do you think, Picard?

Pic.—Think! I tell you, there's great news! that's all! mark—great news!

Lav.—Oh! bless my heart! How happy I should be! Why, Picard, I'd give that beautiful crooked-horned cow with the little tail—I'd give the robin red-breast that pecks its breakfast out of my mouth—I'd give—I don't know what I wouldn't give to see the young count wedded to Miss Mariette! Yes, were it only to plague my old wife, Bridget, who's always preaching up—"That affair'll come to no good: a girl own'd by nobody, to be made so much of at the Chateau." A girl this and a girl that! What will she say now? Ha! ha! Now, when she knows— (Taking out a silver watch.) Hey-day! ten o'clock! It's a long league to the farm and my Neddy's no eagle! Good-day, Picard, good-day.

Pic.—If you must go, I'll see you to your Neddy.

Lav.—Thank ye, Picard, thank ye for both—Neddy and I, too. Come along.

(Picard opens the middle gate and goes out with Lavigne. As they are departing, chatting together, a man appears behind the fence, who seems endeavoring to ascertain where he is. It is Carwin. He enters through the middle gate, which Picard has left open.)

Carwin.—(Alone, tablets in his hand.) One league from Morville—on the right—beyond the forest on the rustic bridge. Ay, this must be the spot; and here the mansion of the Countess de Morville. But do those lofty walls protect my fugitive? Therese, though you escaped me at Geneva, and for eight months have still eluded me, my lynx-eyed vigilance shall never sleep! The orphan who has found shelter here must be she. What though the name be different! Her own she could not bear, the trial was too public. 'Tis rumored that the young count loves her. If this Mariette in truth should be Therese, that may mar my project! The countess and her son at Lausanne? Doubtless the orphan's with them. So much the better: I can move more freely.

(Picard returns, and, as he comes in, throws the middle gates wide open and then comes down.)

Pic.—As it's so late, the gates may as well stand open. 'Twill save trouble, and—— (Coming down.) Hallo! a stranger!—how did he get in? He must have passed behind me.

Car.—Good-day, friend.

Pic.—Good-day—friend! (Aside.) Where the devil did this friend of mine come from? (Aloud.) What may be your pleasure, sir? Who are you looking for?

Car.—You belong to the Chateau?

Pic.—I do, sir. My name is Picard, and I have been steward here these thirty years last Michaelmas.

Car.—I am glad of it.

Pic.—Faith, so am I. It's a snug place. But, to go back to what we were talking about—what do you want here, sir? (Aside.) I don't like that fellow's looks.

Car.—I come to offer my respects to the countess.

Pic.—(Taking off his hat.) A friend of the countess—I beg pardon, sir, but, never having had the honor of seeing you before—the countess and her son are both from home; but we expect them back in an hour or two, and if you walk into the house till then, Miss Mariette will receive you.

Car.—Miss Mariette—she is not with them, then?

Pic.—Oh, no. She always stays at home. She don't like to go into company, though she'd make as good a figure in it as the best of 'em, take my word for it.

Car.—(Aside.) Ha! this confirms— (Aloud.) My good Mr. Steward, tell me—I have heard much of this young lady. How old is she?

Pic.—(Looking at Carwin for a moment.) Why, as far as I know, about eighteen or nineteen. (Aside.) This fellow has a deal of curiosity.

Car.—(Aside.) Her age to a moment! (Aloud.) Is she handsome?

Pic.—(Irritated.) Yes. (Aside.) This is very odd—perhaps he's some relation.

Car.—Pray, where does she come from? Do you know her family?

Pic.—(Aside.) These are strange questions! Oh! he must be a relation—now, if I could find out—I'll encourage him.

Car.—So! The countess has given shelter to this young girl without knowing anything about her?

Pic.—Partly so and partly not. One day—I can tell you this much without doing wrong, for everybody knows how she came here: One day Mr. Fontaine, the pastor of our church—sir, he's as worthy a man as ever lived! Well, as I was saying—Mr. Fontaine came to the countess and told her that a young girl, exhausted, wretched, on foot and without a guide had just arrived at Morville, imploring assistance to enable her to reach Lausanne. The countess, who is kindness itself, sent for the wanderer and asked her what she was going there for, whether she had relations or friends at Lausanne? The tears streamed down her beautiful cheeks, and she said she was alone in the world. She proved to be an orphan, deprived, by death, of her benefactress, and cast out in destitution, with no hope but that of obtaining a situation in some family at Lausanne. The young stranger told her story with a grace and openness which so interested her ladyship that she gave her a home here, where her modest, gentle, affable conduct has made the dear girl the darling of everybody who knows her.

Car.—(To himself.) No doubt remains. 'Tis she!

Pic.—Pray, sir, what is it you mean by saying “ ’Tis she?”
Then, you know——

Car.—Accept my thanks. Your narrative——

Pic.—Probably you are a relation, a friend——

Car.—No.

Pic.—Indeed! Sir, your curiosity, for a mere stranger, seems very extraordinary. Sir, what am I to think of it?

Car.—Nothing.

Pic.—What! A’nt you going into the house?

Car.—(Going.) No.

Pic.—(Following.) At least, you’ll leave your card, sir?

Car.—No.

Pic.—Will you call again?

Car.—Perhaps.

(Carwin goes out slowly. Picard looks after him, astonished. Enter Fontaine.)

Pic.—Ah, Mr. Fontaine, it does my heart good every time I see you.

Fontaine.—Thank you, Picard. Have the kindness to tell Miss Mariette I am here, as she requested.

Pic.—Certainly, sir, certainly. (Aside.) “As she requested.” So! He’s been sent for, too! (As he goes into the Chateau.) The notary and the parson! these are the natural forerunners of matrimony: like black clouds before a storm. Ay, ay—great news! great news!

(Exit, talking till out of sight.)

Fon.—(Alone.) Mariette seems anxious and disturbed. Her note says she must speak with me before the countess comes. Hold! She is here.

Therese enters from the Chateau; looking cautiously about, sees Fontaine, and then runs eagerly to him and kneels.

Therese.—Oh, my father! Yes, you have permitted me to call you by that name, and never did my heart need it more than now.

Fon.—Dear girl, whence arises this agitation? (Raising her.) You weep! Has new misery befallen you? Pour forth your sorrows freely into the bosom of your friend.

Ther.—Ah, sir! Nothing remains to me in the world but your esteem; should I lose that, my cup of affliction would overflow.

Fon.—What have you to fear? Can you think I am unjust?

Ther.—Oh, no, no, no! My disclosures will not make you drive me from you. (Hesitating.) Count de Morville—

(Stops, casting down her eyes.)

Fon.—Loves you. I know it: do not blush. His love does you honor, and is one among the many testimonials of your virtues.

Ther.—I have never abused my situation. The count should not have indulged a thought of one who came into the world only to know wretchedness, and my conscience acquits me of the remotest wish to excite his attention.

Fon.—And yet you love him.

Ther.—I never said I loved him.

Fon.—Don't he know it, then?

Ther.—(Embarrassed.) I did not think he did.

Fon.—Ah! I understand—how does the countess view the attachment?

Ther.—I could not have supposed she would ever have yielded to the wishes of her son. But here, dear sir (taking a letter from her bosom), read this and judge how happy I might be!

Fon.—(Speaking as he glances over the letter.) Now I am, indeed, at a loss to account for your tears. Charles loves you and deserves your love. His mother's arms are open to receive you. This very day—nay, within this hour—you are to be affianced! Friendship, love, fortune smile on you at once! then, wherefore, Mariette, wherefore should you weep?

Ther.—Alas! I am more than ever to be pitied now. My prospects are terrific—all who love me will hate—will cast me from them!

Fon.—How?

Ther.—I have none but you to guide and sustain me. To you let me avow the truth. Instruct me how to act. I will obey, even though my heart should break.

Fon.—What is this mystery?

Ther.—Mariette is not my name.

Fon.—(Severely.) Indeed!

Ther.—Doubtless you have heard of a most unfortunate young girl of Geneva, who was accused of a most dreadful crime, and—sentenced—to—the—most—infamous—of—punishments?

Fon.—A young girl of Geneva—an orphan named Therese, who was some months ago sentenced—you are agitated—heavens! can it be?

Ther.—It is! I am Therese.

Fon.—You!

Ther.—(Falling upon her knees.) Oh, sir, do not spurn me, I am innocent!

Fon.—Rise. Were you guilty, heaven pardons the repentant!

Ther.—Listen, sir, and judge. I never deceived you concerning my birth: I know not who my parents were. In my earliest infancy I was taken by the Marchioness de Ligny, who loved me like a mother; no child ever experienced more tenderness and affection. Her kindred became jealous: I thought not of the future. The marchioness died—her will was opened—it was only out of respect for her memory that I was present at the sad ceremony. How great was my astonishment, and her family's indignation, on finding that I was left sole heiress of her wealth, with authority to bear the title of her principal estate. Oh, fatal benefactions! Her family, noble, rich, powerful, resolved upon my ruin. I offered to give up everything. An advocate of the name of Carwin, who volunteered to defend my rights, overcame my intention to surrender them. I submitted to his guidance, for he had been many years the friend and adviser of my benefactress; but the wretch was bribed by my enemies. I cannot tell what horrid means were resorted to—I was too young and inexperienced even to suspect them. The will was impeached before the

tribunals, declared a forgery and I was represented as its author. I could make no defense. I was condemned.

Fon.—Great heaven! Was there no appeal?

Ther.—Carwin induced me to fly in order to escape the sentence. 'Twas then I first began to know him, but 'twas too late—the blow was struck! What most of all surprised me in this man was that the decree had scarcely been made public when he audaciously offered me his hand, threatening, should I reject it, to give me up to justice. Alarmed by his threats and disgusted by his importunity, I fled from the asylum whither he had beguiled me, and bent my course toward Lausanne, having no prop but my conscience—no hope but in the goodness of heaven!

Fon.—(Exultingly.) Truth lives upon her lip and beams in every glance! Come, dear unfortunate, come to a father's arms, and let these streaming tears convince you that the heaven you trusted ne'er leaves the good defenseless! You must summon all your courage, now—you must quit this roof.

Ther.—That I foresaw.

Fon.—You cannot make yourself known here without great risk; nor can you decline the count's hand without explanation why; in this dilemma, flight is the only alternative.

Ther.—But presently they will be here to affiance me—

Fon.—This pledge is a mere form. Mark me—restrain your tears, strive to seem calm and give the promise they expect. Perhaps it may not be given in vain. From this night you shall have another asylum. I have a sister who resides at the village of Preverange, about a league hence, on the Geneva road. Meet me after evening prayers at the willow fountain; I will give you to my sister's kindness and go myself instantly to Geneva.

Ther.—To Geneva?

Fon.—Yes, my dear, to Geneva. 'Tis his first duty who inculcates virtue, to exercise it in tearing off the mask from crime. 'Tis never too late for truth to lift her voice; she often rides unseen above our heads; but, when the firm voice calls her to appear, bursts in surpassing beauty from the cloud! Child! you shall yet rejoice! A city like Geneva can always

boast good men, with courage and with power to make innocence triumphant.

(Therese seems completely overwhelmed and crosses to the right hand. Fontaine goes out quickly through the middle gate. A bustle is heard and the count, countess and four servants appear at the middle gate. The count advances before the rest. Picard, at the same moment, comes out of the Chateau to meet them.)

Count.—(Running to Therese.) Dear Mariette! Look—my mother!

(Therese, recovering, crosses, to throw herself at the feet of the countess.)

Countess.—Not thus, Mariette, come to my arms—a friend's heart—ere long a mother's—warms to bid you welcome! (To Picard.) Is all in readiness?

Picard.—Everything, my lady: and the notary will be here to the very minute.

Countess.—Mr. Fontaine must be sent for.

Pic.—He was here only a moment ago, my lady; but just as he was going out, somebody came to take him to old Father Thomas, who has been dangerously ill for the last fortnight.

Countess.—So I heard at Morville. Charles, go yourself to the poor old man's cottage. (Turning aside to give her purse.) Leave this with him and bring Mr. Fontaine back with you.

Pic.—(Aside.) Ah, what a heart she has!

Count.—Instantly, madam. (To Therese.) And must I leave you, Mariette, overwhelmed with this unusual sadness?

Ther.—Ah! Charles, blame not these tears—soon you'll no longer see them—now they must flow, I cannot suppress them.

(The count and countess regard Therese with surprise—Picard also seems astonished. The count kisses Therese's hand, begs his mother not to be alarmed and goes out, agitated.)

Countess.—Get the salon ready, Picard.

Pic.—And the bedrooms, too, my lady?

Countess.—No; we shall return to Lausanne this evening and take Miss Mariette with us.

Pic.—Ah! all going! (The countess gazes at Mariette and appears astonished at her depression.) Half a word's enough for me—ha! my brain has been wool-gathering all this time—I had nigh forgotten—well thought of! My lady, do you know a man with black hair, piercing eyes, a pale face and a sad, hanging look? Such a man has been prowling round the Chateau all the morning; and such a man, who seems to be a stranger, has been questioning me in the oddest way you can imagine about Miss Mariette.

Ther.—About me?

Countess.—About Mariette? Did he tell his name?

Pic.—Tell? No, no—he wanted to get all he could out of me, but 'twould puzzle Old Nick to get anything out of him.

Countess.—I can't imagine—perhaps you have some idea who it is, Mariette?

Ther.—Not the slightest—I don't know a soul.

Pic.—I'll get the saloon ready immediately, my lady.

(Exit into the Chateau.)

Countess.—(To the other servants.) Follow Picard! (They go out; Therese is receding and the countess calls her.) Mariette, you are aware of the step to which my affection for Charles has induced me to consent. He builds his happiness upon you, and the rational felicity of my child has always been paramount in my mind to every other consideration. The tie about to be formed extends its influence over both your lives; and the alarms and agitations of maternal tenderness may be pardoned at such a crisis. Mariette, have you been sincere in your disclosures concerning yourself? Have you concealed nothing? You are an orphan, unfriended—there is no harm in this, if this be all. But to what wretchedness will you condemn your husband and yourself if, partial in your avowals, you still keep circumstances out of view, at the discovery of which my son may one day have cause to blush.

Ther.—Oh, my benefactress! Trust me—however mysterious my dejection may appear, hereafter you will find no cause to think that she who owes everything to your bounty is capable of treachery or ingratitude!

Countess.—Enough, Mariette. I cannot doubt your truth. (Crossing to Chateau—at the steps she turns.) My heart is

now relieved and freely grants you the sacred name of daughter!

(Therese kneels and receives her blessing. The countess enters the Chateau. Therese remains in deep abstraction. Carwin enters cautiously through the middle gate and advances, unperceived, opposite Therese, gazing intently at her. He gently touches her.)

Ther.—(Turning, discovers Carwin.) Heaven and earth! Carwin!

Carwin.—Aye—Carwin, Therese!

Ther.—In mercy, utter not that name!

Car.—Why not? 'Tis yours.

Ther.—Oh, I am lost! Why do you still pursue me?

Car.—Go where you will, these eyes will ne'er lose sight of you.

Ther.—What is your purpose?

Car.—Why do you ask? You know full well—to be your husband.

Ther.—Oh, sir, torture not your victim! quit, quit this place——

Car.—That I'll do cheerfully. Follow!

Ther.—(Recoiling.) You!

Car.—Think you to impose on me?

Ther.—In heaven's name, speak lower.

Car.—I come to unmask you, to give you up to shame—to infamy—and to snatch you from his arms whom you prefer to Carwin.

Ther.—On my knees I supplicate—oh, mercy! mercy!

Car.—(Raising her.) I would fain spare you—fear not—if seen, I am unknown, and for the rest—oh, I will speak as gently as you will—in dove-like tones, that none but you can hear—but you must listen—if you dare refuse, I'll to the Chateau instantly.

Ther.—Oh, no, no, no!—I—listen, sir!

Car.—With you 'twere folly longer to dissemble. I wished to become the arbiter of your fate. I am so. With a breath I

can call back your fortune; aye, and more than you yourself yet know, can prove your parentage and noble rank.

Ther.—Powers of mercy! can it be?

Car.—We are unheard—unwitnessed. (Lower.) Judge how much it is your interest to obey. Become my wife and I will pledge myself that you shall be acknowledged as the daughter of the Marchioness de Ligny.

Ther.—The marchioness my mother!

Car.—Was secretly married to the Count de Belmour: the hatred of your mother's family to the count compelled her always to conceal her union; your father died soon after you were born—the marchioness, not daring to avow the truth, received you as an adopted child and left you all her wealth. Only one document exists to prove your birth; to me it was confided. That document, with others which concern your innocence, is in my hands; and never shall they see the light till you consent to receive me as your husband.

Ther.—At last the truth dawns! 'Tis avarice impels you! My husband? Never!

Car.—Never? Do you forget that you are in my power? that one word of mine can yield you to the executioner? that without me you are a being without a name, an outcast, a sentenced felon? That with me you spring into new existence, courted, adored, given back to rank and honor? Beware of what you do! You are expected instantly to pledge your hand to Count de Morville. I forbid this pledge. Take but another step and I appear, I speak and I denounce you.

Ther.—Only let this ceremony pass and I promise not to be his wife; but, oh, sir, in pity, save me from the consequences of receding thus abruptly; 'tis but a ceremony; oh! let it pass; 'twill spare a terrible exposure!

Car.—You have heard. I must be obeyed. Hark! they come!

Ther.—Earth, hide me.

Car.—Remember!

(As Carwin is going toward the middle gate, he sees persons coming, and returns precipitately. Therese, in terror, runs toward him and points him to

one of the hedge alleys, into which Carwin darts and disappears. At the same moment the countess enters from the Chateau, while the count and Fontaine come in at the middle gate.)

Countess.—Mr. Fontaine, you are most welcome. As the protector of this dear orphan girl, 'tis proper that from you her lover should receive her, as from a father.

Fontaine.—I will be her father; a tender and unshaken one; I invoke heaven's blessings on her head!

Ther.—Oh, my father! (Aside.) Stay by me! don't stir from me!

Fon.—(Aside to her.) Courage!

Count.—(Taking her hand with inquietude.) Beloved Mariette! why do you tremble thus? A mother's tenderness and a husband's love unite to insure your happiness without a cloud.

Ther.—(Mournfully.) Without a cloud!

(Picard appears at the door of the Chateau.)

Picard.—The notary is come.

(Therese starts, terrified, and casts an agitated glance toward the hedge. Fontaine retires and talks with Picard at the back of the stage.)

Count.—What is the matter, love? Your looks are troubled—you seem to seek for some one.

Ther.—(Agitated.) No—no—count—nobody——

Countess.—(To the count.) Her agitation is inexplicable.

Count.—'Tis her emotion at the ceremony—trust me—nothing more.

Fon.—(Coming down to the right hand of Therese.) Now, daughter——

Ther.—(Low, to Fontaine, not daring to look up.) Do you see any stranger?

Fon.—(Surprised.) Stranger? none.

Count.—(Taking her hand.) Mariette, we are waited for.

Ther.—(To Fontaine, wildly.) Let us in—come, father—quick, now, quick!

(The count transfers the hand of Therese to Fontaine and takes his mother's. Therese casts one more glance toward the hedge and hurries, in agitation, toward the steps of the Chateau. During this movement Carwin passes along the background and mounts the steps. Therese, in turning, suddenly discovers him and shrieks.)

Carwin.—Hold! (Therese faints in the arms of Fontaine.)

Count.—(Rushing to her.) Mariette!

(All regard Carwin with astonishment. He stands calmly and in silence.)

Countess.—What mystery is this?

Count.—Who are you, sir? What is your business here? By what right come you to invade our peace?

Car.—When she can hear me, you shall know. Now, she revives. I come to seek that girl.

Count.—Mariette?

Car.—Not Mariette, but—

Ther.—(Falling on her knees, crosses to Carwin.) Do not proceed. I yield myself to you. Dispose of my fate, of my life! I'll follow you.

Count.—Follow?

Car.—(Taking the hand of Therese.) Then I will keep my word. Away!

Count.—(About to rush over.) Hold! You stir not hence!

Countess.—Remember, sir, this young lady is under my protection.

(Passing Therese from Carwin to the side of Fontaine.)

Car.—Then, thus compelled, I must explain. (Therese trembles.) No, no! I will be pitiful, nor tear you from your friends; honor and duty demand that I should unmask you—that done, I leave you to their mercy. (Taking out a paper.) Lady, read that—'tis a sentence pronounced by the tribunal of Geneva. (Giving the paper to the countess.) There, madam.

Ther.—'Tis done, I yield me to my fate!

(The countess unfolds the writing; Charles approaches and glances over it at the same time that his

mother does. Carwin smiles, looking at Therese. Fontaine approaches Therese to support her, but without taking his eyes from Carwin.)

Count.—Just heaven!

Countess.—(Darting a dreadful look at Therese.) Wretch, are you——

(Carwin motions her not to go on, indicating, with an hypocritical gesture, that the servants may overhear.)

Count.—(Desperately seizing the paper.) No, no! impossible! 'tis all a plot of hell! (To Carwin.) Sir, if you wrong her, tremble! (To Therese.) Mariette! Speak, Mariette, is it not false? I know it is. Are you the person named? Oh, speak! you only will I believe.

Ther.—(Putting aside the paper.) I am the person—but—I am innocent.

Count.—Hear, mother, hear!

Countess.—Charles! (Turning to Carwin.) Sir, whoever you may be, I thank you for averting this dishonor from my house. I beg you to exert your authority. Take her forever from a place where she found tenderness and love, but where she leaves sorrow and perhaps despair!

Ther.—Driven in disgrace away!—and driven to him!—(Pointing to Carwin and recoiling with disgust.) Ah! him!

Car.—(Going toward her.) Now——

Fon.—(Interposing between them.) Stop, sir. (Crosses and passes Therese to his left hand. The countess restraining the count. They go up a little.) In the name of the being I serve, I forbid you to proceed. Providence has placed this child beneath my care, to guide her out of the paths of suffering. In silence I have observed you; your acts, your words have made you known unto me; you are Carwin.

(The countess comes forward on the left-hand side of Therese.)

Car.—Who should tell you my name?

Fon.—Your victim.

(Carwin appears confused, and retires down to the right hand.)

Countess.—So, sir—you knew——

Fon.—Lady, I knew all; and the dear child was to have quitted you this very night. (To Carwin.) Come, persecuted girl—the wicked calumniate and the good repel you; but let the lightnings flash—a father's heart shall pillow you amid the storm. Be not betrayed by your afflictions into unjust resentments. Never forget the bounties of the generous; one error must not efface so many benefactions. (Therese turns, with emotion, to the countess.) Lady, I take my leave. The day will come, I know it will, when I shall lead this orphan back to you, happy and in triumph; till then, faithful to my promise, she ne'er shall feel that she has lost a home (looking sternly at Carwin), and her enemies shall find that she's not without protection.

(Therese recedes toward the middle gate with Fontaine. Carwin is at the right-hand corner. The countess stands reading the parchment, and the count expostulating with her. Therese, when near the gate, looks back, runs to the countess, kneels and attempts to take her hand. The countess repels her; Therese bends submissively. Carwin crosses to the left-hand side and touches her arm, motioning for her to follow. The countess, urging the count, crosses toward the Chateau. Therese shudders, rises—totters from Carwin—and, seeing Fontaine, runs into his arms. The count, on the right-hand side, attempting to approach Therese, is restrained by his mother.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—The inside of a sort of spacious cart-shed, open at the back. Beyond it, on the right hand, the main entrance to the farm-house, and, nearer the audience, on the same side, a white rail fence and gate. On the left, the pavilion spoken of in the first act, built by the countess for her son and herself; a little square lodge, raised considerably above the ground, newer and more tasteful than the farm-house; steps on the outside lead up to the door of it, which

opens on a short gallery. A large, clear window, of the same height with the door and full in front of the audience, gives a distinct view of the interior, and shows two chambers, both opening into this, the entrance chamber; and the doors of each are perceptible to the spectators, one leading to the back of the building and the other to the side. In the distance, a court-yard, inclosed by a quick-set hedge, beyond which appears a landscape characteristic of the country.

The curtain rises to music. Distant thunder, lightning and rain heard at intervals. 'Tis night throughout the act. A lighted lantern is suspended from the top of the shed. The lads and lasses of the village are discovered dancing, this being the holiday referred to by Lavigne in early part of the play. A knot of farmers, grouped at a table in one corner, are smoking and carousing with Lavigne. Bridget, entering from the farm-house, stops the dance.

Bridget.—That'll do, I say. The church clock has just struck nine—it's getting cloudier and cloudier—the big drops are coming down already—there's a storm on the lake, and the wind will soon blow it this way. So get home as fast as you can. (Exeunt villagers through the white gate. A flash of lightning.) Ah!

Lavigne.—Nonsense, it's only heat lightning.

Brid.—(Distant thunder and lightning.) Listen, it's just over the house.

Lav.—Pooh! it's far enough off. Wait a minute, and I'll go and look out.

(He turns to go. At the same moment a young female, clad very plainly, with a little bundle in her hand, appears at the back of the court-yard; she seems fatigued, cast down, and advances with timidity. It is Therese.)

Hey! who's that? (Goes toward her.) Bless my soul! is it possible?—hey? yes, 'tis she! Wife! 'tis she!

Brid.—Hey? Who? 'tis she? 'tis she! That old fool knows every girl in Switzerland! Blessed Saint Dominic! Miss Mariette!

Lav.—What a condition she's in! Dear me! Why—what—why, miss, what has happened to you? Good miss, what brings you here at this time of night?

Therese.—To ask your hospitality. It rains, a storm threatens, and I am much fatigued. I entreat you to receive me only for the night.

Brid.—But where did you come from? where are you going to, all alone by yourself? and in the night, too?

Ther.—I came from the Chateau; I am going with this letter to the house of our good pastor's sister, at Preverange. He was to have accompanied me himself, but old Farmer Thomas being on his death-bed, the duties of his ministry compelled him to stay behind. One of the old farmer's shepherds conducted me on the way, but fatigue o'erpowers me—I have suffered so severely!

Brid.—Poor girl! (Considering and taking Lavigne aside.) I say, old man—do you think it prudent to let her stay here? Ecod! it seems a crooked business; and if the countess has sent her off! we are her tenants—and it might do us no good to——

Lav.—Fie, wife! Refuse to take the young girl in, and in such weather! For shame! Come, come, Bridget, there's no need of making yourself uglier than you really are. Does not our pastor preach every Sunday—"Open to whoever knocks: Give to whoever asks?" And doesn't she ask? Zounds, Bridget, don't hold the latch in your hands, when you ought to throw the door wide open.

Brid.—Open! give? that's easily said. I'll give to none that don't deserve it, and—— (Turning, she sees Therese departing, wiping the tears from her eyes.) Well, where are you going now?

Ther.—I cannot tell—I thought you seemed afraid to give me shelter, and I would not put you to inconvenience.

Brid.—In fact, Miss Mariette, the countess is a good lady and a charitable lady, and she'd never have sent you adrift if you hadn't done something very bad; but as you are going to the parson's sister, there can be no harm in your resting a bit here on the way, especially as it rains; so, don't cry; you shall sleep here, and I'll go and get you some supper.

Ther.—Thanks—many thanks—but I require nothing—nothing—but a little sleep.

(Going toward a chair, she totters.)

Brid.—(Running to support her.) Bless me! She's so weak— (Making her sit down.) Nannette! Nannette! (Nannette enters from the farm-house.) A glass of water! Quick! (To Lavigne.) What are you about? Don't you see the child wants help?

(Bridget and Lavigne are busied with Therese, who returns to herself and thanks them. A man, wrapped in a mantle, appears in the court-yard, observes the scene for a moment, then retires. 'Tis Carwin. Nannette goes back and forth, doing as her mistress bids her.)

Brid.—There! Now, the best thing we can do will be to get her into a comfortable bed.

Lav.—And, poor thing, she needs it.

Brid.—The countess' bed in the pavilion is always kept ready air'd, and there she'll sleep, with the beautiful white curtains all round her, like a princess! Nannette! go in and turn down the bed.

(Nannette goes up, throws open the door nearest the window, settles the room, and presently returns.)

Ther.—Friends, I thank you. Do not think I am unworthy of your kindness.

Lav.—Show the young lady to her room, wife.

Brid.—(Harshly, to Therese.) Come along, girl.

Ther.—Pardon me—I would avail myself of the little time you allow me to pass under your hospitable roof to write a few words to the countess—I had no power to speak to her in parting.

Lav.—I'll go and fetch you the writing things.

(Going into the farm-house.)

Brid.—You must write in the entrance chamber. You see that window—there's a desk standing there, and the countess' bedchamber is next to it. Don't make a blunder and go into the door opposite the window, for that leads to the room where the count sleeps when he comes with his mother. These

are the only apartments in the building; so you needn't be afraid, for the staircase door, once locked, you'll sleep like a little pig.

Lav.—(Returning.) Here's ink, letter-paper, and a pen from the schoolmaster's goose—as hard, ah! as hard as some people's hearts, miss!

Brid.—Give me the light.

Lav.—Here—and here's the bundle—'tisn't very heavy—(To Therese)—is that all your luggage, Miss?

Brid.—What's that to you?

Ther.—All that I dare call my own.

Lav.—Good-night, Miss—God bless you! Good-night!

Ther.—Good-night! I shall never think of your kindness without gratitude.

(Bridget takes the lamp, paper, etc., and goes up first. Therese follows. They are seen in the chamber. Bridget points out the desk to Therese, puts her own light and Therese's down upon it, and then shows the room where she is to sleep, going into it for an instant with her. Lavigne carries paper, pen and ink into pavilion, and puts it on the table. During this action Carwin reappears: intently observes the position of the scene and of the room allotted to Therese, then retires.)

Lav.—(Reëntering alone.) Miss Mariette turn'd out of the Chateau! Well, who would have thought it! hum, hum!—Faith, a pretty girl isn't like any other sort of goods—in one place, they won't take her in,—and in another they're too ready to take her in—beauty's always in danger of falling below par. To be sure it wasn't so with me in my young days—but a good-looking lad's never out of demand. Ah! I remember how, in my young days, as I walked along the village, all the girls used to run to the doors—and they'd whisper, on purpose loud enough for me to hear 'em—"There's the pretty cherry chops! What a beautiful color he's got! Isn't he a dear little fellow! Isn't he a darling!" And then they'd sing and laugh like little mad things! ha! ha! ha!—Bridget remembers those times well. 'Ecod, she was a likely wench, too—but that's a long

while ago—she didn't talk so devilish loud then—she was so soft, so—well, well, times change—she's getting old—and—well, well, well—ha! ha! ha!—well. (Turning.) It's time to put out the light.

(He lets down the lantern, and puts it out. Bridget and Therese return, bringing a candle with them, and having left a lamp on the table, at which Therese sits writing.)

Brid.—So that job's over. She can go to bed whenever she's sleepy. But you'll see, Lavigne, this affair will come to no good. Come along, shut the gates and come to bed.

Lav.—(His eyes fixed on the window.) Poor dear!

Brid.—Never mind her. Why don't you come? Don't keep me standing here all night.

Lav.—Coming, Mrs. Lavigne. (Apart.) There's no speaking a word for her. She must have her way. (Turning back to look at Therese as he goes into the farm-house.) Poor dear!—

(Being, when the farm-house door is heard to lock inside. The stage is without light, excepting the glimmer cast from the lamp where Therese is writing in the pavilion chamber. Carwin enters cautiously, as Lavigne and his wife lock their door.)

Car.—(Alone.) I was right. Therese is here and unprotected. A shepherd was her guide, who brought her thus far and returned. My fortune depends on her possession—but if foiled in that, my safety claims her death. Now, to reconnoitre.

(Examines every part of the pavilion, and at last stops directly opposite to the window. Therese puts down the pen.)

Ther.—(Within.) Will the countess refuse to believe me? and Charles! can he suppose me capable of deception? (Taking up the pen.) Well, they shall be told all the truth, I can do no more.

(Begins to write.)

Car.—(Having discovered her.) Ha! I have her!—The light still burns—she seems to be writing—(observing)—she's alone in the building—(listening.)—Everything appears quiet. Could I entice her hither! Let me see—aye, that's the plan. In the pastor she has unlimited confidence—at least, I can but

try. (Goes rapidly up a few steps, then stops abruptly in consequence of the noise his tread makes. Therese looks up alarmed, and listens.) I heard nothing. Now then, softly—
(Continues to go up.) softly.

Ther.—Half rising.) Surely I—again!—There's somebody coming up the stairs!
(Listening.)

Car.—This is the door.

(Gives three or four light taps at the door.)

Ther.—(Trembling.) Angels, protect me!

Car.—(Disguising his voice.) Mariette!

Ther.—Who—who—calls?

Car.—Your friend—your friend—Fontaine.

Ther.—(Rapturously.) My father! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!—Wait but an instant—I'll be with you presently.

(Taking up the lamp.)

Car.—(Descending rapidly.) She comes!

(Goes in front of the pavilion.)

(Therese opens the door and comes out, lighting herself down by the lamp, and then seeks on every side for Fontaine.)

Ther.—Where are you?

Car.—(Seizing her hand.) Silence. (Meeting.)

(Therese screams, and drops the lamp.)

Ther.—You here?

Car.—Aye, everywhere—go where you will—like your shadow, I'll hang upon your steps. Ne'er shall you know repose! With every gleam of hope I dart forth and thunder in your ear "Therese!"

Ther.—Horror!

Car.—Hear me. A terrible chain unites us—'tis that of crime. 'Twas forged by me, I grant ye; but 'tis indissoluble; our lives are equally bound up in it, and I must end your sufferings or make them yet more dreadful. Therese, in pity to yourself, examine well your situation—deceive yourself no longer—knowing what Carwin has done, you can judge readily what Carwin dares. Decide!—Your hand, your hand—or fearless, endless vengeance!

Ther.—Oh! I am indeed wedded to calamity! But if I must choose between misery and the curse of being yours, may Heaven shower woes upon me—make me despised, reviled; in lingering tortures kill me on the scaffold—sooner than doom me to a wretch like you!

Car.—(Smiling coolly.) Beware.

Ther.—I have nothing now to dread. Give me up to the executioner; but know, the hope for which you've sold the smile of Heaven will still be foiled. In teaching me to whom I owe my life, you've taught me courage to defy you! Oh, my mother! Your noble blood shall ne'er be sullied in your child! Monster, you built upon my weakness, but despair has made me strong! Tremble! Bow'd down by suffering, I shall rise up in retribution; your crimes will soon be public; the train is laid already; and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, you'll shudder at the voice of justice!

Car.—Reptile!—I—to-morrow? Did you say to-morrow? You've rung your knell—to-morrow you're in the grave.

Ther.—(Shrieks, recoiling.) Ha!

Car.—(Following her.) Silence! (Seizing a knife which was left on the table.) Silence, or this steel——

Ther.—Oh! hold, hold, hold!

(He throws her around. She sinks on her knees.)

(A bustle is heard within.)

Lav.—(Within.) Wife! wife!

Car.—They come! There's not a moment to be lost. Swear not to name one breath of what has past. Swear, or I plunge this to your heart!

Ther.—I swear! (She falls senseless.)

(The door of the farm-house is heard to unlock. Carwin hides the knife in his bosom, and hurries off at the back of the court-yard, Lavigne and Bridget run in with lights.)

Lav.—What's all this? Bless us, what's all this? (Sees Therese, and staggers back frightened.) Ha!

Brid.—Why, if it isn't Mariette! (Runs to help her up.)

Lav.—Miss Mariette! (Holding out his light.)

Brid.—Why, girl, what are you about here! What's the matter! How came you out of your bedroom?

Lav.—(Trembling.) Did you hear anything? Do you think there's thieves about?

Brid.—Dear me, how she's trembling! Her hands are like two cakes of ice.

Lav.—Stop, I'll fetch my double-barrelled gun.

Brid.—No, no, you'd better call up Nannette, to come and help the poor girl—

Ther.—Don't be alarmed. 'Tis nothing—Don't call up any one. I'm better now.

Brid.—But what did all you, then?

Lav.—Why didn't you go to bed?

Ther.—I—I—I don't know—it was—I was going—but th—thinking I heard a noise—I was frightened, and so I came down with the light; a gust of wind blew it out—and—

Lav.—(Seeing the lamp, and picking it up.) True enough; there it is. (The gate bell rings.) Ah! oh! oh! oh! How my heart thumps!

Brid.—Hey day! Who can that be at such an hour! Go, Lavigne; go and see.

Lav.—It's nothing; nothing—but the gust of wind that blew Miss's lamp out. (Still trembling, the bell rings again.)

Brid.—There's somebody there, I tell you. Make haste. It rains as fast as it can pour. Nannette! Nannette! There's somebody at the gate.

(Nannette answers from within.)

Nan.—(Entering.) Going, madam, going!

Lav.—Wait, Nannette, I'll go with you.

(Goes off through gate with Nannette.)

Brid.—Perhaps 'tis Mr. Fontaine come to look after you.

Ther.—Heaven grant it may be! Hark!

(Lavigne returns.)

Lav.—Wife! wife!

Brid.—What now?

Lav.—Oh, wife! wife! You don't know—

Brid.—To be sure I don't.

Lav.—'Tis the countess!

Ther.—The countess?

Lav.—She herself, and the young count! Here's a business!

Ther.—(With emotion.) Charles!

Brid.—So late?

Lav.—They were on the road to Lausanne; they've got the old steward and all the servants with 'em; but the wind and the rain, and the fear of the storm, made 'em turn back there at the bottom of the village, and they're all come here to sleep.

(Exit Lavigne.)

Ther.—Hide me, I implore you, hide me; I cannot meet the countess.

Brid.—Stop a minute—don't bewilder me. There! There! Run into Nannette's bedroom, and to-morrow at day-break, you shall be off, and nobody the wiser. Make haste.

Ther.—But my things are in the chamber—should they be seen——

Brid.—Well thought of—wait.

(Takes the lamp and runs up to get them.)

Ther.—Charles—Charles here!—Powers of mercy! if 'tis your will that my trials should be increased, oh! grant me strength and patience to sustain them!

(Lavigne is heard outside.)

Lav.—(Without.) This way, my lady—take care——

Brid.—(Coming down.) There they come. In, child, in! Shut yourself up in the bottom room at the right hand, till I come.

(Puts Therese into the farm-house, and shuts the door after her. The countess enters the court-yard at the top, followed by servants with torches. The count and Picard accompany her, and Lavigne walks before them with a lamp. Nannette follows.)

Lav.—This way, now—that's right—there, there!—Here we are at last, my lady. (Going up to Bridget.) Where have you put the child!

Brid.—Hush! (Crosses to the countess.) Your ladyship's welcome to our farm. Nannette!—Won't your ladyship and the count take something before you go to bed?

Countess.—Nothing, thank you, Bridget—we shall retire immediately. Are the rooms ready?

Brid.—Oh, yes, my lady, they're always ready. (Apart.) What a mercy it is that Mariette had not gone to bed!

Countess.—Picard, take the things out of the carriage, and put them into our rooms.

Pic.—(At the back.) Yes, my lady.

(Goes out with the servants.)

Countess.—Can you find beds for the servants, Bridget?

Brid.—Certainly, my lady.

Lav.—(Low, directing Bridget's attention to the count, who stands buried in thought.) Poor young man!—how he's cast down!—If he knew who was here——

Brid.—(Aside to him.) See that you don't tell him. Oh! that tongue of yours—you're worse than a woman. (To the countess.) I'll go up and see whether everything is in order, and come and tell your ladyship.

Countess.—Do so, Bridget.

(Bridget takes a light and goes up, making an angry sign to Lavigne to go off.)

Lav.—(Aside, going.) My wife's a nice woman!

Countess.—(Approaching Charles, who is plunged in meditation.) Charles!

Count.—Pardon me—I was not aware that you were alone.

Countess.—I cannot be alone where my son is. What! still dejected? Shall I never awaken your reason and your fortitude? I know the power of love over a warm, confiding spirit, and when the object is deserving, adorned with the perfections we fancied in Therese——

Count.—Mother!

Countess.—But the mask once fallen, the deformity of guilt——

Count.—Hold! Mother, were she proved innocent——

Countess.—Impossible!

Count.—The pastor defends her—you know his rigid virtue.

Countess.—His good heart may mislead him—remember. The tribunals—

Count.—May doom the guiltless. Such things have been, and may again be, mother.

Countess.—How! still uphold her? Charles, I pity your infatuation—I blush for you: but though I cannot quell this passion, I'll save you from the world's contempt. Never, while your mother breathes, shall you sully the pure blood from which you sprang! Never shall my dwelling be disgraced by the Orphan of Geneva!

Count.—What! 'though proved spotless?

(Bridget appears at the top of the steps—Lavigne at the door of the farm-house—Picard and the servants at the back of the court-yard. All are suddenly riveted by the last words of the countess, who speaks in an emphatic and impassioned tone.)

Countess.—(With great energy.) By my weak hand, Heaven has preserved you—the time will come, when you'll kneel down and pour forth thanks for it—but for your mother—may the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union! (Perceiving the persons on the stage.) Respect yourself before your servants.

Lav.—(Aside, as Bridget is coming down stairs.) Dear! dear! sad news for the poor wench!

Brid.—(On the steps.) The chamber is ready, my lady.

Lav.—(To the servants.) Your beds are all made, and you can come in—Father Picard, I've kept the best for you.

Pic.—(At the back holding a pair of pistols.) Thank ye, Lavigne, thank ye. (To the count.) Shall I take the pistols up into your room?

Countess.—No matter about them—put 'em back into the carriage.

Pic.—Yes, my lady—but as Master is always— (The countess gives him a look.) I obey, my lady. (To Lavigne.) Wait for me, Lavigne, I've something to do.

Countess.—Light us, Bridget.

Lav.—(To the servants.) This way, lads—this way.

(Exit into farm-house.)

(Picard goes out through the court-yard—the rest or the servants go in after Lavigne. The countess and Charles follow Bridget, who lights them up the staircase. When they get up into the entrance-chamber, Bridget gives Charles a light, and then takes another into the countess' bedroom. As they are separating, Charles takes his mother's hand and kisses it respectfully. The countess retires, and Charles is left alone in the entrance-chamber—the light in his hand, standing before the table, at which Therese was writing. Just as Charles is turning to go into his own bedroom, happening to cast his eyes on the table, he sees a paper there—starts—catches it up, and sets down the light.)

Count.—What do I see? Great Heaven, do I not dream? No, 'tis the handwriting of Therese—yes—yes—her farewell to my mother—the letter is unfinished—the pen—the ink-stand—the chair before the table—all seem to say, that in this spot—can she have been here?—can she still be here? Ah! could I see her—could I speak to her—my heart still says she is not guilty—hark!—the farmer's wife returns—I'll in till she descends.

(Retires, through the door facing the window, into the back bed-chamber. Bridget comes in with a light, stops a moment at the countess' door, as if speaking and receiving orders—gives a look round, and goes down. As soon as she is gone, Charles reappears—while this passes, Lavigne comes in.)

Lav.—(While Bridget is in the pavilion.) So much for them—they're all stowed away—there's nobody to be put to bed now but old Picard. (A flash of lightning.) Whew! there was a slap in the eye! Ah! there's something like a storm coming now—there was only that wanting to keep me from getting any sleep to-night.

(The count comes to the top of the steps the moment Bridget is down.)

Brid.—(Eagerly.) I say, Lavigne——

Lav.—(The same.) Where have you put her?

Brid.—Did you notice——

Lav.—No.

Brid.—Not? You were there.

Lav.—I tell you I've been looking every where——

Brid.—When my lady said, "May the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union"——

Count.—(In a suppressed voice from the top of the staircase.) Bridget!—Lavigne!

(Both frightened, start back a step, and turn, looking on all sides in such a way as to end by coming face to face.)

Lav.—Hey!

Brid.—What was it?

Count.—This way.

Brid. and Lav.—(Turning back to back.) Ah!

Count.—Hush, wait there!

Brid.—(Whose face is turned to the pavilion.) Oh! 'tis the count.
(The count comes down with the light.)

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) What can he want with us? Do you think he knows that Mariette——

Count.—My friends, do not fear me: you shall not be betrayed; but I supplicate you, I implore you not to conceal the truth. Has Mariette been here?

Lav.—(Quickly.) Yes.

Brid.—(At the same moment.) No!

Count.—How?

(Bridget makes signs to Lavigne not to speak.)

Lav.—Don't be frightened, wife, the count don't wish any harm to the poor girl. Yes, count, she has been here, and what's better, she's here yet.

Count.—Here! Oh, my friends, I shall owe you more than life itself, if you will only enable me to speak to her one moment.

Brid.—Well, wait there, and I'll come back as fast as I can.

(Goes into the farm-house.)

Lav.—(Going up to the count.) She's gone, count! ah! my wife's a troublesome bit of goods; but she's like all women—she clamors, she storms, she's always in her airs; but for all that, her heart's in the right place, and that's why I love her—there! she comes, with your dear Miss Mariette!

(Bridget leads in Therese. Flashes of lightning are seen, and distant thunder heard. The count and Lavigne recede a little, to give place to Therese.)

Brid.—This way, Miss—don't be afraid; my lady's fast asleep.

Ther.—(With uneasiness.) Why do you bring me here again? Hark! don't you hear the thunder—oh, pray, come back——

Brid.—(Drawing her forward.) Here's somebody that wants you.

Ther.—(More terrified.) Me! oh no—come—come.

Count.—(Approaching.) Mariette, 'tis your friend, your Charles!

Ther.—Heavens! is it you, count?

(Charles takes one hand, while, with the other, she puts her handkerchief to her eyes.)

Lav.—(They retire up.) Don't you see she's not frightened now? Stand out of the way, and let 'em chat.

Count.—Dear girl, why turn your eyes from me? Charles never thought you guilty.

Ther.—Indeed! then I shall be less wretched. No, count, no,—'tis a vile plot, and Carwin has the proofs. He would compel me by persecution to give him my hand, in order to obtain a right to claim the fortune of which I have been robbed.

Count.—He? Carwin claim your hand! You rouse my vengeance, and revive my hopes—Carwin shall not escape! This arm shall wrest the proofs from him, e'en though it tear them from his bleeding heart. I'll watch his steps as the fiend watches yours. Charles will redress your wrongs, and lead you happy to his mother's arms.

Ther.—Your mother! ah! that oath——

Count.—What oath?

Ther.—(Pointing to the farm-house door.) I was there: denied the comfort of seeing you, I stole thither—a sad, banished wretch—to catch a farewell sound of your loved, well-known voices. Oh, Charles, picture to yourself my feelings—“While I breathe,” cried your mother, “you shall ne’er sully the pure blood from which you sprang; may the tomb yawn and swallow me, ere I consent to this detested union!”

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) So, she heard it too?

(Picard partly appears at the back of the court-yard.)

Pic.—Master!

Ther.—(Alarmed.) Ah!

Count.—’Tis only Picard.

Ther.—Let us separate. I would not for the world be seen.

Count.—When shall we meet again?

Ther.—Your mother has forbidden it.

Pic.—(At the same place.) Master!

Ther.—Pray, let me go.

Count.—First tell me whither you direct your steps.

Ther.—I cannot—must not—I must fly far—far, from you—but, Charles, I leave my heart with you.

(She tears herself from Charles, who kisses her hand fervently. Exits into farm-house—Bridget and Lavigne go in after her. Picard comes down under the shade, all aghast.)

Pic.—Hush! gently! hush!

Count.—Why?

Pic.—I have seen——

Count.—Whom?

Pic.—That devil of a fellow who came to the Chateau this morning—did all the mischief he could—turned every thing topsy-turvy, and then made off.

Count.—How?

Pic.—He’s here.

Count.—Carwin?

Pic.—Hush! As I was settling the things in the carriage, all at once I thought I saw a figure dart out of the forest that borders on the farm, pass behind the hedge, come on with a wolf’s trot, and prowl round the carriage. I was greatly aston-

ished, as you may guess; but I took courage, and put my head out of the window, and just then there came a broad flash of lightning, and I recognized the damn'd questioner posting along the fence and hurrying this way.

Count.—Here? monster! here? Doubtless, for his victim. Picard, where are my pistols?

Pic.—Master! dear young master!

Count.—No words—Where are they?

Pic.—In the carriage—but, master—

Count.—Follow me.

Pic.—What! without letting her ladyship know—

Count.—Follow, and be silent. If this, indeed, be Carwin, he shall no longer outrage heaven unpunished! Follow, I say!

(They go out—the lightning increases—the thunder becomes heavier—Carwin enters cautiously. The stage is entirely dark.)

Car.—(Alone.) Now all is still. Yes, this is the spot at which I first entered—'tis there Therese reposes—(smiling) a long, sound, quiet sleep! Ay, the door next beyond the window. I observed minutely. The darkness and the storm second my design. Hush! no sound but bursting thunder can be heard—fit music for my purpose. On! (Music.) My sight grows dim; spite of myself, I tremble! Courage! it must be. (Looking back into the court-yard, draws the knife out of his bosom and ascends.) The door stands open. Now—(going up)—she dies!

(Rushes in—at the same moment the count and Picard are seen traversing the back of the court-yard, seeking for some one. A shriek is heard in the pavilion, and on the instant, a terrific thunderbolt shatters down a part of the pavilion, and sets the rest on fire. Carwin precipitates himself through window to the front of the stage in frightful confusion.)

Car.—I escaped the thunderbolt. I'm safe. Therese is now no more.

(Disappears suddenly. Cries of distress and alarm increase momentarily. Therese runs out of the farmhouse.)

Ther.—(Alone, seeing the blaze.) The chamber blazing—my benefactress lost! (Plunges into the flame, crying.) Help! help!

(Lavigne, Bridget, Nannette, the count, Picard, all the servants and neighbors rush on.)

Lav.—We're struck by lightning!

Count.—(Rushing forward.) Great Powers! my mother!

Lav.—Fly! save the countess!

(All spring toward the pavilion. Therese appears amid the flames, pale, with dishevelled hair—a bloody knife in her hand.)

Ther.—It is too late. She's murdered!

Count.—Murdered! Just Heaven! (Going thither.)

Ther.—Look!—look!—her blood!—'twas I—'twas I—

(Throws the knife on the stage, and stands rooted to the spot.)

(The flames burst from the pavilion. Some regard Therese with horror. Lavigne stands petrified on seeing the knife which Therese has thrown from the pavilion. Others prevent Charles from plunging into the flames. The fire lights up the grouping on the stage.)

QUICK DROP.

ACT III.

The great parlor of the farm-house, with two windows down to the ground, and a large middle door, through which the court-yard is perceptible, and in it the out-houses and pavilion smoking in ruins. On the left hand, upper entrance, a door, placed diagonally, leading to one of the apartments.

Lavigne enters through a large door in the middle, which he leaves open, and Bridget by the left-hand side door, upper entrance.

Brid.—Ah, husband, I'm afraid there's a great deal more in that girl's business than she told us of—I rue my kind gentle

nature that made me give way and let her in. You were the cause of it, you old blunder-pate:

Lav.—Where is she now?

Brid.—She's in that room, and she faints away, and comes to herself, and faints away;—and between the fits talks wild, not knowing what she says—"Why did I come hither?" she calls out—"Twas I—'twas I, that should have perished!"—then she fancies she's at Geneva;—then defends herself as if she was in a court;—then rattles away name after name that one never heard of before!—She's gone mad, there's no doubt on't!—The count—the pastor—nobody can settle her mind!—If she wasn't so very young, one might almost be led away to suspect——

Lav.—Suspect? hey! now I think of it. (Noise without.) Hush! what's that bustle?

Brid.—Bless us! bless us!—Is there any more trouble coming?

Lav.—Wife, look there!

Brid.—Oh, poor, dear, good mistress!

(The country people pass along the back of the courtyard, bearing the body of the countess on a bier. The Magistrate Delparc follows—the count's voice is heard.)

Count.—(Within.) In vain you struggle.

Lav.—(To the procession.) The count! the count!

(The bustle increases, and the count, springing from the grasp of Picard and Fontaine, darts out of the side door at the left hand, and rushing wildly to the centre, gazes distractedly round.)

Count.—(Endeavoring to disengage himself.) In vain you struggle—I must—I will have one last look—utter a last farewell!

Pic.—Master! dear master!

Count.—Barbarians! would you snatch from me the last, the mournful consolation of bathing with my tears all that remains to me of the dearest, best beloved of mothers! (Falling on his knees.) Oh! sainted shade! here, in the face of Heaven, I swear!—my body shall not rest—my mind shall know no

comfort—till thy relentless murderer's blood smoke on thy grave, and bring thy spirit peace!

(A shriek—all start—Therese rushes in, in great disorder. Delparc follows.)

Ther.—Save me!—save me!

Count.—Marianne!

Fon.—Daughter!

Ther.—(Throwing herself into the arms of Fontaine.) Father, abandon not your child—you know I'm innocent—Oh, do not let them tear me from your bosom!

(Delparc attempts to seize her. Fontaine passes Therese round.)

Count.—(Throwing himself between.) What would ye do? stand off.

Fon.—(To Delparc.) As a magistrate, Sir, we demand your protection.

Delp.—As a magistrate, I have ordered her arrest.

Count and Fon.—Hers?

Brid.—(To Lavigne.) There! I guessed as much!

Delp.—I could have wished, gentlemen, to spare you both this new source of affliction—for I know the interest you take in this young person:—but the agitation—the disorder of her mind—riveted my attention—and the broken sentences which escaped in her distraction, led me to recognize in her—Therese—

All.—Therese!

Delp.—The Orphan of Geneva, who has long fled the justice to which I am bound to give her up.

Ther.—'Tis over!

Delp.—Nay, more: Minuter inquiry has convinced me that, not satisfied with insulting the memory of her first benefactress, she has been still more criminal to the second;—in short, that Therese has been guilty of this night's murder!

Ther.—Do my senses fail me?—It cannot be!—What?—No, count—no, father—could I—could I—

(Therese faints in the arms of Fontaine, laughing hysterically, and during the ensuing speech of the

Magistrate, imperfectly revives, and seems from time to time to catch some fragments, and to endeavor, by gesture, to repel the accusation.)

Delp.—I know you deem me rash, and easily misled;—but listen. In whom could the countess ever have provoked revenge?—Everybody loved her. There is but one direction in which we can look for a vindictive feeling. What passed yesterday at the Chateau? Your young impostor was expelled—suddenly deprived of the most brilliant hopes. Driven from the bosom of your family, whither did she direct her course? to this farm, where your mother often passed the night—she stole in secret, begging to be concealed. Scarcely was she received here, when a man, following in darkness, enters secretly, with all the mystery of crime;—and Therese is surprised outside of her chamber, in frightful perturbation. You arrive—her agitation increases—she implores her host not to make known she is here. She listens to your mother's voice, and weigh well these fatal words;—she hears her swear—"That while she lives, ne'er shall her consent be given to this detested union." All go to rest—everything seems calm. The mysterious follower is observed again—suddenly the thunder bursts—a scream is heard—thongs crowd the court-yard—and Therese, pale, distracted, darts from the chamber where your mother fell, holding on high a bloody knife, and shrieking wildly, "'Twas I—'twas I!"

Count.—I freeze with horror—Yet stay!—A light dawns!—This mysterious follower—it must be Carwin!—

Delp.—What malice could he bear against your mother?

Count.—(Starts confounded.) Ha! true—true.

Delp.—You, sir, are silent. (To Fontaine.) Now, do you own your error?

Fon.—No, sir; still my hopes are not extinguished—let me implore one favor from you, sir—grant me your confidence:—leave Therese alone with me for a moment.

Delp.—Your vocation entitles you to that; but, trust me, I have no hope.

Count.—(To Fontaine.) My bereavement cannot destroy my confidence in her. Like you, I know her heart. Friend!—father!—she shall not perish!

(Fontaine raises his eyes with a look of uncertainty and grief. The count exit. Delparc, officers, etc., follow through the middle door.)

Fon.—She shall not perish! Yet—yet I see no means of rescue! Look up, my daughter! With me you need have no reserves—no fears! You were seen coming out of the chamber of the countess, at the very moment when the murder must have been committed. My child, how came you there?

Ther.—(Distractedly.) I—I told them how! Terrific thunder—a scream!—I darted forward—the pavilion was in flames—I rushed through—horror!—my benefactress—half hanging out of bed—a poniard in her bosom!—I dragged it forth—she was murdered!—I cannot call to mind what passed after that. You know—you know—I saw you by my side!

(Hiding her head on the breast of Fontaine.)

Fon.—You went there, then, to save her from the flames?

Ther.—Would I not have died for Charles' mother?

Fon.—And yet this noble act—courage, daughter! Stay, there is something more. Tell me—were you followed to the farm? 'Tis said a person was concealed here in the night, and that you know this person.

Ther.—Carwin—oh, yes—true, true. They were all gone—he stood before me—his flashing eyes—'twas terrible!—he threatened my life—but voices were heard—he fled!

Fon.—Carwin! her life—this night—I seem to get nearer and nearer to the truth. Why didn't you mention this before?

Ther.—I did not dare. Now I have nothing to conceal!

Fon.—But, how to reconcile events so contradictory? Where did this take place?

Ther.—Before the pavilion. He enticed me from my chamber—I thought 'twas you!

Fon.—Your chamber!—where was it?

Ther.—The bedroom, where the murder was committed.

Fon.—Merciful powers!—the chamber of the countess?

Ther.—Yes—yes—I was there when the countess came; but then they made me go into the farm-house.

Fon.—I see the clue to this appalling labyrinth—oh! give it to my grasp—let me not lose it, justice!—kneel down, my

child!—implore heaven's light to guide us!—kneel, and ask aid where in the last wretchedness we can only look!—kneel, as the child of Abraham knelt at his funeral pyre, uttered an innocent prayer and was sav'd!

(Therese drops on her knees, clasping her hands with fervor. Fontaine stands near her, his eyes upturned, seeming to ask help. The magistrate enters by the middle door, and stops, astonished. Suddenly two shots are heard—tumultuous cries follow. Therese starts up, affrighted. Lavigne, Bridget and villagers run in through the middle door.)

Lavigne.—(Without.) Victory! victory!

Delp.—Whence this tumult? What mean these shouts?

Lav.—(Appearing at the back.) We've got him, sir!—we've got him!

Delp.—Whom have you got?

Lav.—Beelzebub! The steward saw him prowling round my house all night.

Fon.—It must be Carwin.

Bridget.—I can't tell who it is—but I'm sure he's a rascal.

Lav.—That's plain enough, whoever it is. He gave us a brace of shots before we took him. What must we do with him, sir?

Delp.—Bring him here. Go back to those who have taken him—tell them, from me, not to ask any questions of him, nor to answer any he may ask.

Lav.—Make yourself easy, Mr. Magistrate—there's no danger of their talking to him.

Delp.—Do as I bid you. (Lavigne is going.)

Brid.—(Following Lavigne up the stage.) Take care of yourself, husband, take care—you don't know how many pistols he may have under his cloak.

(Lavigne goes out through the middle door and villagers follow him.)

Fon.—(To Delparc.) Be sure, sir, the hand of heaven is in this. I have obtained lights unexpected, and my hopes revive; but everything will be lost unless you grant me perfect confidence.

Delp.—You have it—I shall rejoice to second your exertions. I have already received some important information from the count concerning Carwin.

(A bustle is heard without, and distant voices crying, "Bring him along.")

Fon.—I hear them coming. Let me beg that Therese may be removed.

Delp.—(To Bridget.) Take her away!

Fon.—They're here. Go in—go in, my child.

(Bridget conducts Therese into the left-hand apartment. A great bustle announces Carwin, who continues to resist. Lavigne, the servants and all the villagers surround him, entering in a throng through the middle door and dragging him violently to the stage. Carwin is in the greatest disorder—pale and agitated.)

Lav.—(Pulling Carwin.) This way, Lucifer, this way—come, come, no hanging back! Here, Mr. Magistrate, here he is;—and mind (to Carwin), you grim devil, you—you're to ask no questions, for nobody will have a word to say to you.

(Lavigne is at the right-hand corner, Fontaine next to him, Carwin in the centre and Delparc at the left hand. Carwin eyes Lavigne ferociously. The villagers are at the back.)

Carwin.—(To the magistrate.) Why is this violence permitted? Sir, I am told you are a magistrate. Be it so. But, by what right dare you detain my person?

Delp.—The right of protecting the public safety. You are a stranger—what brought you hither? who are you?

Car.—My name is Carwin. I come from the Chateau de Morville. (Pointing to Fontaine.) That gentleman can tell you what brought me there:—I was returning to my home.

Delp.—For what reason did you fly? And, when you were approached, how came you to resist?

Car.—I had cause to think my life in danger.

Delp.—You were observed this night at the farm.

Car.—'Tis false!—I took the forest path, and wasn't near the farm.

Delp.—Have a care! Two witnesses can prove it.

Car.—(Startled.) Who are they?

Delp.—The Count de Morville and his servant.

Car.—(Ironically.) The Count de Morville and his servant!—a noble vengeance in the lover of Therese! and for what? for preventing disgrace to him and his family! (Pointing to Fontaine.) That gentleman can explain. He saw my conduct; he can avouch I did no more than bound to do by honor! Is it to be wondered at, that, blinded by his love and frantic at her loss, the count should prove unjust to my pure motives, and, deeming me her foe, attempt to fix on me the odium of the deed?

Delp.—What deed?

Fon.—In heaven's name, do not stop him! (Carwin looks at him distrustfully.) Go on, sir—you make a brave defense! But, how did you know a murder had been committed in a place which you say you did not come near?

Car.—By what right do you question me?

Lav.—There's impudence!

Delp.—Answer, I command.

Lav.—You've got it now!

Car.—(Ill-temperedly.) I knew it from report.

Delp.—Reports in a forest!—and at midnight?

Car.—Were not persons sent to take me? From them—

Lav.—It's a lie. Nobody said a word to him—that's plain enough—for, you see, he don't know—

Fon.—Silence!

Lav.—I'm dumb.

Delp.—(To Fontaine.) I cannot make out your object.

Fon.—Command perfect silence.

(Delparc does so by gesture.)

Car.—(Apart.) What trap are they concerting?—no matter. (Fontaine takes out tablets and writes with a pencil.) He writes—what has he in view?

(Fontaine hands the tablets to Lavigne, who runs round with them to the magistrate at the left-hand side of the stage, and, having delivered them, returns to his former place.)

Delp.—(Having cast a look at Carwin.) I understand.

Car.—(Apart, with concern.) He “understands!” I must be on my guard.

Delp.—(To Carwin.) You know, then, that the unfortunate Therese—is dead, and that she has been assassinated on this farm?

Lav.—Therese! (Fontaine motions him to be silent.)

Car.—(Affecting assurance.) What is there strange in that? Is it a secret? Don’t everybody know it?

Fon.—Enough. (To Carwin.) I charge you, sir, with this night’s murder.

Car.—Me?

Fon.—(Crossing to Delparc.) I will answer for the result. All I have now to ask, sir, is that he should be secured and shut out from all communication. (Taking Delparc aside.) I have a plan in view, which, my conscience tells me, will bring forth the truth. Grant me a word in private.

Car.—You exceed your authority in detaining any man without just grounds of suspicion.

Delp.—You are distinctly accused, sir, and, of course, my prisoner. Let all the avenues be closed and guarded—and none accost this person on any pretext.

Lav.—Give me charge of him. I’ll be bound he don’t get away from me.

Delp.—(To Fontaine.) Now, sir——

Lav.—Out of the way, wife—I’m Major Domo, now.

(Villagers, servants, etc., go out into the court-yard, and Lavigne shuts the middle door and follows them. The magistrate, Fontaine, Bridget and Lavigne retire last of all. The window shutters are closed and the stage darkened.)

Car.—Why, this is more and more inexplicable—I said nothing—confessed nothing—yet this strange person brands me on a sudden. Can I bear traces on my dress? Perhaps her blood? No—I see none!—ha! the papers!—some may have fallen! They regard her innocence. (Searching eagerly and drawing out the papers.) One—two—three! No—no—all here—all right—all right! (Replacing them in his bosom.) Come,

manly resolution, be my shield!—I am suspected—nothing more;—but they can have no proof, nor certainty. The count and steward say they saw me—but their assertion's readily impeached—there is no other evidence—Therese is dead—and naught is left to fear, if to myself I'm true!—I will be so—they come—'tis fix'd!—firmness, and I am free!

(The middle door is thrown open. Twelve soldiers, six on each side, with drawn swords, march down on the right and left hand; after them, six male villagers, three on each side; and next, twelve female villagers, six on each side. The characters follow. The count makes a movement of indignation on seeing Carwin, who is surrounded by Del-parc, Lavigne, the count, Picard and Fontaine. He affects perfect composure. The middle door is closed, and part of the subordinate characters are standing before it.)

Car.—(Apart.) This display is meant to intimidate:—I expected as much.

Delp.—Sir, your accuser stands before you. You know the crime with which you are charged—a deep, a fiend-like murder! The information which I have just received concerning you, and the circumstances of your past life, inculcate you in a manner most irresistible and most grave! (Carwin betrays surprise, but instantly recovers self-possession.) To escape conviction will be impossible; but you may even yet appease the wrath of him whose image you have horribly destroyed by a confession of your guilt.

Car.—A moment since (pointing to Fontaine), my accuser was the judge; now the judge is my accuser! 'Twere trouble thrown away to protest against the decency or honesty of this collusion, since the whole charge can be refuted in one word:—I was not here, and I defy you to the proof!

Picard.—I saw him here.

Count.—And I myself, with arms, pursued him to the courtyard.

Car.—With arms! To have identified me in such darkness, you must have been very near, and, being so, you were most

generous not to use your arms. I have already explained the motives which prompt your charge;—I shall no further notice it but by contempt and silence!

(The count springs forward, indignantly. Fontaine restrains him. Carwin turns to the villagers, and, in the course of his speech, takes the centre, and walks back to his former place.)

I call on all those who encircle me: is there one among ye who has seen me at the farm? Look at me! View me well! There—you see they're silent! Aye, among all the people of the farm—all those of the village, too—not one that ever saw me; no, not one! And yet, because a servant, paid for lying—a lover, whose bewildered mind pursues a phantom, unite in obvious fraud, I am accused of murder and deprived of liberty. (To Fontaine.) For you, sir whose zeal has carried you so far beyond discretion, if this is all your mighty allegation, 'tis at once foolhardy and absurd; and that you may learn a lesson which you stand in need of, I summon you, to answer to the laws, for this atrocious calumny.

Fon.—Carwin!—there is a judge more awful, more infallible than man;—the Great Avenger, who cannot be deceived! This inevitable judge needs neither proof, nor witnesses, nor confession. He sees into the heart. In silence he prepares the punishment reserved for crime, and on the moment when the wicked deems his triumph sure, bursts on him in a miracle, and he is gone! For you, that dreadful moment is at hand! Unhappy man! you fly from it in vain! Your conscience tells you it is come. If human means are impotent, a superhuman power will rend the tomb; your victim, pale and bleeding, will rise up before you, and lift the fatal knife, and shriek, "Behold the murderer!" You tremble, sir.

Car.—(Endeavoring to regain composure.) 'Tis with indignation, then.

Fon.—No, 'tis with terror! Eternal justice, which, after committing crime, man braves, but shudders at, has already struck you. Invoke it—if you dare—to shield you, if you are not guilty! Your victim's corpse is there. (Pointing to the middle door.) It slumbers on the bier! Approach it! Gaze

on its livid features; place on its gory breast your hand; and call celestial vengeance on its accursed destroyer! Ha!—you recoil. You are right. Could you do that, you had been innocent!

Car.—(Agitated.) I'm going, sir.

Fon.—Go, and remember—the Eternal sees you!

Car.—(Approaching.) Well, sir, I—I—am—going.

(All stand aside, leaving an open passage to the middle door. Carwin, endeavoring to conquer his alarm, advances, hesitatingly, and stopping frequently; all eyes are bent upon him. When he is near the middle door, it opens, as if spontaneously, and Therese appears—in one hand holding the knife, and pointing to it with the other. She comes slowly forward. Carwin recedes before her, in agony and consternation.)

Lash me not, furies! Lash me not to madness! Hold! hold! Terrible spectre, hence! Spare, spare your murderer! (Kneels.) The world shall know your innocence—my guilt. Here, at your feet, I cast the damning proofs. Let them appease you—but save! oh, save—save me from vengeance! Shield me from despair!

(Falls senseless. When he throws down the papers, they are instantly caught up by the count, and taken to the magistrate, who runs over them, and hands them to Fontaine. All having read, the count rushes to Therese, who, being overcome by the madness of Carwin and her own situation, falls into her lover's arms. Fontaine exultingly springs forward, displaying the papers. All the characters advance at the same time before the body of Carwin.)

Fon.—Heaven has heard our prayers! Triumph, my daughter! Shout, all, for rescued innocence! Shout for Therese, the Countess of Belmour!

THE END.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

A DRAMA

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

First published in 1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HYPOLITO, }
VICTORIAN, } *Students of Alcalá.*

DON CARLOS, }
THE COUNT OF LARA, } *Gentlemen of Madrid.*

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.

A CARDINAL.

BELTRAN CRUZADO, *Count of the Gypsies.*

BARTOLOME ROMAN, *a young Gypsy.*

THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.

PEDRO CRESPO, *Alcalde.*

PANCHO, *Alguacil.*

FRANCISCO, *Lara's Servant.*

CHISPA, *Victorian's Servant.*

BALTASAR, *Innkeeper.*

PRECIOSA, *a Gypsy girl.*

ANGELICA, *a poor girl.*

MARTINA, *the Padre Cura's niece.*

DOLORES, *Preciosa's maid.*

Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Count of Lara's chambers. Night. The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.

Lara.—You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;
How happened it?

Don Carlos.—I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

Lara.—Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C.—What was the play?

Lara.— It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C.—Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara.—And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C.—Almost beyond the privilege of woman!
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara.—May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint?

Don C.— Why do you ask?

Lara.—Because I have heard it said this angel tell,
And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C.—You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara.—How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don C.— You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara.— And therefore won
The easier.

Don C.— Nay, not to be won at all;
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face!

Lara.— And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C.—It proves a nobleman may be repulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara.—Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C.—(Rising.) I do not think so.

Lara.— I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C.—"Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

Lara.— Yes; persuade me.

Don C.—No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara.—No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C.—And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. (Exit.)

Lara.— Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

- Francisco.*— None, my lord.
 She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
 She is not to be purchased by your gold.
- Lara.*—Then I will try some other way to win her.
 Pray, dost thou know Victorian?
- Fran.*— Yes, my lord;
 I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.
- Lara.*—What was he doing there?
- Fran.*— I saw him buy
 A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.
- Lara.*—Was there another like it?
- Fran.*— One so like it
 I could not choose between them.
- Lara.*— It is well.
 To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
 Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa.—Abernuncio Satanás! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father

and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Musician.—Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa.—Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus.—Why so?

Chispa.—Because I have heard it said that, Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus.—An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Buja-lance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus.—No, your honor.

Chispa.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Mus.—We play the bandurria.

Chispa.—A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus.—The fife.

Chispa.—I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus.—We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa.—You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the

way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Preciosa's chamber. She stands at the open window.

Preciosa.—How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

(Enter Victorian by the balcony.)

Victorian.—Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec.—I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
 I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
 Did no one see thee?

Vict.— None, my love, but thou.

Prec.—'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone
 I chide myself for letting thee come here
 Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
 Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict.—Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
 Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
 When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
 And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
 To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec.—An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict.—And we shall sit together unmolested,
 And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
 As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec.—That were a life to make time envious!
 I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.
 I saw thee at the play.

Vict.— Sweet child of air!
 Never did I behold thee so attired
 And garmented in beauty as to-night!
 What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec.—Am I not always fair?

Vict.— Ay, and so fair
 That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
 And wish that they were blind.

Prec.— I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vict.—There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec.—And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict.—Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec.— In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict.— And with whom, I pray?

Prec.—A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict.— What mad jest
Is this?

Prec.—It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict.—Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec.— Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict.—I have heard it whispered.

Prec.— Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me—

Vict.—That thou mayst dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Prec.— Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict.—The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

Prec.— Dost thou remember
When first we met?

Vict.— It was at Córdoba.
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec.—'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict.—Thou blessed angel!

Prec.— And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict.—Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec.—I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict.—That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec.—That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict.—So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Vict.— As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec.— Pray, do not go!

Vict.—I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec.— Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict.—(Giving her a ring.) And to remind thee of my love,
take this;

A serpent, emblem of eternity;
A ruby—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec.—It is an ancient saying that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But, then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict.—What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

Prec.—(Laying her hand upon his mouth.) Hush! hush!
Good-night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict.—Good-night! good-night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec.—Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict.—(From the garden.) Safe as my love for thee! But art
thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close!
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec.—(Throwing down her handkerchief.) Thou silly child!
Take this to blind thine eyes,
It is my benison!

Vict.— And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec.—Make not thy voyage long.

Vict.—To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-night!

Prec.—Good-night!

Watchman.—(At a distance.) Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.

An inn on the road to Alcalá. Baltasar asleep on a bench.
Enter Chispa.

Chispa.—And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between
cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The
lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Baltasar.—(Waking.) Here I am.

Chispa.—Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a
town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have
supper.

Bal.—Where is your master?

Chispa.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have
stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses
to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky
as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger,
you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man
stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet.
What have we here?

Bal.—(Setting a light on the table.) Stewed rabbit.

Chispa.—(Eating.) Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed
kitten, you mean!

Bal.—And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted
pear in it.

Chispa.—(Drinking.) Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You
know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is
nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the
swine-skin.

Bal.—I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa.—And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner—very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa.—And more noise than nuts.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master *Chispa*. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa.—No; you might as well say, "Don't you want some?" to a dead man.

Bal.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal.—I was never out of it, good *Chispa*. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa.—What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict.—(Without.) *Chispa*!

Chispa.—Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict.—Ea! *Chispa*! *Chispa*!

Chispa.—Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.

Victorian's chambers at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hypolito.—I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,
 The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
 Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
 And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

Enter Victorian.

Victorian.—Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp.—What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict.—Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
 I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
 I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
 A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp.— The same old tale
 Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
 Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
 I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict.—Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
 That I must speak.

Hyp.— Alas! that heart of thine
 Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
 Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
 The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict.—Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
 Those that remained, after the six were burned,
 Being held more precious than the nine together.
 But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
 The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba
 Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp.—Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict.— Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

Hyp.— I know it.

Vict.— And I'm in love.

Hyp.—And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

Vict.— O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp.—Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—
Thou knowest the proverb. But, pray, tell me lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy.
Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict.—Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

Hyp.— Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict.— I mean it honestly.

Hyp.—Surely, thou wilt not marry her!

Vict.— Why not?

Hyp.—She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

Vict.— They quarreled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp.— But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict.— In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp.—If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'T will be, indeed, a wonder.

Vict.— Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray, tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp.— Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

Vict.— She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp.— Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vict.—Oh, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hyp.—And wouldst thou venture?

Vict.— Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp.—Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

Vict.—Yes; all the awful mystery of life!
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,

That could we, by some spell of magic, change
 The world and its inhabitants to stone,
 In the same attitudes they now are in,
 What fearful glances downward might we cast
 Into the hollow chasms of human life!
 What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
 Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
 What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
 What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
 What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
 What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!
 What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!
 What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp.—Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,
 That is the very point I most should dread.
 This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
 Might tell a tale were better left untold.
 For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
 The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
 Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
 Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
 Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
 Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict.— Hold thy peace!
 She cares not for me. She may wed another,
 Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
 Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp.—(Rising.) And so, good-night! Good-morning I should
 say. (Clock strikes three.)
 Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of time
 Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
 And so, once more, good-night! We'll speak more
 largely
 Of Preciosa when we meet again.
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, sleep,
 Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
 In all her loveliness. Good-night! (Exit.)

Vict.— Good-night!
 But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypo-
lito has left, and lays a large book open upon
his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
 But there are brighter dreams than those of fame,
 Which are the dreams of love! Out of the heart
 Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
 'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
 Waits for upon the margin of life's stream;
 Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!
 (Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Preciosa's chamber, morning. Preciosa and Angelica.

Preciosa.—Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
 The poor too often turn away unheard
 From hearts that shut against them with a sound
 That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
 Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
 What is your landlord's name?

Angelica.— The Count of Lara.

Prec.—The Count of Lara? Oh, beware that man!
 Mistrust his pity—hold no parley with him!
 And rather die an outcast in the streets
 Than touch his gold.

Ang.—

You know him, then!

Prec.—

As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,

Beware of him!

Ang.—

Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec.—

Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

Ang.—

Angelica.

Prec.—

That name

Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang.—(Rising.) I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec.—Thank me by following it.

Ang.—

Indeed I will.

Prec.—Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang.—My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec.—Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.) Take this. Would it were more.

Ang.—

I thank you, lady.

Prec.—No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang.—Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

Prec.— I deserve no thanks.
Thank heaven, not me.

Ang.—Both heaven and you.

Prec.— Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang.—I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. (Exit.)

Prec.— May they guard thee, too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now, bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

Enter Beltran Cruzado.

Cruzado.—Ave Maria!

Prec.— O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz.— Thyself—my child.

Prec.—What is thy will with me?

Cruz.— Gold! gold!

Prec.—I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Cruz.—The gold of the Busné—give me his gold!

Prec.—I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz.—That is a foolish lie.

Prec.— It is the truth.

Cruz.—Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec.— To one
Who needs it more.

Cruz.— No one can need it more.

Prec.—Thou art not poor.

Cruz.— What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags—Beltran Cruzado—
Not poor!

Prec.—Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz.—The gold of the Busné? give me his gold!

Prec.—Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfill thine own. Now, go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz.— And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Prec.—What! march again?

Oruz.—Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air.—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec.—God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

Cruz.—Remember who I am and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

Prec.—(With emotion.) Oh, I beseech thee!
If my obedience and blameless life,

If my humility and meek submission
 In all things hitherto, can move in thee
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
 Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
 To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
 I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
 To use no violence, nor do in haste
 What cannot be undone!

Cruz.— O child, child, child!

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
 Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it,
 I will not leave thee here in the great city
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
 To go with us; and until then remember
 A watchful eye is on thee. (Exit.)

Prec.— Woe is me!
 I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
 But that one deed of charity I'll do,
 Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.
 (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A room in the Archbishop's palace. The Archbishop and a
 Cardinal, seated.

Archbishop.—Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
 And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
 By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
 Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
 In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
 By seasonable stop put here in Spain
 To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
 All this you know.

Cardinal.—

Know and approve.

Arch.—

And, further,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card.—

I trust, forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch.—

A barbarous pastime,

Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card.—

Yet the people

Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch.—Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

Enter *Preciosa*, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.

Card.—(Aside.) Oh, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Preciosa.—(Kneeling before the Archbishop.) I have obeyed
the order of your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch.—

May God bless thee,

And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card.—(Aside.) Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec.— Thus I am called.

Card.—That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec.—Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch.—I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card.— Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec.— Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch.— 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec.—Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III.

The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. Don Carlos and Hypolito, meeting.

Don Carlos.—Holá! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

Hypolito.—And a good-evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

Don C.—

Command me always.

Hyp.—Do you remember, in "Quevedo's Dreams,"

The miser, who, upon the day of judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C.—

I do;

But what of that?

Hyp.—

I am that wretched man.

Don C.—You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp.—And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C.—Pray, how much need you?

Hyp.—

Some half dozen ounces,

Which, with due interest——

Don C.—(Giving his purse.) What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp.—Thank you. A pretty purse,

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C.—No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp.—Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C.—

But, tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp.—

This moment.

Don C.—And, pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp.—Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

Don C.— And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp.— In his case, very ill.

Don C.—Why so?

Hyp.—For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Don C.—A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman—not a mere ideal—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp.— Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C.—Well, well! who is this doll?

Hyp.— Why, who do you think?

Don C.—His cousin Violante.

Hyp.— Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C.—I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hyp.—Not I.

Don C.— Why not?

Hyp.—(Mysteriously.) Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C.—Jesting aside, who is it?

Hyp.—Preciosa.

Don C.—Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyp.—Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don C.—He comes this way.

Hyp.—It has been truly said by some wise man
That money, grief and love cannot be hidden.

Enter Victorian in front.

Victorian.—Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

Hyp.—Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C.—What ho! Victorian!

Hyp.—Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict.—Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?

Don C.—At your service ever.

Vict.—How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana
That you both wot of?

Don C.—Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp.—

Ay de mí!

Vict.—You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes

Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see

In evening skies.

Hyp.—

But, speaking of green eyes,

Are thine green?

Vict.—

Not a whit. Why so?

Hyp.—

I think

The slightest shades of green would be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

Vict.—

No, I am not jealous.

Hyp.—Thou shouldst be.

Vict.—

Why?

Hyp.—

Because thou art in love.

And they who are in love are always jealous.

Therefore, thou shouldst be.

Vict.—

Marry, is that all?

Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

Hyp.—

Ay, in truth,

I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict.—

Indeed!

Then he will have his labor for his pains.

Hyp.—He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

Vict.—

How's this, Don Carlos?

Don C.—Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

Vict.—

Death and damnation!

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

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Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell! (Exit.)

Hyp.—Now, what a coil is here! The Avenging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But, come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand,
near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its
cage. The Count of Lara enters behind, unperceived.

Preciosa.—(Reads.) All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

All this throbbing, all this aching,

Evermore shall keep thee waking,

For a heart in sorrow breaking

Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage

Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores! (Turns to lay down her book, and perceives
the count.)

Ha!

Lara.— Señora, pardon me!

Prec.—How's this? Dolores!

Lara.— Pardon me——

Prec.— Dolores!

Lara.—Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold—

Prec.—(Turning her back upon him.) You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara.— My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'Tis for your good I come.

Prec.—(Turning toward him with indignation.)
Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

Lara.—Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec.—Because you dare not.

Lara.— I dare anything!
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec.— If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara.—I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec.— There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara.— Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec.— Alas!
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara.— By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec.— How mean you?

Lara.—Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec.— Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara.—I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger
from her bosom.)

Prec.—Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara.—Pray you, put up that dagger
Fear not.

Prec.—I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara.—Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(Victorian enters behind.)

Prec.—Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara.—O sweet angel!

Prec.— Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara.—Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec.— Nay, come no nearer!
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara.— I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict.—(Rushing forward.) Hold! hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?

Lara.— First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict.—I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!

Lara.—

Are you the master here?

Vict.—Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right!

Prec.—(To *Lara*.) Go! I beseech you go!

Vict.—I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

Lara.— You cannot come too soon. (Exit.)

Prec.— Victorian!

O we have been betrayed!

Vict.— Ha! ha! betrayed!

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec.—Dost thou imagine—

Vict.— I imagine nothing;

I see how 'tis thou whilest the time away

When I am gone!

Prec.— O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.

Vict.— 'Twas not meant to flatter.

Prec.—Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!

Vict.— Yet I saw thee stand

And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec.—I did not heed his words.

Vict.— Indeed thou didst,

And answeredst them with love.

Prec.— Hadst thou heard all—

Vict.—I heard enough.

Prec.— Be not so angry with me.

Vict.—I am not angry; I am very calm.

Prec.—If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict.— Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec.— In my casket.

Vict.—There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec.—I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict.— Nay, nay, nay!

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

Prec.— Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict.—I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec.— And this from thee!

SCENE V.

The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.

Lara.—There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled—

Enter Francisco.

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran.— Good, my lord;

He will be present.

Lara.— And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran.—Was not at home.

Lara.— How with the rest?

Fran.— I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

Lara.—

Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter *Victorian* and
Hypolito.

Vict.—O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp.—Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict.—And yet, *Hypolito*, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of *Lara* is a cursed villain.

Hyp.—And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict.—She does not love him! 'Tis for gold! for gold!

Hyp.—Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict.—She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

Hyp.— Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

Enter Lara, followed by Francisco.

Lara.—Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp.— Good evening, Count.

Lara.—I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict.—Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara.—I am.

Hyp.— It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

Vict.— No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!
(They fight. Victoriano disarms the Count.)
Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara.—Strike! strike!

Vict.—You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp.—Enough! Let it end here. The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victoriano
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extreme.

Lara.— I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict.—Nay, something more than that.

Lara.— I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
 Never would I have sought to win her from you.
 The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
 To both of us.

Vict.— Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara.—In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;
 And told me how to win her, telling me
 The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict.—Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out
 These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
 Let me know all! all! all!

Lara.— You shall know all.
 Here is my page, who was the messenger
 Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
 Francisco?

Fran.— Ay, my lord.

Lara.— I. further proof
 Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict.—Pray let me see that ring? It is the same!
 (Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)
 Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
 Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
 Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
 We both have been abused, been much abused!
 I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
 Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
 Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
 I now can see the folly I have done,
 Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!
 To-night I leave this hateful town forever.
 Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hyp.—Farewell, Sir Count.

(Exeunt Victorian and Hypolito.)

Lara.—Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
 I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
 The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

(Exit with Francisco.)

SCENE VII.

A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruzado.—And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bartolomé.—In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz.—And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart.—There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz.—Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart.—First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz.—Preciosa.

Bart.—And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz.—The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart.—I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz.—That is nothing.

Bart.—I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz.—Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart.—Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz.—Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart.—No matter. Show me the house. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VIII.

The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and dis-

covers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "A fuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.

SCENE IX.

The Count of Lara's chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara.—So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

Don F.— Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L.— I pitied her.

Lara.—Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

Don F.— Will you serenade her?

Lara.—No music! no more music!

Don L.— Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

Lara.— Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don F.—Try golden cymbals.

Don L.— Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara.—To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa. (They rise and drink.)

All.— Preciosa.

Lara.—(Holding up his glass.) Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
 Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth
 Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore
 A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
 Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don F.—

Ite! missa est!

SCENE X.

Street and garden wall. Night. Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruz.—This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart.—Why not?

Cruz.—Because she is not at home.

Bart.—No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (Sounds of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal sere-nade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
 I come to watch o'er thee!
 To be near thee,—to be near thee,
 Alone is peace for me.
 Thine eyes are stars of morning,
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!
 Good night! Good night, beloved,
 While I count the weary hours.

Cruz.—They are not coming this way.

Bart.—Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer.)

Ah! thou moon that shinest
 Argent-clear above!
 All night long enlighten
 My sweet lady-love!

Moon that shimest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart.—Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Cruz.—Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away.)

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

Bart.—Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss!
puss!

(*Exeunt.* On the opposite side enter the Count of Lara and gentlemen, with Francisco.)

Lara.—The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt.* Re-enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.)

Bart.—They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall. (They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI.

Preciosa's bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. Dolores watching her.

Dol.—She sleeps at last! (Opens the window and listens.)
All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec.—(In her sleep.) I must go hence!
Give me my cloak!

Dol.—He comes! I hear his footsteps!

Prec.—Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
 I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
 That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
 I am too weak to dance. (Signal from the garden.)

Dol.—(From the window.) Who's there?

Voice.—(From below.) A friend.

Dol.—I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec.—I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
 Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
 Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
 I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
 Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
 They glare upon me like an evil eye.
 I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
 They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!
 (She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol.— It is midnight.

Prec.—We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.
 (She sleeps again. Noise from the garden and voices.)

Voice.—Muera!

Another Voice.—O villains! villains!

Lara.— So! have at you!

Voice.—Take that!

Lara.— O, I am wounded!

Dol.—(Shutting the window.) Jesu Maria!

ACT III. SCENE I.

A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

SONG.

Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
 Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!
 Most untrue
 To him who keeps most faith with thee,
 Woe is me!
 The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
 Ah, Love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Victorian.—Yes, love is ever busy with his shuttle,
 Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
 Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
 Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
 With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
 In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hypolito.—Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
 Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
 Give us clearly to comprehend,
 Whither tend
 All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
 They are cheats,
 Thorns below and flowers above.
 Ah, love!
 Perjured, false, treacherous love!

Vict.—A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp.—It suits thy case.

Vict.— Indeed, I think it does.
 What wise man wrote it?

Hyp.— Lopez Maldonald.

Vict.—In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp.— With much truth in it.
 I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
 Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict.—I will forget her! All dear recollections
 Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
 Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
 I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was, indeed, my friend!"
Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp.—Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict.—Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp.— And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me,
Instead of whistling to the steeds of time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vict.— Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

Hyd.— We shall all be soon.

Vict.—It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of life.

Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened—confused—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp.— Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict.— I confess,
That were the wiser part. But hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp.— Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!
(Sound of village bell in the distance.)

Vict.—Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Hyp.—Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

Vict.— This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheatfields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

Pancho.—Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro Crespo.—Keep silence all! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the king of Spain,
Jerusalem and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the Padre Cura at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good-day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre Cura.—Good-day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C.—An act of banishment against the Gypsies!
(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho.—Silence!

Pedro C.—(Reads.) "I hereby order and command,
'That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho.—And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive, I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of
fear and discontent. Pancho follows.)

Padre C.—A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray, you, sit down.

Pedro C.— I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the Padre
Cura's door. Sound of guitars heard at a dis-
tance, approaching during the dialogue which
follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now, tell me, Padre Cura—you know all things—
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C.— Why, look you:

They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church—nor—nor——

Pedro C.—Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

Enter Victorian and Hypolito, playing.

Padre C.—And, pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C.—More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp.—Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C.—Yes, Guadarrama, and good-evening to you.

Hypolito.—We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C.—I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp.—We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

Padre C.—(Joyfully.) Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C.—(Aside.) Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of
vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant.
(Exit.)

Padre C.—Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp.—Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something—
You understand—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Victorian.—(Aside.) What impudence!

Hyp.—As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

Padre C.—Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde!

Hyp.—Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an Alcalde's should be.

Padre C.—That is true.
He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp.—The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C.—I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and Emollit mores,
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C.— No, Cicero.

Hyp.—Your grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now, what a dunce was I, to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C.— Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray, you, go in, go in! no ceremony. (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.

Padre Cura.—So, then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hypolito.—And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your grace?

Padre C.— Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your honor's service.

Hyp.—Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C.— From the marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp.— Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,

And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C.—I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp.—More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C.—Of what professor speak you?

Hyp.—

Timoneda.

Padre C.—I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp.—A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C.—Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried, then, so many hopes!
I had not buried, then, so many friends!
I've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp.—

Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C.—Fool that I am! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp.—I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C.—Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.
Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

Enter Martina.

Hyp.—You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.)
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Your servant, fair Martina.

Martina.—

Servant, sir.

Padre C.—This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

Mart.—

'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C.—And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.
Pray, you, Señor, excuse me.

(Exit.)

Hyp.—

Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

Mart.—

There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp.—Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart.—(Embarrassed.) Told my fortune?

Hyp.—Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart.—(Surprised.) How know you that?

Hyp.— Oh, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! and then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.
(Tries to kiss her. She runs off.)

Enter Victorian, with a letter.

Victorian.—The muleteer has come.

Hyp.— So soon?

Vict.— I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp.—What news from court?

Vict.— He brought this letter only.
(Reads.) "O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!"

Hyp.—What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

Vict.— Oh, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

Hyp.—That is no news, forsooth.

Vict.— He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp.— To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo!

Vict.— Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp.— O beware!
Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict.— Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

Enter the Padre Cura.

Hyp.— Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

Padre Cura.—Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict.— Kind heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp.—And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preclosa?

Padre C.— Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp.— Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C.—Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village
of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip and sing-
ing the Cachucka.

Chispa.—Hallo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

Enter Don Carlos.

Don Carlos.—Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa.—I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his jacket.)

Mosquito.—Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa.—Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq.—You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa.—Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq.—No; she has a beard.

Chispa.—Go to! go to!

Mosq.—Are you from Madrid?

Chispa.—Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq.—What's the news at court?

Chispa.—Why, the latest news is that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq.—Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C.—Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But, tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq.—Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C.—And where?

Mosq.—Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarama. (Exit.)

Don C.—Now, this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa.—Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C.—Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa.—And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C.—I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa.—Among the Squires?

Don C.—No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa.—I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V.

The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the fire-light.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy.—(Playing.) Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran:
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy.—(Playing.) There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy.—One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy.—Have at you, Chirelin.

Gypsies.—(At the forge sing.)

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruzado.—Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—(To the left.) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies.—Ay!

Cruz.—Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies.—Ay! ay!

Cruz.—Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. Cruzado walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter Preciosa.)

Preciosa.—How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(Bartolomé rushes in.)

Bartolomé.—Ho! Preciosa!

Prec.— O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

Bart.— Lo! I am here.

Prec.— Whence comest thou?

Bart.—From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec.— O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart.—Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days,
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec.—Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart.— Preciosa?

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec.—Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart.— O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfill thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfill thy promise.

Prec.— 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart.— False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec.— Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart.— For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec.—Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

Bart.— Come, come with me.

Prec.—Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart.— I entreat thee, come!

Prec.—Away! It is in vain.

Bart.— Wilt thou not come?

Prec.—Never!

Bart.— Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. (Exit.)

Prec.—All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter Victorian and Hypolito behind.)

Victorian.—'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

Hypolito.— A woodland nymph!

Vict.—I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp.— Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict.—(Disguising his voice.) Hist! Gypsy!

Prec.—(Aside, with emotion.) That voice! that voice from
heaven! O speak again!
Who is it calls?

Vict.— A friend.

Prec.—(Aside.) 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

Vict.— A true friend to the true;

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec.—Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict.—(Putting a piece of gold into her hand.) There is the
cross.

Prec.— Is 't silver?

Vict.— No, 'tis gold.

Prec.—There is a fair lady at the court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

Vict.— Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

Prec.— You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who
loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict.— I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec.—How know you that?

Vict.— A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Prec.— There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!
There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been abused;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict.—(Aside.) How like an angel's speaks the tongue of
woman,
When pleading in another's cause her own!
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.)

Prec.— No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vict.— Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec.—Why would you have this ring?

Vict.— A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec.— No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict.— How? dead!

Prec.—Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict.—(Aside.) Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec.— O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

Vict.— I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare, for thee!
(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec.—'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict.—Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec.—Hadst thou not come—

Vict.—I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec.—I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict.—Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec.—I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict.— I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara——

Prec.— That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard——

Vict.—I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
 Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp.—All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
 All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
 All chaste embraces on the public stage,
 All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
 Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
 Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
 And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec.—Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
 Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp.— Not to-night;
 For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
 And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
 My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa.—(Within.) What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran
 Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict.— What now?
 Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa.—Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,
 My worthy masters.

Vict.—Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa.—(To Preciosa.) Good news from court; good news!
 Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés is not your father,
 But your true father has returned to Spain
 Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict.—Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa.— And we have all
 Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
 As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict.—Where is the gentleman?

Chispa.— As the old song says,
 His body is in Segovia,
 His soul is in Madrid.

Prec.—Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,
 Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
 Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
 Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
 This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,
 And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
 Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict.—It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
 A blissful certainty, a vision-bright
 Of that rare happiness which even on earth
 Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
 As thou wast ever beautiful and good;
 And I am now the beggar.

Prec.—(Giving him her hand.) I have still
 A hand to give.

Chispa.—(Aside.) And I have two to take.
 I've heard my grandmother say that heaven gives al-
 monds
 To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
 I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict.—What more of this strange story?

Chispa.— Nothing more.
 Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
 Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
 The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
 Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
 And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
 To make the celebration more complete.

Vict.—No; let it be a day of general joy;
 Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
 Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp.— So farewell,
 The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,
 Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
 And all that makes vacation beautiful!
 To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
 To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
 Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.

A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk.—Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep.—Olá!

Monk.—Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep.—It is, your reverence.

Monk.—How far is it?

Shep.—I do not know.

Monk.—What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep.—San Ildefonso.

Monk.—A long way to breakfast.

Shep.—Ay, marry.

Monk.—Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep.—Yes, and worse than that.

Monk.—What?

Shep.—Wolves.

Monk.—Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep.—What wilt thou give me?

Monk.—An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward, caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter Preciosa, on horseback, attended by Victorian, Hypolito, Don Carlos and Chispa, on foot, and armed.)

Vict.—This is the highest point. Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

Prec.— Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp.—Most wonderful!

Vict.— And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

Prec.— And which way lies
Segovia?

Vict.— At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

Prec.— No, I do not see it.

Vict.—The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder!

Hyp.—

"Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And as Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec.—

O yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!
(She weeps.)

Vict.—O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec.—

Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! She comes!" O father! father!

(They descend the pass. Chispa remains behind.)

Chispa.—I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas
and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I
neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the
time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry
as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as
the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience,
and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see

my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! (Exit.)

(A pause. Then enter Bartolomé wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)

Bartolomé.—They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs! Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!

Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(The shot is returned. Bartolomé falls.)

END.

THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS

FROM

J. FENIMORE COOPER'S NOVEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PURITANS.

MAJOR GOUGH, *one of the exiled Judges of King Charles.*

CAPTAIN HEATHCOTE, *Governor of Settlement.*

CONTENT, *Heathcote's Son.*

FEARNOUGHT LANGTON, } *Spies in search*
EZEKIEL DAVIS, } *of Major Gough.*

SATISFACTION SKUNK, *alias TAMMING*
TAMABOO, *formerly a select-man, and now a*
Mud Turtle.

FAITH HEATHCOTE, *wife of Content.*

ABUNDANCE SKUNK, *relict of the Mud Turtle.*

INDIANS.

CONANCHET, *Chief of the Narragansetts.*

UNCAS, *Chief of the Mobicans.*

NARRAMATTAH, *the Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish.*

SCENE.—*The valley of the Wish-ton-Wish.*

TIME.—1670.

From 1850, during a number of years, this historic American drama was in great favor with the people. It was enacted by the foremost native performers, and might be revived in popular theatres with advantage to a generation forgetful of the perilous days of the Founders.

The Wrept of the Wish-ton-Wish.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A chamber in Captain Heathcote's house; a secret panel in the wall.

Enter Heathcote and Faith.

Heathcote.—Your father has not left his chamber.

Faith.—And yet, sir, sleep is a stranger to his lids; or, when nature sinks under his daily weight of grief, repose, which blesses others, brings no forgetfulness to him! His dreams prolong his misery; at night, he hears the cry of pursuers, or sees his child torn from his arms by yelling savages, and carried off amidst the crackling beams of the stockade. Oh, sir, do you forget that hideous night?

Heath.—Forget it, girl! 'tis burnt upon my brain; can I forget our previous thankful days and tranquil nights, which made us think this valley the Canaan promised to the faithful? Can I forget your father's first look and word as he stepped

across my threshold, with his children in his hands, the exiled judge of a despotic king, and begged the shelter of my roof from his pursuers?

Faith.—Nor should you, sir, forget that, by your unfailing friendship, he hath been ever since preserved from foe and want and all things but regret.

Heath.—And yet, girl, how visibly the mercy of our Ruler is apparent in our deepest visitations. That day the hireling servants of the crown pursued your father to the valley of the Wish-ton-Wish. They were cut off to a man, by the savages, who fired our stockade, whilst all of us found a safe retreat beneath the block-house, in a well that but the day before grew dry.

Faith.—All of us? you think not of my unhappy sister.

Heath.—Yet, even she may have escaped the fate you dread. Why limit the arm of Providence in one particular, when we have seen its might in others? But soft! here comes your father.

(The secret panel opens and Gough enters, in antique mourning, of black velvet—his appearance exhibiting premature old age from grief. He advances in a reverie, not taking notice of Heathcote or Faith.)

Faith.—And, as is his wont, he walks in a waking dream, conversing with sad shadows.

Gough.—I see you still before me, Charles Stuart, with your fixed burning eye, and clouded brow, as when arraigned and doomed by my voice among others, you summoned your judges to a higher bar, and in that summons cursed them. What said I, in the judgment I pronounced; but that you were an enemy to England's liberty, and peace, and so should die the death. Heaven knows I spoke but for my country, not myself. Yet, has thy curse cloven to me day and night, in heart and in possessions, a crushed and writhing worm. My tortures have been lengthened out, that groan by groan and sigh by sigh, your hovering spirit might have its glut of recompense. Proscribed, shunned as an outcast, a second Cain, with the brand upon my brow, hunted in the woods, where even wolves are safe,—all this was not enough; my child, my pure,

my infant one, must be torn from me by the savages, to bleed in expiation!

Faith.—(Kneeling and taking Gough's hand.) My father!

Gough.—(Falling on her neck.) Forgive me, my dear child, that I sometimes slight thee; but I see thee not when this shade is on my soul; yet, let this pressure tell thee, if not always in my sight, thou art ever in my heart!

Heath.—Come, brother, the day looks kindly on us—there is a peace whispering from the woods and smiling in the sky. Let us walk abroad and give our hearts to its enjoyment.

Gough.—Nay, Isaac, there is a film before my eyes that shuts out the light of heaven; a weight is hanging o'er my soul portending some disaster which I know is near; for my dreams, my daily thoughts, my inward whisperings, have all proclaimed it.

Heath.—If the evil that you fear is from our old enemies that fired the stockade, war has removed them to a safe remoteness; or, did they come to attack us now, our settlement has grown too strong to fear the consequences.

Gough.—I cannot see into the future, but the mist that veils it from me is dark and threatening.

Faith.—Nay, my father, is it right that a soldier who has conquered real dangers, should waste his strength on fancied ones? Let thy daughter's voice, if thou indeed dost love her, lead thee to consent. This home becomes a dungeon if it is never quitted,—let us go into the fields!

Gough.—My child, I strain a heart-string when I deny thee aught; but with every word the weight upon my mind increases, it is a warning voice, I cannot disobey. I will not walk to-day.

Enter Content.

Content.—Father, Uncas, the chief of the Mohicans, our allies, has this instant reached the settlement, and would speak with you.

(Content beckons and Uncas enters, Gough retires to couch and sits, Faith with him).

Heath.—(Extending his hand, which Uncas grasps.) My brother is welcome! 'tis many moons since I have looked upon his face.

Uncas.—The pale face is a good man.

Heath.—What can the white man do for his brother? Is he poor? there are blankets and a rifle in his house;—is he sick? there is a skillful leach at hand.

Uncas.—The white chief does not know his errand. Uncas is neither sick nor poor,—Uncas is strong, and so must be his brothers,—Uncas brings news of war.

Heath.—War?

Uncas.—The Narragansetts, who many years ago brought the brand and knife among you to your dwelling, are in the valley, they have once more returned to their old hunting grounds.

Heath.—Has my brother seen these red skins?

Uncas.—With his own eyes.

Heath.—Who leads them hither?

Uncas.—Conanchet, the son of Mian-to-ni-moh.

Heath.—Conanchet, the son of our oldest enemy, and the inheritor of all his father's hate.

Uncas.—Uncas was hunting—he came upon their wigwams—a bush concealed him, and he overheard their council; let but the night drop its shadows on your huts, and again the knife and brand will come among them.

Heath.—Uncas is our friend?

Uncas.—The pale face speaks the truth. Uncas hates the Narragansetts, and will hunt them like a dog! let my brothers load their rifles, he will lead them where their enemies are sleeping; the sun shall not rise again upon a Narragansett.

(Going.)

Heath.—Stay; Conanchet must be spared and brought before our council; he hath committed crimes against the settlement, and by its voice must die.

Uncas.—Then, Uncas claims to strike his death blow.

Heath.—Be it so; we would show our foe, the red-skin, that our vengeance is but another word for justice—not a thirst for blood.

Uncas.—Uncas' blood grows cool; come, white man, to the war-path.
(*Gough advances.*)

Gough.—A father's voice must now be heard! Chief, hast thou a wife?

Uncas.—Wacontah, the bounding fawn.

Gough.—Hast thou a child?

Uncas.—The son of Uncas will one day be the Eagle of his tribe.

Gough.—Then my appeal will not be vain; I had a child, a daughter, the twin of her you see before you, in beauty and in goodness; I loved her as I love my life, nay more, for I would give my life to know she was alive, and well, and pure. On the night the Narragansetts broke into our dwelling, she was but six years old, a tender flower, that had but lately lost its parent stem, a mother, whose image she reflected. She was, perhaps, the dearest treasure I had left, for I was an exiled man, who had been driven from my native land, across the great salt lake; when on that treasure an Indian fixed his eye, and 'midst the wreathing flames and hissing blood he bore her off. Ten years have I mourned for her as dead. Yet she may live, though it must be in bondage; fetters, perhaps, upon her gentle limbs, or oh! far worse, the chains of ignorance and guilt around her soul. Chief! thou wilt go among her capturers, thou may'st seize or see some one that has heard of her, learn if she lives, is well, is near, or far, if only that! If all hope of our future meeting is denied me, learn that my child is still alive, and thou wilt fill a father's heart with the first gleam of joy that it has known for ten long, dreary, desolate years.

Uncas.—(Grasping *Gough's* hand.) Uncas will do the gray-head's bidding.
(*Gough turns away.*)

Heath.—Now, Chief, I will summon the settlement, and arm the expedition. Content, to your hands its command will be entrusted.

(*Heathcote and Uncas go out, followed by Content and Faith.*)

Gough.—Yes, perhaps the hope is not too sanguine, that she may live! I dare not think that we shall ever meet again, that the spoilers will bring her back to me. No, no!—that joy would make me mad. Oh, when I think of my deserted home in England, and those sweet times past, never to return, when we would gather around our door at eventide, and she, my lost one, climbed her mother's knee, or lifted her tiny hands in prayer, her golden hair all flowing, and her eyes, so radiant with the hopes of youth, such she was then! what is she now? The thought tortures, bewilders me; I'll sleep awhile and chase it from my brain.

(He lies down on couch—the stage has become gradually darkened—the scene opens and discovers, through a gauze, the figure of a young female, in an antique English dress, sitting at a table and a child kneeling by her side.)

Gough.—Alice! my wife! my child! (Spoken in sleep.)

(He then rises and gazes around; the lights put up.)

Why I could have sworn they were again before me—within hearing of my voice. It was a dream; well, will not that content ye, craving heart? be thankful for the past. Does my child live? where is she now?

(He sleeps again—stage dark—the scene opens and discovers, through the gauze an Indian village. Narramattah appears with a bandage round her eyes feeling her way, as if in search of some one. Gough becomes restless on his couch and stretches out his hands as if to clutch. Narramattah, at length exhibiting equal emotion, tears the bandage from her eyes, and extends her hands toward her father in an attitude of recognition. Gough starts up; the scene closes; stage light.)

Gough.—She lives! she lives! I gazed upon her then, my heart, my beating heart, nature's great minister, her sacred oracle cannot be wrong; a thousand voices whisper through my veins she lives! Faith, my child! my child! my friends partake my joy ere it has burst my swelling bosom, my lost one lives! I shall again behold her. (Gough rushes out.)

SCENE II.

The village of the Narragansetts, on the banks of the Connecticut.

Indians discovered mending their nets, making spears and arrows at the doors of their wigwams. Conanchet, in the dress of an Indian chief, enters. Indians spring up and welcome him with a yell.

Conanchet.—The Narragansett, after many years, comes back to his native woods. Look, brothers, on that valley—it is the Wish-ton-Wish! Ten years ago it was our hunting ground. When the pale-face came and built a hut there, we burnt it into ashes; yet from its ashes he has raised a mighty village. Soon his huts will overspread our woods and leave us not a blade of grass to rest upon—shall we lie down like beaten dogs and look at them, or shall we up and carry the brand to them once more.

Indians.—Hugh!

Conan.—The shade of Mian-to-ni-moh shall be appeased. Death to the pale-face and the treacherous Mohican. Death, instant death to the cheating musk-rat.

(Two Indians bring in Skunk, in a half Indian dress, his face painted extravagantly, his head shaved to a scalp-lock, and his face and arms tattooed, on one leg a boot, on the other a shoe, and his whole appearance half Indian, half European.)

Skunk.—Hulloa, Chief! Is this abiding by your agreement? didn't you consent, as soon as I had given you information about the settlement, to do business with me in a liberal manner?

Conan.—The pale-face shall die.

Skunk.—Yes, but that's doing business in a very liberal manner.

Conan.—The pale-face hates the Narragansett.

Skunk.—But I am not a pale-face. I will submit it to the most prejudiced person, whether I am not a genuine red-skin.

Conan.—We found you in the wigwams of our enemies. Are you not a cunning musk-rat?

Skunk.—No, I'm a great Mud Turtle. Ten years ago I was a deacon and a select man at New London, but I had no opportunity of exercising a talent inherited from my cradle, that of swapping, so at last I swapped colors and countries, I emigrated, I went like a lion into the back woods, and there became Chief of the Mud Turtles.

Conan.—Hear, brothers! hear the cunning pale-face. He had no gun to drive the warrior from his path, but he must change the color of his skin; does that change the color of his heart? Who has filled the air with the smoke of our huts, and whitened the woods with the bones of our fathers? The lying, cheating, plundering pale-face!

Skunk.—Chief, I beg to say that is very strong language.

Conan.—Go! the Narragansett is a man—the pale-face is a woman.

Skunk.—It is the first time I was ever told of the resemblance.

Conan.—Conanchet cannot waste his words, prepare!

(Prepares his gun.)

Skunk.—Hulloa! Chief, what are you about!

Conan.—Die!

(Conanchet raises his gun, when Narramattah runs in and arrests it; she points to heaven and then to Skunk, with an expression of contempt.)

Conan.—The Wept! Maneto would despise the offering, let the coward and pale-face go, the red warrior despises him—begone!

(Indians take Skunk off, and Conanchet prepares his rifle. Narramattah commands him again to despise so mean a victim; he surveys her with admiration and is subdued. She now bids them all invoke the blessing of heaven.)

Conan.—Brothers! we must ask Maneto's blessing.

(They kneel to heaven. Content heard without.)

Content.—Hilloa! Reuben!

Conan.—The white-skins!

Indians.—Hugh!

(They drop to the ground and listen—they collect their guns and silently creep out on their hands and knees, carrying their other weapons in their mouths. Skunk reënters, bound.)

Skunk.—Why, swap my stockings, if that wild woman, the Chief's wife, isn't Major Gough's daughter that was stolen at the burning of the stockade. The fright, it seems, unseated her reason, and took away her speech; now, if I could get her down to the settlement, I'd swap her. (Guns fired without.) Oh, lord, they are at it! the first shot that misses will hit me, that's always my luck—I'm undone—no, I wish I was—I'm done up. Ha! some one's coming. Hulloo! help! murder!

Content rushes in, presents gun at Skunk.

Content.—Surrender!

Skunk.—Brother Content!

Con.—Who speaks?

Skunk.—Don't you know me?

Con.—(Approaching him.) Deacon Skunk!

Skunk.—My dear friend, I'm rejoiced to see you!

Con.—We were in hopes, for the credit of the settlement, that you were dead.

Skunk.—How very charitable!

Con.—What, sir! not satisfied with robbing our poor community, and turning Indian to escape the punishment, you are here actually leading our old enemies to lay the settlement once more in ashes.

Skunk.—(Displaying himself.) You are not aware, young man, that you are addressing Tamming Tamaboo, prime minister of the Mud Turtles.

Con.—Can you remember what you have done, sir, and not blush to look a white man in the face?

Skunk.—I have blushed so much that the hue of modesty has become permanent; answer me one question, is Major Gough still alive?

Con.—I must know the nature of that question before I answer it.

Skunk.—Then, perhaps, it won't answer for me to tell you!

Con.—Come, sir, no mysteries; you are in my power, tell me if the hirelings of the king are again in pursuit of him? is his retreat discovered? is anyone at hand?

Skunk.—There is.

Con.—Whom?

Skunk.—His daughter!

Con.—What, the long lost girl! the Wept, as we have called her, of the Wish-ton-Wish?

Skunk.—The Wept!

Con.—Where is she? how is she?

Skunk.—Oh, that's my secret! what will you swap for it?

Con.—Rascal! I could drive a bullet through your heart. (Lifting gun.) But, I forgot, you are a wonder—you live without one; but I see your object; this is a subterfuge by which you hope to elude the anger of our council. You shall tell your story to my father; had the devil a cleverer head than yours in framing devices?

Skunk.—I'd want to swap. (Content drives Skunk off, and follows him.)

(Uncas enters, struggling with Conanchet. Conanchet is overthrown, and Content, reëntering, levels at Conanchet, is about to fire when Narramattah rushes in and strikes up his rifle.)

Con.—(Recognizing her.) Ah; as I live, it is the Wept!

(Content drops his gun and rushes off. Conanchet has now mastered Uncas. Narramattah picks up Content's rifle. Conanchet holds Uncas on ground.)

Conan.—Fire, Narramattah, the Mohican dog may growl! but he cannot bite!

(Narramattah, having no ammunition, reaches powder-flask from side of Conanchet, and loads gun.)

Uncas.—Content, hither! hither!

Conan.—Fire! White Bird! fire!

Uncas.—Save me!

Con.—This way, brothers!

Conan.—Fire! Narramattah, fire!

(Narramattah raises rifle, when Content rushes in with her child and holds it before Uncas.

Con.—Her child! her child!

(Narramattah in corner shrieks, drops gun, and advances to Content, who repels her; Langton and Davis enter, seize and force Conanchet off, Uncas following Content, holding up the child; Narramattah crouches to him and extends her arms to receive it, but Content refuses to part with it, and she follows him out submissively.)

SCENE III.

A chamber at Heathcote's; a window backed by landscape; loud shouts.

Enter Heathcote and Faith as scene opens.

Heathcote.—Now, girl, where are your doubts of that protecting wing beneath whose shadow we have so long inhabited these wilds in safety? The expedition has returned victorious, and our enemies have been destroyed, dispersed or taken.

Faith.—And my husband, sir—your son?

Heath.—Is safe, though lingering behind with prisoners.

Faith.—Then I am indeed thankful. Oh, sir, forgive me if, in the feelings of a wife, I momentarily forgot the gratitude and duty of a woman.

Enter Langton and Davis, with Skunk, bound.

Heath.—Who is your prisoner—a sagamore?

Skunk.—(Displaying himself.) Ahem!

Langton.—Your son placed him under my charge. I understood he was formerly deacon of New London, and absconded ten years since with the money of your community.

Skunk.—Emigrated, sir, not absconded.

Heath.—Skunk! 'Tis he, indeed; this is a goodly fashion; 'tis but right that he who cherishes the feelings of a savage should put on his raiment. Speak! Unhappy man, can you say aught in your defense?

Skunk.—I can say a good deal if I'm not confined.

Heath.—Release him. (Langton does so.) Now, sir, I am your hearer.

Skunk.—Well, then, governor, in the first place, you may perhaps remember what was the first determination of my tastes.

Heath.—To wickedness?

Skunk.—No! to swapping. 'Tis easily accounted for; it's run in our family from generation to generation. My great-grand-daddy was a swapper—he swapped horses in Yorkshire; his son was a celebrated swapper—he swapped a tradesman's insignificance for a ride to Tyburn. My own father swapped a cavalier's dress for a clear conscience, and I was always willing to swap—

Heath.—What, sir?

Skunk.—Empty pockets for full ones.

Heath.—To the point, sir! What does this explain?

Skunk.—It explains my turning Indian, that's all; I made something by the change. When I went among the Mud Turtles they made me their prime minister at once; and a prime minister I became. I had all the government on my shoulders. I had to get up the cabinet council in the open fields, fill the pipes and rum bottles, and take care, when the chiefs began to argue, that they didn't make use of any pointed arguments. I was chancellor of the exchequer, but that was a sinecure. I was attorney-general to the men, and solicitor in general to the women; that was the sinecure.

Heath.—And at length remorse for your offenses brings you back to us to expiate them.

Skunk.—Remorse! Oh, you mean the old money accounts. I have nothing to do with that now; that was a civil transaction, and now you know I'm a savage; you would not punish a savage for the acts of a civilized being.

Heath.—We shall teach you differently.

Skunk.—Then you mean to civilize me against my will—European philanthropy! I tell you what; if you intend to make me give you public satisfaction, you must be content to go without a private one.

Heath.—What mean you?

Enter Gough.

Skunk.—I mean to say that I have got news upon my tongue of the long lamented daughter of Major Gough.

Heath. and }
Faith.— } The Wept!

Skunk.—Yes.

Gough.—(Rushing forward.) Of Hope? my child! my lost one! where is she? speak! though they be your last words.

(Seizing Skunk.)

Skunk.—They will be my last words if you don't take away your hands from my throat.

Gough.—Pattering fool! you have given an old man the strength of lions,—if thy breast hides aught of knowledge of my child, I'll tear it open; but, no, no, you have brought me blessed news, and I am thankful! but do not trifle with the broken hearted,—you say my daughter lives?

Skunk.—Yes, but not as a Christian is accustomed to live. The fright of her capture and, I suppose, her bad usage in the woods, has robbed her both of speech and reason.

Faith.—(Turning away with a burst of tears) Merciful powers!

Gough.—(Pausing.) Well, 'tis sad tidings, but she lives, she lives! I bless heaven for that. I shall again see her; mad, speechless, though she be, she will have enough of knowledge in her heart to know her father,—enough of language in her eyes to welcome him.

(Retires with Faith.)

Heath.—And where is she to be found?

Skunk.—Oh, now Governor, you come to business. What will you swap for the information?

Heath.—Friends, take him hence. (Retires.)

(Langton, advancing, seizes Skunk by the collar, who throws him off.)

Skunk.—Remember, sir, I am Tamming Tamaboo, prime minister of the Mud Turtles.

(Swaggers off, followed by Langton and Davis.)

Content enters hastily, with the child in his arms.

Con.—Major Gough, the Wept!

Gough.—Oh, my daughter!

(Gough rushes to meet her as Narramattah enters, he stands appalled by the change.)

Gough.—Horror! horror!

Con.—Chance threw her in my path in the middle of the conflict and fortunately, having obtained possession of her child—

Gough and Faith.— } Her child!

(Narramattah takes child from Content, presses it to her bosom.—Gough approaches Narramattah.)

Gough.—Hope!—my loved, my wept, and my recovered!—do you not know me? will you not speak, to your poor father? (She repels him and caresses child.) It is too true—her very heart is speechless.

Faith.—(Approaching Narramattah.) Hope! do you not know me—your sister? (Narramattah repels her.) Merciful powers! to see you thus, living, yet dead, the form without the spirit! You, that once shed such light and gladness around our hearth; but droop not, cheer thee, my father! think you she will not regain her recollection when alone with us?

Heath.—Doubtless, dear Faith; heaven waits but for the trial. Come, Content, let not our presence stay it.

(Exit Heathcote, Content and child.)

Gough.—Still no recollection breaks upon her darkness. Memory is a closed door and the vista of the past is shrouded.

Faith.—Hope, my sister! do you not know me? Answer me by some look, or motion, or my heart will break.

(Narramattah surveys her with indifference and turning to window utters a low moan.)

Gough.—She yearns to be again in the wild woods:—we cannot change her heart.

Faith.—My father! a thought, a happy thought! Perhaps I may kindle her remembrance, by some token of our early years; do not let her go, I'll fly like the feathered arrow; be sure you hold her fast my father.

(Faith hurries off, Narramattah goes to window, stretches out her hands, goes to her father's feet and implores him to release her.)

Gough.—She pines to join the heathen, and prays to her own father to release her. 'Tis plain she is past all human aid, and if I keep her here, will it not be to see her pine away and die? Could I live and see her miserable? since it is so, in heavens name, I give you liberty.

(Narramattah trembles—Faith reënters, with basket of trinkets.)

Faith.—Here, here Hope, look at these; do you not remember when you and I worked this pattern, at our dear mother's knee? (Narramattah throws it down.) This book, dear Hope! it was given you by your aunt, your own hand-writing in it, don't you recollect your own hand, Hope? (Narramattah throws away book.) This ring, these beads, this chain that we used to hang about our dolls?

(Narramattah seizes them, plays like a child with them.)

Faith.—(With a burst of grief.) Oh, no, my father, she is past recovery.

Gough.—Shed no more tears; you have done your duty to the utmost and may not repine.

Faith.—I have heard, my father, that music, hath strange influence on bewildered minds; perhaps she might remember one of our dear mother's songs.

Gough.—Nay, nay!

Faith.—Yes, my father! everything is worth the trial.

SONG.—Faith.

"A mother's love, a mother's love,
The dew that falls on opening life,
When life is most like Eden's grove;
Faith, purity and pleasure rife.
Our earliest joy, our latest thought,
Howe'er we rise howe'er we rove;
Thou only good of earth unbought,
We think of thee, a mother's love."

(Narramattah's face brightens with a new intelligence—memory kindles—she clasps her father's hand—looks around wildly, becoming affected to tears as the song concludes.)

Gough.—Oh, her memory kindles! My child! my child!

Narra.—(With a full shriek.) Father!

(Narramattah rushes toward him—becomes exhausted and falls in his arms—Faith kneels to heaven in prayer—Gough bending over Narramattah.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Village of the Wish-ton-Wish—Court House.

Borderers discovered leaning on their rifles, in groups, talking to Langton and Davis—Content advances with Langton.

Con.—Truly, friend, our wives may note this day in their calendars, for the favors it has rained upon the settlement. Hope, the wept, the long estranged, restored not only to her father's arms, but reason, and Conanchet our oldest and direst foe, brought prisoner to our council.

Lang.—Thanks to Uncas, the Mohican. But for him the Narragansett had made good his retreat and lived to spring upon you at some future day.

Con.—Thanks, also to those other friends, (Davis advances), who, aiding the Mohicans and trying to do us service, desired our general good and joined in the pursuit.

Lang.—Truly, friend, the little aid I and my brother yielded we trust we would have offered any men bound by the ties of Christian brethren.

Con.—The court will soon pronounce its judgment on Conanchet, then sirs, my father will be swift to offer you in every form that gratitude can take, the thanks of our community.
(Turns up stage to borderers.)

Dav.—Well, brother Fearnought Langton, sojourner in the colonies, otherwise Captain Hugh Grimsby, courtier in King Charles' favor and service, and agent of the discovery of the murderers.

Lang.—And well Ezekiel Davis, friend of the sojourner, or otherwise Jack Hambleton, soldier in the service of the said king; I know what thou wouldst say. This is a fair beginning of our enterprise in this settlement. I have received sure intelligence that Gough, if not Dixwell and Nalley, is secreted here; therefore, under favor of this service I have done them, I rest until my suspicions are confirmed.

Dav.—Our companions meanwhile remain ambushed in the woods. If all goes well, Captain, our thousand pounds will be touched easily.

Lang.—But that will not content me; I must snare all the traitors and bring them bodily to England. The money's much, but the fame is more, for nothing short of this will restore my fallen fortunes with the king.

Dav.—The Court breaks up.

(Heathcote and four councilmen, followed by Uncas and Conanchet, enter from Court House. Conanchet advances to the front, folds his arms and surveys his enemies with disdain.)

Heath.—Conanchet, Chief of the Narragansetts, have you aught to reply against the sentence of the Court?

Conan.—Conanchet scorns to talk—he can fight or die. The pale-face has the strong arm, let him kill.

Heath.—Is it not just, that we should kill them who will not let us live upon our land in peace?

Conan.—Your land! White man, Manito gave the western shores to the children of the setting sun; here lived the Red Chief amidst his tribe, in wealth and honor: here sat he around his council fire and grasped his brother's hands, and saw his hunting grounds alive with the brown deer. Why comes the white man to drive him from his home?

Heath.—Why! but to shed upon him the light of reason and humanity.

Conan.—Hear! hear the white skin; the knife, the rifle, and the fire-water; these were the means to make us happier and wiser.

Heath.—We offered to live in peace and share our substance with you—you chose war—by heaven's favor we have survived your persecution, and you, as the strong arm of our foes, must suffer.

Conan.—Conanchet, is content.

Heath.—Having thus pursued the path demanded by the interests of the settlement, Uncas, I fulfill my words to you:—to your hands I commit the execution.

Conan.—Uncas?

Heath.—But mind, 'tis instant death—no savage torturing.
(Uncas advances with rifle.)

Conan.—Must the red chief die by the hand of the treacherous Mohican?

Heath.—To us he hath been faithful.

Conan.—Shall the scalp of the Narragansett blacken in the hut of the Mohican and the cowards of his tribe sing songs and tell how like a woman's it was won? No, no! The white man is more merciful! Conanchet asks for death, but let not Uncas have to boast that by his hand fell the last of the Narragansetts.

Heath.—Our word is passed. (Retires.)

Uncas.—(Taking his ground.) Prepare!

Conan.—Uncas, thou dog! (Crosses to Uncas.) Thou snake! In death I spit at thee! Think not to dismay my soul, but hear the last words Manito puts upon my lips: Thou ser-

vant of the white man, in slaying thy red brethren of the woods, thou shalt the white skins next destroy and trample on thy bones!

Uncas.—Conanchet murmurs, for he fears to die.

Conan.—Fears!

(Conanchet extends his arms and bids *Uncas* "Fire.

Uncas takes his position, and, as he levels, shriek is heard, and *Narramattah* rushes down and springs before her husband.)

Conan.—*Narramattah*!

Heath.—(Putting up *Uncas*' rifle and advancing.) Hold! Hope! Is this possible? Safe once more, and in the arms of love and light of reason, can you look but with loathing on that savage man?

Narramattah.—What false words has the pale-face to say to the wife of Conanchet?

Heath.—He is your father's enemy. Why came he to steal the child from his father's bosom? Are we not friends?

Narra.—When has the white chief been a friend to the red man?

Heath.—He must die.

Narra.—So must *Narramattah*.

Heath.—Justice must have its victim.

Uncas.—White Bird, take wing—*Uncas* will fire.

Narra.—(Standing before Conanchet.) The treacherous Mohican quitted the wigwam of his tribe to dwell in the lodges of the pale-face and betray his red brother of the woods.

Enter Gough, Faith and child, hastily.

Gough.—Do I dream? Her reason is again unsettled. She has flown to her destroyer.

Faith.—His presence is the rivet of her bondage. Take her from him!

(Gough approaches to do so. *Narramattah* clings desperately to Conanchet and repels all their efforts. *Heathcote* advances.)

Heath.—'Tis useless—they are inseparable—a gentler course must be pursued. Appeal to the Narragansett—some kindly feelings may be dormant in his heart, one drop of water 'neath a bed of rock.

Gough.—(Approaching Conanchet.) Warrior! 'tis ten years since you bereaved a doting father of his child; would you rob him of her now?

Conan.—Conanchet loved the White Bird and took her to sing on the broad waters.

Gough.—Monster! you tore a pure and happy child from those she loved, to bow her gentle spirit with your savage honors. But I will not curse you—restore her to me now and all shall be forgiven. *

Conan.—Why should I cage the White Bird if she is happy? No! let her fly to the free woods and sing my war song when Conanchet sleeps.

Gough.—Art thou the son of Mian-to-ni-moh?

Conan.—Who but the pale-face doubts it?

Gough.—Because he was a noble chief, and they tell the white man that his son is like him—they say that Conanchet is as kind in peace as he is brave in battle; that he loves to defend the young and reverence the gray hairs of the drooping father; art thou that man?

Conan.—My father speaks the words of truth; Conanchet loves to honor the gray head, though a white skin be under it. Narramattah! I am going to the happy hunting grounds, but the old man grieves for you and his hut is empty.

(Conanchet offers to put her away. Gough holds out his hands to receive her, but she clings to her husband.)

Faith.—She will not leave him.

Conan.—Yet Narramattah knows Manito's will.

(She bows her head.)

Gough.—He wavers.

Conan.—(Suddenly seizing Gough's arm.) Let the gray head listen! Will he promise that Conanchet shall sleep under the red oak, upon the river's bank, where his fathers worshipped?

Gough.—He will.

Conan.—Will he let the White Bird, when she has flown back to her nest, come in the springtime and strew green leaves upon his grave?

Gough.—He will.

Conan.—Conanchet is content; the gray head shall be honored.

(Conanchet grasps his hands and gives him Narramattah—she turns, and, seeing her child in Faith's arms, snatches it and returns with it to Conanchet's feet—he waves her away, but she clings to him—he stamps furiously, she shrieks—relinquishes her hold on the child and suffers Gough and Faith to lead her off, her eyes riveted on Conanchet.)

Heath.—To the strong room.

(Conanchet smiles contemptuously at Heathcote and Uncas and stalks out.)

Heath.—Uncas, at the setting of the sun, upon the river's bank the Narragansett will await you.

(Uncas grasps his rifle with a gesticulation of triumph and follows Conanchet out.)

Now, bring forth another enemy to the welfare of our valley. (Borderers lead in Skunk.) Unhappy man!

Skunk.—You may say that—I am unhappy!

Heath.—I can hear nothing but the appeal of the innocent! (Davis and Langton advance.) My friends—to whose courage and activity it is indebted for the capture of her great enemy, accept, I pray you, till the morning, the humble shelter of my roof.

Lang.—We thank you, brother, for the offer, and do, in the spirit that it is tendered, take it.

(Exit Heathcote, Langton, Davis and Councilmen.)

Skunk.—Walk in a white sheet, I see the aim of that! that's to give the people an emblem of my innocence; but, to have a log to my leg, what's that for? Do they take me for Nebuchadnezzar? What, do they think I shall go a-grazing?

Con.—Well, deacon, in the depth of your troubles, I have some comfort to offer you—your wife Abundance is still in the settlement.

Skunk.—Do you call that a comfort? I shall have enough to drag without her.

Con.—And your sons and daughters, they were much attached to you—they will give you their sympathy.

Skunk.—Will they lend me a leg?—will they drag that infernal log for me? How many are there alive?

Con.—Fifteen.

Skunk.—Fifteen young Skunks—they are not all mine.

Con.—What say you?

Skunk.—I say, they are not all mine. When Mrs. Skunk and I dissolved partnership, our stock in trade was twelve.

Con.—Who, then, do you suppose claims the rest?

Skunk.—That I can't tell; you may have them if you like; but all I say is, as the old proverb says, "Let the devil take care of his own."

Con.—Deacon, deacon! this is a fall.

Skunk.—Perhaps so; but ten years ago it was a rise.

Con.—And all this sacrifice of character for a little filthy lucre.

Skunk.—Really, you are very fond of dirty expressions.

Con.—Accompanied, perhaps, by some devotion to the rum-keg.

Skunk.—Why, I don't deny, whenever I found a keg in a dropsy, I made a point to tap it. But will no one indulge me in a little trade to-day—will no one swap a doublet, or a beaver, or a buckle for Indian nick-nacks—moccasins or spear-heads? Would anyone like to swap situations?

Con.—No, no.

Skunk.—D——n it, gentlemen—

Con.—Deacon, deacon, swearing!

Skunk.—Well, I'm not a select man now, and needn't mind my phrases.

Con.—I must now fulfill my office and remove you.

Skunk.—But you are not going to confine me. I'm in a weak state of health.

Con.—You must come to the strong room.

Skunk.—Do you think that will restore me?

Con.—Come.

Skunk.—Stay, one moment; how many children have you, my friend?

Con.—Nine.

Skunk.—Small?

Con.—Yes.

Skunk.—And I have fifteen?

Con.—Fifteen.

Skunk.—Large?

Con.—Yes.

Skunk.—(Pausing and considering.) Will you swap?

Con.—No.

Skunk.—The great Mud Turtle's dished.

(Exit Skunk and Content.)

SCENE II.

A chamber at Heathcote's—a portrait on one side.

Enter Heathcote, Langton and Davis.

Heathcote.—'Tis well, my friends, as sojourners in the wilderness, we are bound together by a common tie. Rest beneath this roof till you regain your strength and determine on the path by which you will again set forward. I must now make known to you the inmates of my house, a son and daughter, whose love and duty are my shields from sorrow; and one whom you and I and every man that has been driven away from dear England to these woods, for liberty of conscience, must hold as sacred as the life-blood of his heart.

Langton.—Aye!

Heath.—One of those upright men who sat in judgment on the tyrant Charles—whom England, that once honored, now

rewards by seeking to destroy. Here hath he lived these past years happily and safely, though so secluded. He hath looked upon the cheerful sunbeam as a spy, and each soothing wind that sighed around his temple as a tell-tale of his secret.

Lang.—And the king has never been able to unravel his secret?

Heath.—Thanks be to heaven, he has not. The expedition that pursued him here perished in a conflict with the Indians, whilst we found shelter in a well, beneath the very boards I stand upon, from which a secret passage leads into the woods.

Lang.—(To Davis, apart.) Do you note?

Heath.—Heaven hath been pleased to lay a heavy hand upon our brother exile; and danger, hunger, thirst and shame were not his only sorrows; that girl you saw clinging to the Narragansett is his daughter.

Lang.—May we not see and offer to this afflicted man our mite of sympathy?

Heath.—He comes.

Enter Gough, leading Narramattah, who appears abstracted.

Gough.—My friend, in this world it is not to be. Her reason glimmering into dawn at nature's prompting might have strengthened into day, but this meeting with the savage has plunged her into darkness deeper than before. Look at her; 'tis a sight to make your heart sick. See how she moves and gazes, like one that walks whilst sleeping.

Heath.—Yet, yours and her sister's daily presence may once more wake her to a thankful consciousness.

Gough.—I must trust to the Orderer of all things; but I will not hope again to be again repaid with torture.

Lang.—My friends, if the offer will not offend, perhaps I can be of service in this case. I have had some knowledge of minds diseased during many years of travel in my native land; since then I have materially studied Indian character. Leave me for a few minutes with the maiden and I'll use my little skill to rouse her from this lethargy.

Gough.—My friend, who is this man?

Heath.—A brother in the faith and sufferer in the same cause as ourselves; be known to him, for he is one whose deeds, perhaps, may equal his good wishes.

Gough.—(Crosses to Langton.) Friend, I take your hand! I grasp it with these words: if you can restore that girl, but to the feeblest glimmering of sense, a father's blessing shall reward the gift in this world and the next.

(Gough and Heathcote go out. Narramattah goes to window. Langton leads Davis forward.)

Lang.—Jack, you look astonished.

Davis.—Truly, captain! I may, at such conjurer's words as you have been uttering.

Lang.—Hear, then, the trick explained. You heard the crop-ear say there was a dry well beneath this floor, from which a secret passage leads into the woods. Now that our prey is found, to give notice to our party and yet avoid suspicion! This secret passage is our only path; yet, as we might be bewildered in the woods, listen! I mean to offer this mad girl her liberty if she will guide us to them.

Davis.—Aye!

Lang.—And well I know her Indian nature will insure compliance. Now, then, to find the entrance to this passage—it must be somewhere in the floor—search around.

Davis.—Here runs a line along the wainscot—look, captain!

(They go out examining the floor and wainscot. Narramattah turns from the window, moaning, and at that Faith is heard, without, repeating the song (first act). Narramattah listens and her reason again returns.)

Narramattah.—Mother, dear mother! Father, where are you? When you called upon your child—where am I? Stay—here—in my father's home—and now I remember—this instant by his side, and by the side of my dear sister, Faith. Ah! I have been dreaming, I suppose; again dreaming that I was an Indian girl and married to a chief—yes, I have just dreamed that he was going to be killed and that I leaped quickly to his side and saved him—I dreamed, too, that I had a child; 'tis very strange, 'twas but a dream.

Reënter Langton and Davis.

Langton.—A thousand curses for his cunning who devised the door—I see it nowhere.

Davis.—Think you this mad girl knows it?

Lang.—Not she. We can pause no longer, Jack—you must take the public path. Gough may suspect my mission if I remain here past to-morrow—for such has been his life of watchfulness—his daily apprehension of pursuit—that I should not wonder, though the king's warrant is in my hand (producing it from his bosom), and a score of cavaliers but six miles distant, he would find some ferret-hole to creep into.

Narra.—(Apart, listening.) Cavaliers to seize my father!

Lang.—So, now, to make brief work of it. The red-skin's wife is a prisoner among the pale-faces.

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Does she yearn to be at liberty and with her tribe?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Will she faithfully guide the white man to the river, if he gives her freedom?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—Not a moment is to be lost; now, Jack, up and away —'sdeath, man, why do you keep fumbling on the floor?

Davis.—Stay, stay, captain, victory! I have found it.

(Pulling up trap door.)

Lang.—The door, by St. George—thou hast a keener eye than I supposed—steps to descend, and yonder yawns the well. (Looking down.) I cannot see the bottom. Does the red man's wife know how to guide us to the woods beneath this floor?

Narra.—Hugh!

Lang.—By my good sword, the scheme fares bravely! Away, Jack, to thy comrades, and by midnight, when the settlement is hushed and the traitor lies in fancied safety on his pallet, be back to seize and bind him. I hold the warrant, thou the arms. Away, Jack! a thousand pounds and honors endless wait the enterprise.

Davis.—But the wild woman?

Lang.—She will lead the way. (To Narramattah.) Descend! thy husband waits for thee. Leave me to answer for her absence.

(Davis descends; Narramattah follows.)

Lang.—Now, have you reached the passage? Speak! I hear footsteps.

Davis.—(Below.) Help, captain! the mad devil has plunged me into the well.

Lang.—Ha!

Davis.—The stagnant water suffocates me—save me or I die! Help, help, help, h-e-l-p!

Lang.—Fiends of hell! minion, thou shalt pay for this.

(Narramattah reascending, Langton seizes and is about to throw her down, when she plucks the warrant from his breast.)

Lang.—The warrant! give it me.

(He relinquishes his hold to regain paper; she obtains a footing on floor, and reaches a pistol; retreats a few steps and fires; Langton falls.)

Enter Heathcote, Gough and two borderers; Content and Faith.

Heathcote.—What is this? Hope a murderess!

Gough.—It cannot be she hath been assailed!

Heath.—Assailed! by worthy brothers in our faith?

Lang.—Dogs! Crop-ear'd traitors! I die a faithful servant of King Charles, whom heaven bless, long keep and prosper.

(Sinks into the arms of borderers, who bear him off.)

Heath.—Treachery! (Takes paper from Narramattah.) 'Tis a warrant for thy apprehension!

Gough.—My child has saved my life!

Heath.—Then her reason must have returned! Speak to her!

Gough.—Hope, my beloved girl, what means the scene we've witnessed? Dispel its mystery. 'Tis thy father speaks to thee.

(Narramattah's emotion gradually subsides with her consciousness; she drops the pistol and gazes in their faces with her former vacuity.)

Heath.—The appeal is vain; her glassy eye betokens that the shroud has again descended on her senses.

(Conanchet speaks as from behind at a distance.)

Conanchet.—Narramattah!

(Narramattah starts and trembles.)

Faith.—(Looking through window.) Ha! 'tis the voice of the Narragansett chief! They lead him to execution.

Conan.—(Without.) Narramattah!

(Narramattah listens.)

Gough.—She hears that voice when she is deaf to mine.

Faith.—He is her husband!

Gough.—Her destroyer!

Conan.—(Nearer.) Narramattah!

(Narramattah shrieks and springs through window.
Scene closes rapidly.)

SCENE III.

Open view of the valley.

Enter Skunk in a white sheet and dragging a large log secured by a chain.

Skunk.—Let the procession halt! I'm to be a standing example, not a walking one. Let me reflect. Is there any similar fate to mine in the history of nobility? There was the Roman general, "Billy Lenius." Eh! who's coming here? Yes, no, yes, it is my wife. Oh, this is a sweet drop in my cup of bitters!

Enter Abundance, with Hope's child; she folds her arms, turns up her eyes and shakes her head.

Skunk.—Abundance! Abundance! I have but one leg to welcome you, but here are two arms.

Abundance.—Verily, Satisfaction—

Skunk.—Satisfaction! How can I be satisfaction with a log to my leg? Won't you embrace me? Oh, you cold-blooded woman!

Abun.—The blue book forbids me to approach the sheet.

Skunk.—Here's tyranny! Deprive a man of his constitutional resources!

Abun.—Bethinking you were dead, I took unto me another helpmate.

Skunk.—What?

Abun.—I espoused another man.

Skunk.—Then you are a vile old sinner.

Abun.—The blue book doth set free the woman whose husband has been absent seven years.

Skunk.—That infernal blue book! Oh, Abundance, Abundance! (With tenderness deepening into tears.) After our many hours of matrimonial recreations, can you so easily forget? Where are my children, madam? Where are my pledges of affection I left in pawn? Where are my little ones?

Abun.—Verily, they stand abashed at their condition. Little ones, approach!

(Enter fifteen men, women and children, some very tall, and decreasing to four years of age; they form a sort of half moon; Skunk marches along the line reviewing them.)

Skunk.—Are these my little ones? Why don't you kneel down to ask my blessing? (Tallest kneels to Skunk.)

Abun.—Thy eldest craves thy blessing.

(Skunk embraces him.)

Skunk.—My dear child—my sweet infant—my baby! You are my son! I acknowledge you—all the rest belong to the settlement. What have you got there, madam? (Pointing to the child.) Is that another proof of the ruin of my character?

Abun.—It belongeth to the Wept, and hath been given me to nurse.

Skunk.—What! a dry nurse? (With uncontrollable grief.) You abandoned woman, it is your own! (Goes toward it and

stumbles over log on ground.) Here's a fallen aristocracy! Nobility in the dust! Abundance! Abundance! (With a look of great tenderness.) Is your heart still obstinate? Can you see your doting husband at your feet and not smother him with love?

(She kneels, opens her arms, and hugs him strenuously; the example is followed by the children, till they form a circle around him.)

Skunk.—Oh, what a deluge of delight! What an earthquake of ecstasy! Let us take a walk and reflect upon the events of our sad separation. (Rises.) Abundance, come under the sheet. My little ones, carry my baggage. (Pointing to his log, which the boys take up, he wraps his wife up in the sheet, and they go off affectionately, bell-ringer following.)

SCENE IV.

The red oak on the river's bank. The sun is setting. Content, heading, descends the rocks and range, then Conanchet, followed by Uncas. Conanchet comes forward, and Uncas remains on rocks. Conanchet now advances to oak, strikes earth at root of it with his hatchet, kneels, offers it to the shade of his father, then returns and casts it into the hole.

Conanchet.—My father! take back thy gift without a stain. No enemy shall wave it over my head and cry, "There lies the conquered Narragansett!" And then, my father's oak, beneath whose branch I've slept and gathered the gray hairs of the western shores—Conanchet sleeps beneath your branch forever. Farewell, bright sun! Like you I rose in glory and in strength; like you I set without a cloud to dim me.

Uncas.—Conanchet is prepared?

Conan.—He is.

Uncas.—Let him look, then, on "the lamp of the Good Spirit," for they sink together.

Conan.—Conanchet will die!

(He places himself against oak; Uncas takes his position; Narramattah shrieks without and rushes in and embraces Conanchet.)

Conan.—Narramattah, the red chief's wife, has come to sing upon his grave. Be happy, White Bird, for he dies beneath his father's oak. Now, away, away! see'st thou not the treacherous Mohican's gun? His ball may pierce thy heart with mine. (Narramattah throws herself before him.)

Uncas.—Conanchet fears to die, and calls his wife to shield him.

Conan.—(Rousing with indignation.) Dog! thou liest. Narramattah, leave me! (He struggles with, and at length throws her from him; he then waves, and Uncas fires.) Dog of a Mohican! see how the last of the Narragansetts dies!

(He springs forward and falls dead instantly. Narramattah shrieks and falls upon him.)

Enter Gough, Heathcote, Faith, with the child and others.

Gough.—My child!

(Narramattah repels him; she brings the child and kneels by Conanchet's body, and describes the passage of his spirit to the happy hunting ground.)

Gough.—At length her heart is broken!

Narramattah.—Father! Sister! Narramattah was a shadow in your path; to-morrow the sun will rise in beauty on her grave. The Wept has set forever. Matonah—Father—I come! I come!

(She throws herself on the body of Conanchet; Content and Gough slowly raise her and bear her away; she shrieks and breaks from them, and again returns to Conanchet; Faith approaches her with the child; she takes it, kisses it, and returns it to Faith, and with a convulsive struggle falls dead on the body of Conanchet.)

(Curtain.)

Those who are familiar with Cooper's celebrated story will readily see how faithfully this dramatization

of it adheres to the original. Indeed, it hardly required an effort on the part of the adapter to fit it for stage representation, for all the elements of time, place and vivid action were already present in it. The tragic was there in fullness, and to spare. But, best of all, was and is the strangely weird, and at all times exciting, interest awakened by the story of Narramattah's divided allegiance—the intense struggle between that sense of parental duty required by civilization and that other duty to the marital estate which savage custom and education had inculcated. This struggle is thrillingly sustained in both the story and play.



J. J. J. J.

RIP VAN WINKLE
A LEGEND OF THE CATSKILLS

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS

ADAPTED FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK

BY

CHARLES BURKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT I.—1763.

RIP VAN WINKLE, a Dutchman.
KNICKERBOCKER, a Schoolmaster.
DERRIC VAN SLAUS, the Burgomaster.
HERMAN VAN SLAUS, his son.
NICHOLAS VEDDER, friend to Rip.
CLAUSEN, friend to Rip.
RORY VAN CLUMP, a Landlord.
GUSTAFFE.
DAME VAN WINKLE.
ALICE.
LORRENNÄ.
SWAGGRINO, }
GAUDERKIN, } Spirits of the Catskills.
ICKEN. }

ACT II.—1783.

RIP VAN WINKLE, the dreamer.
HERMAN VAN SLAUS.
SETH SLOUGH.
KNICKERBOCKER.
THE JUDGE.
GUSTAFFE.
RIP VAN WINKLE, Jr.
FIRST VILLAGER.
SECOND VILLAGER.
ALICE KNICKERBOCKER.
LORRENNÄ.

This is the version which was first produced in Philadelphia in 1850.

Rip Van Winkle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A village. House, with a sign of "George III." Villagers discovered smoking.

Chorus.—In our native land, where flows the Rhine,
In infancy we culled the vine;
Although we toiled with patient care,
But poor and scanty was our fare.

Solo.—Till tempting waves, with anxious toll,
We landed on Columbia's soil;
Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away.

Chorus.—Now plenty, all our cares repay,
So laugh and dance the hours away;
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
So laugh, ha, ha! and dance the hours away.

Vedder.—Neighbor Clausin, on your way hither, saw you anything of our friend, Rip Van Winkle? Where there's a cup of good liquor to be shared, he's sure to be on hand—a thirsty soul.

Knickerbocker.—Truly, the man that turns up his nose at good liquor is a fool, as we Dutchmen have it; but cut no

jokes on Rip; remember, I'm soon to be a member of his family; and any insult offered to him I shall resent in the singular number, and satisfaction must follow, as the Frenchmen have it.

Vedd.—So, Knickerbocker, you are really determined to marry Rip's sister, the pretty Alice?

Knick.—Yes, determined to be a prisoner in Hymen's chains, as the lovers have it. I've got Rip's consent, I've got Alice's consent and I've got my own consent.

Clausin.—But, have you got the dame's consent, eh?

Knick.—There I'm dished and done up brown; would you believe it? she calls me a long, scraggy, outlandish animal, and says that I look like two deal boards glued together.

Rory.—Here comes Alice, and with her, Rip's daughter.

Enter Alice, with Lorrenna.

Alice.—Come along, loiterer! woe betide us when we get home, for having tarried so long. What will the dame say?

Lorrenna.—Well, it's not my fault, for you have been up and down the lane a dozen times, looking for the schoolmaster, Knickerbocker.

Alice.—Hold your tongue, miss; it's no such thing.

Lor.—You know you love him.

Alice.—How do you know that, Miss Pert?

Lor.—I can see it; and seeing is believing, they say. Oh, you're monstrous jealous of him, you know you are.

(Knickerbocker advances.)

Alice.—Jealous! I, jealous of him? No, indeed; I never wish to see his ugly face again.

Knick.—Say not so, sweet blossom of the valley, for in that case I shall shoot myself in despair.

Alice.—Oh, don't think of such a thing, for then your ghost might haunt me.

Lor.—And I'm sure you would rather have him than his ghost; wouldn't you, Alice?

Knick.—That's a very smart child. But, Alice, sweet Alice, can't I drop in this evening, when the old folks are out of the way?

Alice.—Not for the world; if the dame were to find you in the house, I don't know what would happen.

Lor.—Don't you know, Alice, mammy always goes out for an hour in the evening, to see her neighbor, Dame Wriggrim; now, if you (to Knickerbocker) come at eight o'clock, and throw some gravel at the window, there's no knowing but you might see Alice.

Knick.—That's an uncommonly clever girl; but, Alice, I'm determined to turn over a new leaf with Dame Van Winkle; the next time I see her, I'll pluck up courage and say to her—

Dame.—(Without.) Alice! Alice! odds bodikins and pins, but I'll give it you when I catch you. (The villagers exit.)

Knick.—Run, Alice, run!

(Alice, Lorrenna and Knickerbocker run.)

Dame.—(Without.) Alice!

(Alice, Lorrenna and Knickerbocker exit hastily.)

Rory.—'Egad! the dame's tongue is a perfect scarecrow.

Vedd.—The sound of her voice sets them running, just as if she were one of the mountain spirits, of whom we hear so much talk. But where the deuce can Rip be all this while? (Rip sings without.) But, talk of the devil and his imps appear.

Enter Rip Van Winkle, with gun, game bag, etc.

Rip.—Rip, Rip, wass is dis for a business. You are a mix nootze, unt dat is a fact. Now, I started for de mountains dis mornin', determined to fill my bag mit game, but I met Von Brunt, de one-eyed sergeant—comma see hah, unt brandy wine hapben my neiber friend; well, I couldn't refuse to take a glass mit him, unt den I tooks anoder glass, unt den I took so much as a dozen, do I drink no more as a bottle; he drink no more as I—he got so top-heavy, I rolled him in de hedge to sleep a leetle, for his one eye got so crooked he never could have seed his way straight; den I goes to de mountain, do I

see double, d——d a bird could I shooted. But I stops, now, I drinks no more; if anybody ask me to drink, I'll say to dem—— (Vedder comes down and offers cup to him.) Here is your go-to-hell, and your family's go-to-hell, and may you all live long and prosper. (Drinks.)

Vedd.—Why, neighbor Rip, where have you been all day? We feared some of the Elfin goblins of the Catskills had caught you.

Rip.—Ha, ha! I never see no ghosts, though I've fought mit spirits in my time, ha, ha!

Vedd.—And they always throw you, eh? ha, ha!

Rip.—Dat's a fact! Ha, ha, ha!

Vedd.—But, Rip, where have you been?

Rip.—Oh, very hard at work—very busy; dere is nothing slipped fun my fingers as was come at abe.

Rory.—(Down.) They appear to have slipped through your game bag, though, for it's full of emptiness. Ha, ha, ha!

Rip.—Ho, ho, ho! cut no jokes at my bag or I'll gib you de sack.

Vedd.—Come, Rip, sit down; take a pipe and a glass and make yourself comfortable.

Rip.—Nine, nine—ech con neighed—it behoves a man to look after his interest unt not drink all de while; I shall den be able to manage——

Vedd.—Your wife, Rip?

Rip.—Manage mine frow? Can you fly to de moon on a paper kite? Can you drink all de beer and brandy-wine at one gulp? When you can do dat, mine Goot im himmel, you can manage mine frow. (All laugh.)

Rory.—Take one glass, Rip.

Rip.—No, I won't touch him.

Vedd.—Come, come, lay hold.

Rip.—Now, I'll be d——d fun I does.

Vedd.—Well, if you won't. (All go to table but Rip.)

Rip.—Dere is a drinks, dere is a drinks; I have conquered temptation at last. Bravo, resolution! bravo, resolution! resolution, you shall have one glass for dat. (Goes to table.)

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha!

Rory.—Here, Rip, here's a glass at your service, and, as for the contents, I'll warrant it genuine, and no mistake.

(Gives Rip a cup.)

Rip.—Rory, here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's go-to-hell, unt may you all live long unt prosper.

Rory.—Come, Rip, give us a stave.

Vedd.—Yes, yes, Rip, a stave, for the old dame will be after you soon, and then we will all have to make a clearance.

Rip.—Oh, tunner wasser! won't my old woman skin me when I get home!

Vedd. and Rory.—Ha, ha, ha! come, the song, the song.

Rip.—Well, here is Rip Van Winkle's warning to all single fellows:

SONG.

List, my friends, to caution's voice,
Ere de marriage knot you tie;
It is the devil, mit shrews to splice,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

When a wife to rule once wishes,
Mit poor spouse 'tis all my eye,
I'm d—d if she don't wear de breeches,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

Yet dere is a charm about dem,
Do dere voices are so high
We can't do mit 'em,
Nor we can't do mitout 'em,
Dat nobody can deny, deny,
Dat nobody can deny.

(Pause.)

Chorus.—That nobody can deny, etc.

Dame.—(Without.) Rip, Rip! I'll stretch your ears when I get hold of them.

Rip.—Mine Goot im himmel, dere is my frow.

Dame.—(Without.) Rip! you lazy varmint! Rip!

Rip.—(Gets under the table with bottle.) Look out, boys! de wildcat's coming.

Vedder, Rory and Clausin at table. Enter Dame, with a stick.

Dame.—Where is this wicked husband of mine? Odds bodikins and pins! I heard his voice; you've hid him somewhere! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, to inveigle a husband from a tender, loving spouse; but I'm put upon by all, because they know the mildness of my temper. (They laugh.) Odds bodikins and curling irons, but some of you shall laugh the other sides of your mouths—I'll pull your pate for you.

(Chases them round table; they exit. Dame upsets table and discovers Rip.)

Dame.—Oh, you Rip of all rips! what have you to say for yourself?

Rip.—Here is your go-to-hell, unt your family's, unt may you all live long and prosper.

Dame.—(Pulling him down the stage by the ear.) I'm cool—that is to say, not very hot; but the mildest temper in the world would be in a passion at such treatment. Get home, you drunken monster, or I shan't be able to keep my hands off you—tell me, sir, what have you been about all day?

Rip.—Hard at work, my dumpy-dumpy; de first ting I see dis morning was a fine, fat rabbit.

Dame.—A rabbit? Oh, I do like rabbits in a stew; I like everything in a stew.

Rip.—I be d——d but dat is a fact.

Dame.—Well, well, the rabbit?

Rip.—I was going to tell you, well, dere was de rabbit feeding in de grass.

Dame.—Well, well, Rip?

Rip.—I puts my gun to my shoulder——

Dame.—Yes.

Rip.—I takes goot aim mit him——

Dame.—Yes.

Rip.—I pulls my trigger, unt——

Dame.—Bang went the gun and down the rabbit fell.

Rip.—Eh? snap went de gun and off de rabbit run. Ha, ha, ha!

Dame.—No!

Rip.—I be d——d fun dat is a fact.

Dame.—And you shot nothing?

Rip.—Not dat time; but de next time, I picks me my flint, unt I creeps up to de little pond by de old field, unt dere what de you tink I see?

Dame.—Ducks?

Rip.—More as fifty black ducks—ducks as big as a goose—well, I hauls up again.

Dame.—And so will I (raising stick) if you miss fire this time.

Rip.—Bang!

Dame.—How many down?

Rip.—One!

Dame.—Not more than one duck out of fifty?

Rip.—Yes, a great deal more as one duck.

Dame.—Then you shot more than one?

Rip.—Yes, more as one duck; I shot one old bull.

Dame.—What?

Rip.—I'm d——d fun dat is a fact! dat was one down, unt, my Goot im himmel, how he did roar and bellow unt lash his tail unt snort unt sneeze unt sniff! Well, de bull puts right after me, unt I puts right away fun de bull; well, de bull comes up mit me just as I was climbing de fence, unt he catch me mit his horns fun de seat of my breeches, unt sent me flying more as a mile high. Well, bye-and-bye directly, I come down already in a big tree, unt dere I sticks fast, unt den——

Dame.—You went fast asleep for the rest of the day.

Rip.—Dat's a fact. How you know dat? you must be a witch.

Dame.—(Catching him by the collar.) Home, sir, home!
you lazy scamp. (Beating him.)

Rip.—But, mine lublicka frow—

Dame.—Home! (Beating him.)

Rip.—Nine! nine!

Dame.—Home! (Beats him.)

Rip.—Mine Goot im himmel. (Dame beats him off.)

SCENE II.

A plain chamber.

Enter Derric Van Slaus.

Derric.—Should the present application fail, I am a ruined man; all my speculations will be frustrated and my duplicity exposed; yes, the dissipation of my son must inevitably prove his ruin, as well as mine. To supply his wants, the public money has been employed; and, if unable to replace it, heaven knows what may be the consequence. But my son is now placed with an able advocate in New York, and, should he pursue the right path, there may be still hopes of his reformation.

Herman.—(Without.) My father, you say, is this way?

Derr.—What voice is that; my son? What can have recalled him thus suddenly? Some new misadventure—oh, my foreboding thoughts!

Enter Herman.

Derr.—Herman, what brings you back? Are all my cautions thus lightly regarded, that they can take no hold upon your conduct?

Herm.—You have good cause for warmth, sir; but learn the reason of my disobedience ere you condemn. Business

of importance has urged me hither—such as concerns us both most intimately.

Derr.—Some fresh extravagance, no doubt, to drain my little left, and set a host of creditors loose upon me.

Herm.—Not so, sir, but the reverse. List! you know our neighbor, Rip Van Winkle?

Derr.—Know him? Aye, his idleness is proverbial; you have good cause to recollect him, too, since 'twas by his courage your life was preserved, when attacked by the famished wolf.

Herm.—He has a daughter scarcely seven years old now; the attorney whom I serve has been employed to draw up the will and settle the affairs of this girl's aunt, who, for some slight offered by Van Winkle, has long since discarded the family. At her death, the whole of her immense wealth, in cash and land, is the inheritance of the girl, who is, at this moment, the richest presumptive heiress in the land.

Derr.—What connection can Van Winkle's fortune have with ours?

Herm.—Listen! Were it possible to procure his signature to a contract that his daughter, when of age, should be married to me, on this security money might be raised by us to any amount. Now, my good father, am I comprehensible?

Derr.—Truly, this seems no visionary dream, like those in which, with fatal pertinacity, you have so oft indulged; and, on recollection, the rent of his tenement is in arrears; 'twill offer favorable opportunity for my calling and sounding him; the contract must be your care.

Herm.—'Tis already prepared and lacks only his signature. (Presenting it.) Lawyers, who would do justice to their clients, must not pause at conscience; 'tis entirely out of the question when their own interest is concerned.

Derr.—Herman, I like not this black-leg manner of proceeding; yet it augurs thou wilt be no pettifogger. I'll to Van Winkle straight, and, though not legalized to act, yet in this case I can do work which honest lawyers would scorn. (Exit.)

Herm.—(Solus.) True; the honest lawyer lives by his reputation, and therefore pauses to undertake a cause he knows

unjust; but how easily are some duped. Can my father for a moment suppose that the rank weeds of youth are so easily uprooted? No! what is to be done, good father of mine, but to serve myself? Young men of the present generation cannot live without the means of entering into life's varieties, and this supply will henceforth enable me to do so to the fullest extent of my ambitious wishes. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

Rip's cottage. Clothes basket, with clothes. Table, chairs, arm-chair, with cloak over it.

Enter Knickerbocker, cautiously.

Knickerbocker.—Zooks! I'm venturing into a tiger's den in quest of a lamb. All's clear, however; and, could I but pop on little Alice, how we would bill and coo. She comes! lie still, my fluttering heart.

Enter Alice.

Alice.—(Without observing Knickerbocker.) There, there, go to sleep. Ah! Knickerbocker, how I love you, spite of all the strange ways that you pursue.

Knick.—(Aside.) Sensible, susceptible soul! But merit ever meets its recompense.

Alice.—No wonder I am fascinated; his figure is so elegant, and, then, his education! I never see him but I am ready to jump into his loving arms.

(Turning, she is caught in the embrace of Knickerbocker.)

Knick.—This is too much for human nature to support; this declaration is a banquet that gods might prize. Beauteous angel! hear me, whilst I proclaim— (Kneeling.)

Dame.—(Without.) Go along, you drunken brute.

Knick.—The devil! 'tis Dame Van Winkle! what's to become of me?

Alice.—If you're found here, I'm ruined! you must conceal yourself—but where?

Knick.—That's the important question; oh, I'll hop into the cupboard.

Alice.—Not for the world! she is sure to want something out of it. Here, here, get into this clothes basket and let me cover you over with the foul linen.

Knick.—It's a very foul piece of business altogether; but I must stomach it, whether I will or no.

(She puts him into the basket and covers him with linen.)

Enter Dame, dragging in Rip.

Dame.—And now, sir, I've got you home; what have you to say for yourself, I should like to know?

Rip.—Nothing, my darling; de least said is soonest mended, and so you shall have all de talk to yourself. Now, ain't dat liberal?

Dame.—Where's all the game you were to bring home?

Rip.—On de wing still: wouldn't venture to come mitin fire: for though dey missed mine gun, dere's one ting for certain, I never miss your blowing up.

Dame.—My blowing up! Odds bodikins and pins! I shall never be able to contain myself! Where's the money to pay the rent, you oaf?

Rip.—I don't know. Do you?

Dame.—You'll go to prison, and that'll be the end on't.

Rip.—Come, no more quarrelling to-night. We'll see about de rent money to-morrow morning.

Dame.—To-morrow! it's always to-morrow with you; so, Alice, you are sitting and idling, as usual, just like your brother; a precious pair of soft pates.

Rip.—Soft pate! pretty hard, I guess, or it would have been fructured long since, and dat's a fact.

Dame.—And now, Alice, come with me, that I may satisfy myself how you have disposed of the children, for in these

matters you are just such a crawler as that vagrum there (is retiring), that terrapin!

Rip.—Terrapin! Ah, dame, I leaves you to go the whole hog; but, hark'ee, my lovey, before you go, won't you return de leetle bottle which you manage to get from me last night?

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! A man already drunk and asking for more liquor! You shan't have a drop, you sot, that you shall not. The bottle, indeed! not you, eh! faith!

(Exit, with Alice.)

Rip.—Tunder take me if I don't think but what she has finished it herself, and dat's de fact. My nose always sniffs like a terrier's: 'tis in de cupboard, her Hollands—so, here goes to nibble.

(Rip opens the closet door cautiously, and is rummaging for a bottle, when he treads on Knickerbocker, who roars out lustily. Rip, in his sudden alarm, upsets the porcelain and glass; and, falling, rolls into the middle of the chamber, quaking in every limb and vociferating loudly.)

Rip.—Help! murder! fire! thieves!

(Knickerbocker, in the interim, darts out of the closet, and, beyond the consciousness of future proceeding, throws himself into the arm-chair. Alice, entering hastily, throws a cloak over him, which hides him from observation. Dame enters, alarmed.)

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! what's the matter now?

Rip.—(Raising his head cautiously.) Matter, indeed! the devil's in the cupboard! Oh, la! I'll be swammed.

Dame.—In the cupboard! (Goes there, sees chair broken, squalling.) All my fine porcelain destroyed! monster! vile, rapacious monster! A devil, indeed, has been in the cupboard, and that's you. The china, presented to me by my grand relations, which I set such store on, smashed into a thousand pieces; 'tis too much for my weak nerves. I shall swoon! I shall faint! (She sinks in the arm-chair, but immediately starts up, and, squalling, falls into Rip's arms. Knickerbocker regains the closet, unobserved by all, save Alice.)

Dame.—Heaven have mercy on us! there was somebody in the chair! somebody in the chair!

Rip.—Phoo! there's nothing in de chair, save your old cloak; dat's all.

Dame.—I'm so alarmed—so agitated, that—Alice, put your hand into my pocket and you'll find a bottle.

(Alice produces the bottle.)

Rip.—(Aside.) A leetle bottle! Oh, dat's de private cupboard. Alice, let me hold de leetle bottle, whilst you fetch a glass for the old woman. (Alice, hastening off, brings a wine-glass, which Rip fills and gives to Dame.)

Rip.—Here's your go-to-hell, and your family's, and may you live long and prosper. (Drinks from the bottle; Alice, in the interim, proceeds to the closet and brings Knickerbocker out, who is making for the door, when, hearing someone approach, he again escapes to his retreat.)

Alice.—(At door.) Oh, aunt! aunt! here's the burgomaster coming up the garden.

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! the burgomaster! what's to be done now? coming for the rent! what's to be done now, I say?

Rip.—I'll go to bed and think.

Dame.—You shan't go to bed! you must make some fresh excuse; you're famous at them to me; you have got into the hobble and must get out of it as well as you can. I shall go and consult my friend, Dame Wrigrim; and Alice, should the peddler woman come, desire her not to leave any more of her rubbish here.

(As Dame retires, she meets Derric, to whom she courtesies.)

Derric.—Good-evening, Dame.

Dame.—Your honor's servant.

(Exit Dame.)

Rip.—(Aside.) La! what a stew I'm in; Alice, take yourself off, 'tis full time; wish I was off, too, mit all my heart and soul.

Alice.—(Aside.) Dear, dear! what will become of my poor Knickerbocker?
(Exit.)

Derr.—Well, honest Rip, how wags the world with you?

Rip.—Bad enough, sir; for, though laboring from morn to night, I can make no advance in de world, though my industry is proverbial, and dat's a fact.

Derr.—Why, where the bottle is concerned, few, I believe, can boast so much industry.

Rip.—Dat is a fact; but I suppose you have called concerning de rent. (Aside.) How my heart goes and comes! (Aloud.) Now, if your honor will be so good enough to—

Derr.—To write the receipt: certainly.

Rip.—Nine, nine! (Aside.) I'm stewed alive mit perspiration.

Derr.—We'll talk of the rent at a future period. There is another affair on which I wish to consult you.

Rip.—Take a chair, your honor. (Aside, rubbing his hands together.) It's all right, by de hookey. (Aloud.) Take a glass mit me. (They take chairs.)

Derr.—You know my only son, whose life you preserved?

Rip.—Yes; and a wild harum-scarum dog he is. (Drinks.)

Derr.—He is now stationed in New York, studying the law, and has become a staid, sober, prudent youth; and now 'tis my wish that he should settle on this, his native place, and that he marry some honest girl, who is altogether unacquainted with the frivolities of cities; and I have been thinking that in a few years your daughter will be grown up and would make a suitable match for him. True, there will be some disparity in their ages, but as the years are on the side of the husband, so 'twill be all the better for the wife, in having a matured preceptor.

Rip.—Beg pardon, sir, but it strikes me you are only carrying on your rigs mit me.

Derr.—No, on my honor; and, to convince you that I'm in earnest, I have brought with me a contract, by which our offspring, when of age, are bound to intermarry or forfeit their several fortunes. I shall settle all mine on Herman, and I shall expect you to do the same for your daughter.

Rip.—Yah! yah! ech woll; I'll give her all I got; all my money; but she must be d——d smart if she can find 'em. Take a drink, Mr. Burgomaster. (Drinks.)

Derr.—Well, here are the two contracts, both binding and legally drawn.

Rip.—Yah! yah! (Drinks. Derric gives him the pen.) What you want me to do mit dis?

Derr.—Merely sign your name.

Rip.—Me, put my name on dat paper, mitout my old woman knowing?—mine goot friend, she would skin me. (Noise in closet.) Schat! you witch!

Derr.—But I was about to propose, on condition of your signing the contract, to let you live rent free, in future.

Rip.—Rent free! I'll sign! but stop! my old woman must play old hob mit me—so put down dat I can break dat contract, if I choose, in twenty years and a day. (Noise.) Schat! you witch!

Derr.—(Writing.) As you please. (Noise.)

Rip.—Schat! you witch! (Drinks.)

Derr.—Is that a cat, friend Rip? (Writing.)

Rip.—I don't know if it is a cat—but, if it is my dog Snider, I wouldn't be in his skin when de old woman comes back.

Derr.—There, friend Rip, I have inserted, at your request, this codicil: "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so."

Rip.—Yah, yah! dos is recht—dat is goot. Now, Mr. Burgomaster, what you want me to do?

Derr.—Sign it!

Rip.—Wass?

Derr.—Sign!

Rip.—Give me de paper. (Takes it.) How my head turns round. (Reading.) "Should the said Rip Van Winkle"—Yah, yah! dat is me. "Rip Van Winkle—twenty years and a day." Oh, dat is all recht. (Writing.) R-i-p V-a-n— (Noise.) Schat! you witch! W-i-n-k-l-e—now, dere he is.

Derr.—And there is the counterpart. (Gives it.)

Rip.—Dis is for me, eh? I'll put him in my breast pocket—yah, yah.

Derr.—Now, Rip, I must bid you good-evening.

Rip.—Stop! Take some more liquor. Why, de bottle is empty! Here! Alice! Alice! get some more schnapps for de burgomaster.

Derr.—No, not to-night. (Rising.) But, should you want any, you will always find a bottle for you at your old friend Rory's; so, good-night.

Rip.—Stop, Mr. Burgomaster! I will go and get dat bottle now. (Rising.) Alice! Alice! comma see hah!

Enter Alice.

Rip.—Alice, give me mine hat. (Alice gives it.) Now, take care of de house till I comes back; if de old woman comes before I gets home, tell her I am gone out mit de burgomaster on par—par—tick particklar business. (Exit with Derric.)

(Alice advances and brings on Knickerbocker from the closet.)

Alice.—So, Mr. Knickerbocker, you are still here?

Knick.—Yes; all that's left of me! and, now that the coast is clear, I'll give them leg bail, as the lawyers have it, and if they ever catch me here again—— (He goes toward the door and returns in sudden alarm.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's mother Van Winkle coming back; I shall never get out of this mess.

Alice.—It's all your own fault! why would you come to-night?

Knick.—I shall never be able to come again—the cross vixen will take care of that if she catches me here.

Alice.—There is but one method of avoiding her wrath; slip on the clothes the old peddler woman brought for sale, and I'll warrant you'll soon be tumbled out of the house.

Knick.—With a good thrashing to boot, I suppose. No matter, if I can but slip out of the house, I don't care what I slip into.

(Knickerbocker sits in arm-chair and is attired by Alice in woman's dress; on rising, the petticoats but reach his knees.)

Knick.—Confound the lower garments! they're too short by half.

Alice.—'Tis your legs are too long by half! stoop down; say as little as possible and you'll not be discovered.

(He again sits.)

Enter Dame.

Dame.—Well, I've got back, and I see Mr. Van Slaus is gone! but where's that varlet, Rip; out again? oh, that Rip! that Rip! I'll certainly be the death of him, or he will of me, which is most likely. Alice, who have you in the chair?

Alice.—The peddler woman, aunt, who has come for the things she left.

Dame.—The peddler woman—hark'ee, gossip; bring no more of your rubbish here. Take yourself off and let me have a clear house.

Knick.—(Aside.) 'Gad, I wish I was safely cleared out of it.

(Knickerbocker rises, hobbles forward; but, forgetting the shortness of the petticoats, in courtesying, is discovered by the Dame, from the exposure of his legs.)

Dame.—Odds bodikins and pins! who have we here! an impostor? But you shall pay for it; this is a peddler woman, indeed, with such lanky shanks. (She rushes up to door and locks it—then, with a broom, pursues him round—he flings bonnet in her face.)

Knick.—Needs must, when the devil drives—so here goes.

(He jumps through the window, which is dashed to pieces—he disappears. Dame rushes up, with broom, toward window. Alice laughs.)

Dame.—What! laugh at his misconduct, hussey! One's just as bad as the other. All born to plague me. Get you to bed—to bed, I say.

(Dame drives Alice off and follows. Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

Half dark. A front wood. The report of a gun is heard. Shortly after, Rip enters, with his gun.

Rip.—Whip-poor-Will! 'Egad, I think they'll whip poor Rip. (Takes aim at bird—it flashes in the pan.) Another miss! Oh, curse the misses and the missusses! hang me if I can get a single shot at the sky-flyers. Wish I had one of de German guns which Knickerbocker talks so much about—one dat fires round corners; la! how I'd bring dem down! bring dem down! Were I to wing as many daily as would fill a dearborn, dame wouldn't be satisfied—not that she's avaricious—but den she must have something or somebody to snarl at, and I'm the unlucky dog at whom she always lets fly. Now, she got at me mit de broomstick so soon as I got back again; if I go home again, she will break my back. Tunner wasser! how sleepy I am—I can't go home, she will break my back—so I will sleep in de mountain to-night, and to-morrow I turn over a new leaf and drink no more liquor.

Voice Outside.—Rip Van Winkle.

(A dead pause ensues. Suddenly a noise, like the rolling of cannon balls, is heard—then a discordant shout of laughter. Rip wakes and sits up, astonished.)

Rip.—What the deuce is that? my wife at mine elbow? Oh, no, nothing of the kind: I must have been dreaming; so I'll contrive to nap, since I'm far enough from her din.

(Reclines and sleeps.)

Voice Outside.—Rip Van Winkle. (The laugh being repeated, Rip again awakes.)

Rip.—I can't be mistaken dis time. Plague on't, I've got among the spirits of the mountains, metinks, and haven't a drop of spirits left to keep them off.

Swaggrino.—(Without.) Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

Rip.—Rip Van Winkle! that's me, to a certainty.

Swaggrino, the grotesque dwarf, enters, bending beneath the weight of a large cask which he bears on his shoulder.

He pauses, examines Rip, then invites him to assist him in placing the cask on the ground, which Rip complies with.

Rip.—Hang me, if he hasn't brought my heart up into my mouth; what an outlandish being, a sea snake, by dunder!

(Swaggrino, pointing to the cask, entreats Rip's assistance in bearing it up the mountains.)

Want me to help you up mit it? Why not say so at first, my old codger? What a queer old chap, to be sure; but I can't let him toil up the mountain with such a heavy load as dat; no, no, and so, old broad chops, I'll help you.

(Dwarf assists in placing cask on Rip's shoulder—a loud laugh is heard—Rip is alarmed, but dwarf signs him to proceed and be of good courage—leads way up rocks—another peal of laughter, and Rip hastily follows him.)

SCENE V.

Dark. The Sleepy Hollow, in the bosom of the mountains—stunted trees, fragments of rock in various parts. Moon in the horizon; the entrance to this wild recess being by an opening from the abyss in the rear of the glen.

Grotesque Dutch figures, with enormous masked heads and lofty, tapering hats, discovered playing at cards in various places, others at Dutch pins—battledores and shuttlecocks—the majority seated on a rock, drinking and smoking.

Gauderkin.—Since on earth this only day,
In fifty years we're given to stray,
We'll keep it as a holiday!
So, brothers, let's be jolly and gay.

Icken.—But, question, where's that lazy wight,
Who, soon as sun withdrew its light,
Was for the earth's rich beverage sent,
And has such time in absence spent?

Gaud.—Perhaps with some misfortune he's been doomed to meet,

Cross'd, no doubt, on the road by mortal feet.

Icken.—And what the punishment that you decree
On him, who on our mysteries makes free?

Gaud.—Twenty years in slumber's chain,

Is the fate that we ordain;

Yet, if merry wight he prove,

Pleasing dreams his sleep shall move.

Icken.—Our brother comes, and up the rugged steep,
A mortal, see, Swaggrino's presence keep.

Omnes.—Twenty years in slumber's chain,

Is the fate that we ordain.

He comes! he comes! let silence reign!—

Let silence reign! let silence reign!

(The spirits retire up and station themselves in motionless attitudes. Swaggrino ascends by the opening in the rear, followed by Rip, with the keg. Rip advances, and, with the assistance of his conductor, places the cask on the rock. The spirits remain immovable in front.)

Rip.—I'm a dead man, to a certainty. Into what strange company have I tumbled! crickey, what will become of me? Dear, dear! would I were home again, even though along with Dame Van Winkle.

(The figures severally advance and stare at him, then resume their games. Swaggrino taps the cask; motions the astonished Rip to assist him in distributing its contents into various flagons; an injunction with which he complies. Swaggrino helps his companions.)

After all, they seem a harmless set, and there can be no argument with them, for they appear to be all dummies. Lord, were my wife as silent! They're a deadly, lively, jolly set; but I wonder what kind of spirits dese spirits are drinking! surely, dere can be no harm in taking a drop along mit dem. (Fills a flagon.) Here goes! Gentlemen, here's your go-to-hells, and

your broad-chopped family's, and may you all live long and prosper.

(Drinks.)

Omnes.—Ha, ha, ha!

(A grotesque dance ensues, during which Rip continues to supply himself from the keg. He at length joins in the dance and becomes so exhausted that he reels forward and sinks in front. The dancing ceases, the spirits utter three ho, ho, ho's! Some of them sing.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

The last of the first act repeated; but the distance now presents a richly cultivated country. The bramble is grown into a lofty tree, and all that remains of Rip's gun is its rusty barrel, which is at the foot of the tree.

Rip discovered extended on the ground, asleep; his hair gray, and beard grown to an unusual length—the hour of the scene is gray dawn, and birds from sky and hill are chirping.

Rip.—(Speaking in his sleep.) Mother Van Winkle! Dame Van Winkle! what are you arter? Don't be always badgering; will you never allow poor Rip a moment's quiet? Curse it! don't throw de hot water about so, you'll scald one's eyes, and so you will, and no mistake; and so you have. (He awakens in sudden emotion.) Eh! by dunder! what's all dis? Where am I? In the name of goodness, where am I? (Gazing around.) On the Catskill Mountains, by all that's miraculous! 'Egad! my rib will play the very devil with me for stopping out all night. There will be a fine peal sounded when I get home. (Rises.) How confoundedly stiff and sore my joints do feel; surely, I must have been sleeping for a pretty long time! Asleep! no, I was awake and enjoying myself with as jolly a rum set of codgers as ever helped to toom out a keg of Hollands. I danced, and, 'egad, drank with them till I was pretty blue, and dat's no mistake—but, confound it, they shouldn't have caught me napping, for 'tis plain they have taken them-

selves off like an uncereemonious pack of—pack of—give an eye tooth to know who they were. (Looking around.) Where is my gun? I left it on a little bush. (He finds the rusty barrel of his gun.) Hallo! come up, here's a grab! the unmannerly set of sharpers! stolen one of the best fowling pieces that ever made a crack, and left this worthless, rusty barrel by way of exchange! What will Dame Van Winkle say to this? By the hookey! but she'll comb my hair finely! Now, I went to sleep beneath that hickory—'twas a mere bush. Can I be dreaming still? Is there anyone who will be good enough to tell me whether it is so or not? Be blowed if I can make head or tail on't. One course only now remains—to pluck up resolution, go back to Dame Van Winkle, and by dunder she'll soon let me know whether I'm awake or not. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A well-furnished apartment in the house of Knickerbocker.

Lorrenna, now a woman, enters.

Lorrenna.—Alas, what a fate is mine! Left an orphan at an early age—a relation's bounty made me rich; but to-day, this fatal day—poverty again awaits me, unless I bestow my hand without my heart! Oh, my poor father! little did you know the misery you have entailed upon your child.

Knickerbocker and Alice enter, arm in arm. They are much more corpulent than when seen in Act I, and dressed in modern attire—Alice in the extreme of former fashion.

Knickerbocker.—Decided that cause in the most judgematical-like manner. White wasn't black. Saw that in a twinkling; no one disputed my argument. (Speaking as entering.) Come along, spouse! Lauks! how you do waddle up and down, side to side, like one of our butter-laden loggers in a squall, as the Dutchmen have it; ah, Lorrenna, you here? But you appear more depressed than customary. Those saddened looks are by no means pleasing to those who would ever wish to

see you cheerful. What the dickens prevents your being otherwise, when all around are so anxious for your happiness?

Lor.—Truly am I beholden for your protection and ever grateful. But to place a smile on the brow whilst sorrow lingers in the bosom is a deceptive penance to the wearer—painful to those around, who mark and must perceive the vizard; to say that I am happy would be inconsistent with truth. The persecutions of Herman Van Slaus—

Alice.—Ah! my dear Lorrenna, many a restless night have I had on that varlet's account, as spouse knows.

Knick.—That's as true as there's ghosts in the Catskills, as Dutchmen have it; for be darned if a single night passes that Alice suffers me to go to sleep peaceably.

Alice.—Well, well; cheer thee, my niece; there is bounteous intelligence in store; nor think there is any idle fiction in this brain, as our divine poets picture.

Knick.—There, there, Alice is going into her romance again—plain as my fist—she has been moonified ever since she became a subscriber for books at the new library! Planet-struck, by gum, as philosophers have it, and—

Alice.—And you have said so little to the purpose that I must now interpose. My dear Lorrenna—Gustaffe—'tis your aunt who speaks—

Knick.—There, now, pops in her word before a magistrate.

Lor.—My Gustaffe! ha! say!—

Knick.—Would have told you in a brace of shakes, as gamblers have it, if she hadn't thrown the dice first. Yes, my pretty chicky—Gustaffe's vessel is now making up the Hudson; so cheer thee! cheer thee, I say! your lover is not far off.

Lor.—Gustaffe so near? blessed intelligence! Oh, the happiest wishes of my heart are gratified! But are you certain? Do not raise my hopes without cause. Are you quite certain? Speak, dear aunt; are you, indeed, assured Gustaffe's vessel has arrived?

Knick.—Didn't think fit to break the news too suddenly, but you have it.

Alice.—"The ship with wide expanded canvas glides along, and soon"—I forget the remainder of the quotation; but 'tis

in the delectable work, "Robinson Crusoe"—soon will you hear him hail. (A knock is heard.) My stars foretell that this is either him—

Knick.—Or somebody else, as I suppose.

Enter Sophia.

Sophia.—Oh, sir, Squire Knickerbocker, Herman, son of the late Derric Van Slaus, is in the hall.

Alice.—That's not the him whom I expected, at all events.

Knick.—Son of the individual whom I succeeded as burgo-master? Talk of the devil—now, I don't know how it is, but I'm always squalmish when in company of these lawyers that's of his cast. Qui Tam.

Soph.—He wishes to be introduced. What is your pleasure?

Knick.—Let him be so, by all means. An honest man needn't fear the devil. (Exit Sophia.)

Lor.—Excuse my presence, uncle. To hear him repeat his claims would but afflict a heart already agonized; and, with your leave, I will withdraw. (Exit.)

Knick.—Aye, aye; let me alone to manage him, as a barrister says to his client when he cross-questions a witness. See Miss Lorrenna to her chamber, Mrs. Knickerbocker. This Herman is a d——d rogue, as the English have it; and he'll go to the dominions below, as the devil will have it, and as I have had it for the last twenty years.

Alice.—And I tell you, to your comfort, if you don't send the varlet quick off, with a flea in his ear, you shall have it. Yes, Squire Knickerbocker, you shall have it, be assured. So says Mrs. Knickerbocker, you shall have it. (Exit.)

Knick.—Truly, I've had plenty of it from you for the last eighteen years.

Enter Herman.

Herman.—Sir, I wait upon you once more. The period is now expired when my just claim, which you have so long pro-

tracted, can be vainly disputed. A vain and idle dispute of justice.

Knick.—Precious fine, indeed, sir—but my ward has a mighty strong reluctance to part with her fortune, and much more so to make you her partner for life. You are not exactly to her liking, nor to her in the world's generally.

Herm.—One or the other she is compelled to. You are aware, sir, that the law is on my side! the law, sir—the law, sir!

Knick.—Oh, yes! And, no doubt, every quibble that it offers will be twisted to the best purpose for your interest. You're a dabster at chicane, or you're precious belied.

Herm.—You will not, I presume, dispute the signature of the individual who formed the contract?

Knick.—Oh, no! not dispute Rip's signature, but his error in judgment. I happened to be a cabinet counsellor at the very moment my deceased relative, who was non compos mentis at the time, clapped his pen to a writing, artfully extracted from him by your defunct father, whose memory is better forgotten than remembered.

Herm.—Sir, I came here not to meet insult; I came hither, persuaded you would acknowledge my right, and to prevent a publicity that may be painful to both parties. You are inclined to dispute them; before a tribunal shall they be arbitrated; and, knowing my claims, Mr. Knickerbocker, know well that Lorrenna or her fortune must be mine. (Exit.)

Knick.—You go to Davy Jones, as the seamen have it. Lorrenna shall never be yours, and if ever she wants a cent whilst I have one, my name isn't Knickerbocker—damme, as the dandies have it.

Lorrenna enters, with Alice.

Lorrenna.—My dear guardian, you have got rid of Herman, I perceive.

Knick.—I wish I had, with all my soul; but he sticks to his rascally undertaking like a crab to its shell; 'egad, there will be no dislodging him, unless he's clapped into a cauldron of boiling water, as fishmongers have it.

Alice.—And boiled to rags. But, husband! husband, I say!

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please.

Alice.—Well, then, Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear, if you please, we have been looking out at the window to ascertain who came and went, and have discovered a fine, handsome fellow galloping toward the town, and I shouldn't at all wonder if it wasn't—

Gustaffe rushes in.

Lor.—(Hurries to him.) My dear, dear Gustaffe!

Gustaffe.—(Embracing her.) My tender, charming Lorrenna!

Knick.—Why, Gustaffe! Bless us! why, how the spark has grown!

Alice.—Not quite so corpulent as you, spouse.

Knick.—Spouse! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Truly, wife, we have both increased somewhat in corporal, as well as temporal substance, since Gustaffe went to sea. But, you know, Alice—

Alice.—Mrs. Knickerbocker, if you please.

Knick.—Well, Mrs. Knickerbocker—

Gust.—Why, Knickerbocker, you have thriven well of late.

Knick.—I belong to the corporation, and we must support our corporation, as well as it. But, not a word about the pig, as the butchers have it, when you were a little boy, and Alice courting me.

Alice.—I court you, sirrah? what mean you?

Knick.—Sirrah! Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. Why, then, deary—we didn't like anyone to intrude on our society; do you take the hint? as the gamblers have it. Come along, Alice—Mrs. Knickerbocker, I would say—let us leave the lovers to themselves.

Alice.—Again they meet, and sweet's the love that meets return. (Exeunt Knickerbocker and Alice, singing in concert, "Again they meet.")

Gust.—My dear Lorrenna, why this dejected look? It is your own Gustaffe enfolds you in his arms.

Lor.—Alas! I am no longer worthy of your love,—your friendship. A fatal bond extracted from my lamented father has severed us forever—I am devoid of fortune.

Gust.—Lorrenna, you have been the star that has guided my bark,—thee, my compass—my north pole,—and when the magnet refuses its aid to the seaman, then will he believe that you have foundered in affection, or think that I would prove faithless from the loss of earthly pittance.

Lor.—Shoals—to speak in your nautical language—have long, on every side, surrounded me; but by my kind uncle's advice must we be guided. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

The town of Rip's nativity, instead of the village as presented in first scene of the drama:—It is now a populous and flourishing settlement. On the spot where Rory's tap-house formerly stood is a handsome hotel, and the sign of "George III" is altered into that of "George Washington." A settee in front, with table. The harbor is filled with shipping.

Seth Slough, the landlord, enters from the hotel. Loud shouts.

Seth.—Well I reckon the election's about bustin' up. If that temperance feller gets in I'm bound to sell out; for a rum-seller will stand no more chance with him than a bobtail cow in fly time. Hollo! who is this outlandish critter? he looks as if he had been dead for fifty years and was dug up to vote against the temperance ticket

Enter male and female villagers, laughing. Enter Rip—they gather round him.

Rip.—Where I was I wonder? my neiber frints, "knost you Deutsch spricken?"

Villagers.—Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill.—I say, old feller, you ain't seed nothing of no old butter firkin with no kiver on, no place about here?—

Rip.—No butter firkin mit no kiver, no place; no, I ain't seen him.

Villagers.—Ha, ha, ha!

1st Vill.—Who's your barber? (Strokes his chin—all laugh and exit.)

Rip.—I can't understand dis: everything seems changed. (Strokes his chin.) Why, I'm changed, too; why, my beard's as long as a goat's.

Seth.—(Coming down.) Look here, old sucker, I guess you had better go home and get shaved.

Rip.—My old woman will shave me when I gets home! Home, where is my home? I went to the place where it used to was, and it wasn't dere. Do you live in Catskill?

Seth.—Well I rather guess I dus——

Rip.—Do you know where I live?

Seth.—Well, to look at you, I should think you didn't live nowhere in particular, but stayed round in spots.

Rip.—You live in Catskill?

Seth.—Certain.

Rip.—You don't know dat I belong here?

Seth.—No I'm darned if I do. I should say you belonged to Noah's ark——

Rip.—Did you never hear in Catskill of one Rip Van Winkle?

Seth.—What, Rip Van Winkle, the greatest rum sucker in the country?

Rip.—Dat is a fact—dat is him! ha, ha! now we shall see.

Seth.—Oh yes, I've heard of him; the old ooon's been dead these twenty years.

Rip.—Den I am dead and dat is a fact. Well, poor Rip is dead. I'm sorry for dat.—Rip was a goot fellow.

Seth.—I wish there was a whole grist just like him in Catskill. Why, they say he could drink rum enough in one day to swim in.

Rip.—Don't talk so much about rum; you makes me so dry as never was.

Seth.—Hold on a spell, then, and I'll fetch you something to wet your whistle. (Exit into house.)

Rip.—Why, here is another change! dis was Rory's house last night (*Seth* reënters) mit de sign of George the Third.

Seth.—The alteration of my sign is no bad sign for the country I reckon.

Rip.—(*Reading.*) "George Washington," who is he? I remember a shoot of dat name, dat served under Braddock, before I went to sleep.

Seth.—(*Giving him jug.*) Well, if you've been asleep I guess he ar'nt: his enemies always found him wide awake and kicking; and that shoot, as you call him, has planted the tree of liberty so everlasting tight in Yankee land, that all the kingdoms of the earth can't root it out.

Rip.—Well, here is George Washington's goot health, and his family's goot health, ant may dey all live long ant prosper. So poor Rip Van Winkle is dead, eh? Now comes de poser; if Rip is dead, what has become of his old woman?

Seth.—She busted a blood vessel swearing at a Yankee peddler, and has gone to kingdom come long ago.

Rip.—De old woman dead, too? den her clapper is stopped at last. (*Pause.*) So de old woman is dead; well, she led me a hard life—she was de wife of my bosom, she was mine frow for all dat. (*Whimpering.*) I'm dead, too, unt dat is a fact. Tell me, my frient—

Seth.—I can't stop any longer—the polls are almost closing and I must spread the game for the boys. Hurrah, for rum drinking and cheap license for the retailers! that's my ticket.

Reënter villagers, shouting.

Seth.—Here, boys, see what you can make of this old critter. I give him up for the awfulest specimen of human nature in the States. (Exit into house.)

2d Vill.—Are you a Federal or a Democrat?

Rip.—Fiddle who? damn who's cat?

2d Vill.—What's your politics?

Rip.—Oh, I am on de safe side dere; I am a faithful subject of King George!

2d Vill.—He's a tory! Kill him! Duck him!

Villagers.—To the horse pond! Duck him.

(They seize Rip and are about hurrying him off when Gustaffe rushes up and throws them off.)

Gust.—Stand back, cowards.

All.—Cowards!

Gust.—Yes, cowards! who but cowards would rush in numbers on a gray-haired man?

Rip.—Yah, yah, dat's a fact!

Gust.—Sheer off! you won't? then damme, here's at ye. (Drives them off.) Tell me, old man, what cause had you given them to attack you.

Rip.—I don't know; do you?

Gust.—You appear bewildered; can I assist you?

Rip.—Just tell me where I live, dat's all I want to know.

Gust.—And don't you know?

Rip.—I'm d——d fun I does.

Gust.—What is your name?

Rip.—Why, I was Rip Van Winkle.

Gust.—Rip Van Winkle? impossible!

Rip.—Well, I won't swear to it myself.

Gust.—Stay,—you have a daughter?

Rip.—To be sure I has: a pretty little girl about so old; Lorrenna—and I have a son, too, a lublicka boy, but my daughter is a girl.

Gust.—Do you remember entering into a contract, binding your daughter to marry Herman Van Slaus?

Rip.—Oh! I remember, de burgomaster came to my house last night mit a paper and I wrote my name down on it, but I was drunk.

Gust.—Last night! His brain wanders: yet it must be he; come, come, with me, old man.

Rip.—Where are you going to take me to?

Gust.—Your daughter.

Rip.—Yes, yes, take me to my child. Stop, my gracious!—I am so changed, suppose she should forget me, too; no, no, she can't forget her poor father. Come, come! (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Knickerbocker's house as before.

Knickerbocker, Alice and Lorrenna enter.

Knickerbocker.—Give me joy, dears. I'm elected unanimously—elected a member of the Legislature.

Alice.—Why, spouse!

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please, my dear; damme! I'm so happy I could fly to the moon, jump over a steeple, dance a new fandango on stilts. (Dances.) Fal, la! la.

Enter Herman.

Knick.—Well, sir, what the devil do you want?

Herman.—I came to claim this lady's fortune or her hand.

Alice.—Knock him down, spouse.

Knick.—Mr. Knickerbocker, my dear.

Alice.—Oh, bother! I know if he comes near my niece, woman as I am, I'll scratch his eyes out.

Herm.—Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick.—The honorable member from —— County if you please.

Herm.—The Judge of the District will this day arrive and give judgment on my appeal; my rights are definitive, and I question the whole world to controvert them. We shall meet before the tribunal, then presume to contend longer if you dare. (Exit.)

Knick.—'Twill be difficult, no doubt, but we'll have a wrangle for the bone, as the dogs have it; there will be no curs found in our party, I'll be sworn. (Aside.) Hang me but I'm really a

little chop-fallen, and there is a strange sense of dizziness in my head which almost overcomes me.

Lorrenna.—My dear uncle, what is to be done in this emergency?

Knick.—Done! your fortune is done for: but if you ever want a cent whilst I have one, may I be sent to the devil, that's all.

Gust.—(Entering.) Bravo! Nunkey Knickerbocker! you are no blind pilot. Awake to breakers and quicksands, Knickerbocker.

Knick.—Knickerbocker! the honorable Mr. Knickerbocker, if you please. I'm now a member of the Legislature, and curse me if I'd change my dignified station as representative of an independent people for that of the proudest potentate who holds supremacy by corruption or the bayonet. (Exeunt.)

SCENE LAST.

The court house. An arm-chair at the back, in front of which is a large table.

The Judge discovered seated.—The galleries filled with auditors.—Herman, Knickerbocker.

Judge.—Mr. Knickerbocker, you will please to bring your client into court. (Knickerbocker goes off and returns with Lorrenna and Alice.)

Judge.—Be pleased to let your ladies take seats.

(Lorrenna and Alice sit.)

Herm.—And now, sir, I presume 'tis time to enter on my cause. Twenty years have elapsed since this contract, this bond was signed by the father of that lady, by which, her or her fortune were made mine. Be pleased to peruse. (Presenting the document to the Judge.)

Judge.—(Reading.) "We, Derric Van Slaus, Burgomaster, and Rip Van Winkle, desirous of providing for the prosperity of our offspring, do hereby mutually agree that Herman Van

Slaus and Lorrenna Van Winkle shall be united on the demand of either. Whosoever of those contracted, fails in fulfilling this agreement, shall forfeit their fortune to the party complaining.

RIP VAN WINKLE,
DERRIC VAN SLAUS."

But here's a codicil. "Should the said Rip Van Winkle think fit to annul this contract, within twenty years and a day, he shall be at full liberty to do so.

(Signed)

DERRIC VAN SLAUS."

The document is perfect in every form. Rip Van Winkle, 'tis stated, is defunct. Is there any one present to prove his signature?

Herm.—Mr. Knickerbocker, if he dare be honest, will attest it.

Knick.—Dare be honest, sir! presume you to question my veracity? How was that bond obtained?

Herm.—Why should you ask? The late Rip Van Winkle, anxious for the prosperity of his offspring, though too indolent to provide for their subsistence, persuaded my deceased father to form this alliance.

Knick.—It's a lie! Hum!—

Judge.—Restrain this violence! a court of justice must not be swayed by such proceedings.

Herm.—Behold! sir, a picture of their general effrontery. In a public tribunal to threaten those, who, in pleading their own rights, but advocate the cause of justice.

Lor.—(Comes down stage.) All my hopes vanish—bleak and dreary is the perspective.

Herm.—(Advances.) At last I triumph! Now, lady, your hand or your inheritance.

Lor.—My hand! never! Welcome were every privation to a union with one so base.

Judge.—It appears, then, that this signature is not denied by the defendant, and in that case the contract must stand in full force against her.

Lor.—Oh, Alice, take me home: poverty, death, anything rather than wed the man I cannot love.

(She is led off by Alice.)

Knick.—Why, damn it, Judge!

Judge.—Mr. Knickerbocker!

Knick.—I beg pardon; I meant no disrespect to the court, but I had thought after—

Judge.—I have decided, Mr. Knickerbocker.

Knick.—Oh! you have decided. Yes, and a damned pretty mess you've made of it. But I shan't abide by your decision; I'll appeal to a higher court. I am now a member of the Legislature, and if they allow such blocks as you on the bench, I'll have a tax upon timber, sir—yes, sir, a tax upon timber.

(Exit in a rage.)

Judge.—Twenty years and a day is the period within which the contract could be cancelled by the negature of Rip Van Winkle, and as he has rendered no opposition during this lengthened time—

Herm.—'Tis not very probable, sir, that he will alter his intentions by appearing, to do so within the few brief hours that will complete the day. Can the grave give up its inmates? No, no! Who dare pretend to dispute my rights? The only one who could do so has been dead these twenty years.

Enter Gustaffe and Rip.

Gust.—'Tis false! Rip Van Winkle stands before you!

All.—Rip Van Winkle!

Herm.—You Rip Van Winkle! Van Winkle come back after such a lapse of time? impossible!

Rip.—Nothing at all impossible in anything Rip Van Winkle undertakes; and though all of you are in the same story, dat he has been gone so long, he is nevertheless back soon enough, to your sorrow, my chap.

Herm.—If this, indeed, be Rip Van Winkle, where has he hid himself for twenty years?

Judge.—What answer do you make to this?

Rip.—Why dat I went up in de mountains last night and got drunk mit some jolly dogs, and when I came back dis morning I found myself dead for twenty years.

Herm.—You hear him, sir.

Judge.—This is evidently an impostor; take him into custody.

Gust.—Stay! delay your judgment one moment till I bring the best of proofs—his child and sister. (Exit.)

Herm.—If you are Rip Van Winkle, some one here would surely recognize you.

Rip.—To be sure dey will! every one knows me in Catskill. (They gather round him and shake their heads.) No, no, I don't know dese peoples—dey don't know me neither, and yesterday dere was not a dog in the village but would have wagged his tail at me; now dey bark. Dere's not a child but would have scrambled on my knees—now dey run from me. Are we so soon forgotten when we're gone? Already dere is no one wot knows poor Rip Van Winkle.

Herm.—So, indeed, it seems.

Rip.—And have you forgot de time I saved your life?

Herm.—Why, I—I—I——

Rip.—In course you have! a short memory is convenient for you, Herman.

Herm.—(Aside.) Should this indeed be he! (Aloud.) I demand judgment.

Judge.—Stay! If you be Rip Van Winkle you should have a counterpart of this agreement. Have you such a paper?

Rip.—Paper! I don't know; de burgomaster gave me a paper last night. I put it in my breast, but I must have loosed him. No, no—here he is! here is de paper!

(Gives it to Judge, who reads it.)

Judge.—'Tis Rip Van Winkle!

(All gather round and shake hands with him.)

Rip.—Oh! everybody knows me now!

Herm.—Rip Van Winkle alive! then I am dead to fortune and to fame; the fiends have marred my brightest prospects, and nought is left but poverty and despair. (Exit.)

Gust.—(Without.) Room there! who will keep a child from a long lost father's arms?

Enter Gustaffe, with Lorrenna, Alice and Knickerbocker.

Lor.—My father! (Embraces Rip.)

Rip.—Are you mine daughter? let's look at you. Oh, my child—but how you have grown since you was a little gal. But who is dis?

Alice.—Why, brother!—

Rip.—Alice! give us a hug. Who is dat?

Alice.—Why, my husband—Knickerbocker.

Rip.—Why Knick. (Shakes hands.) Alice has grown as big rounds as a tub; she hasn't been living on pumpkins. But where is young Rip, my baby?

Knick.—Oh, he was in the court house just now. Ah! here he comes!

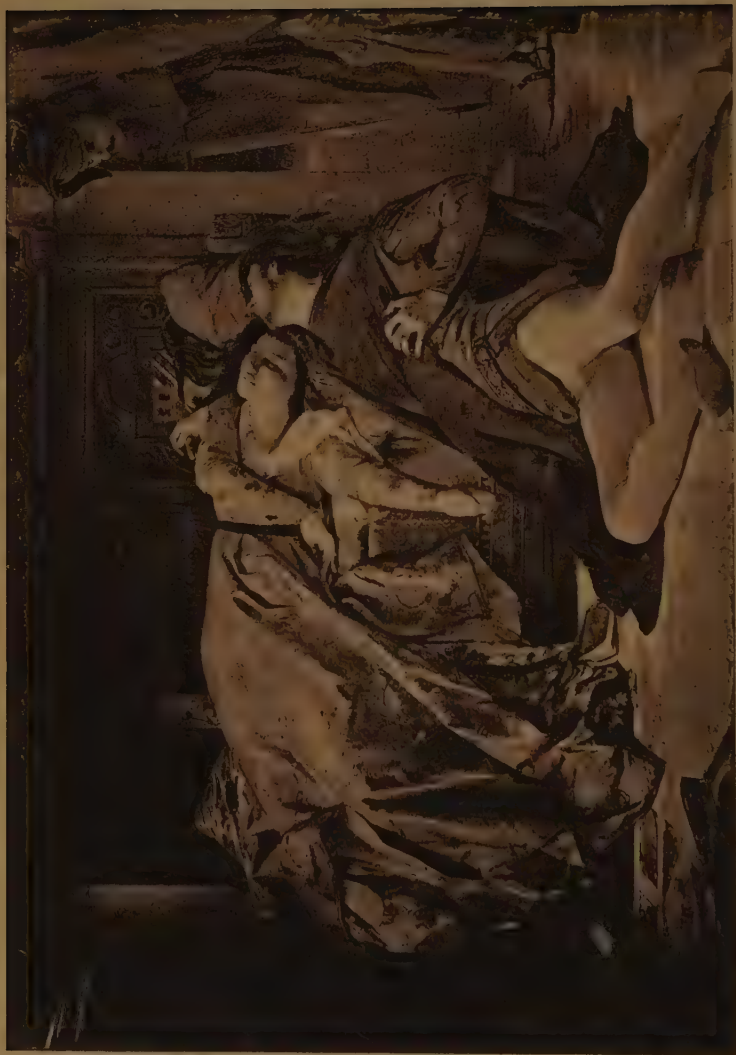
Enter Rip Van Winkle, Jr.

Rip.—Is dat my baby? come here Rip, come here you dog, I am your father. What an interesting brat it is.

Knick.—But tell us, Rip, where have you hid yourself for the last twenty years?

Rip.—Ech woll—ech woll. I will take mine glass and tell mine strange story and drink the health of mine frients. Unt, ladies and gents, here is your goot health and your future families and may you all live long and prosper.

THE END.



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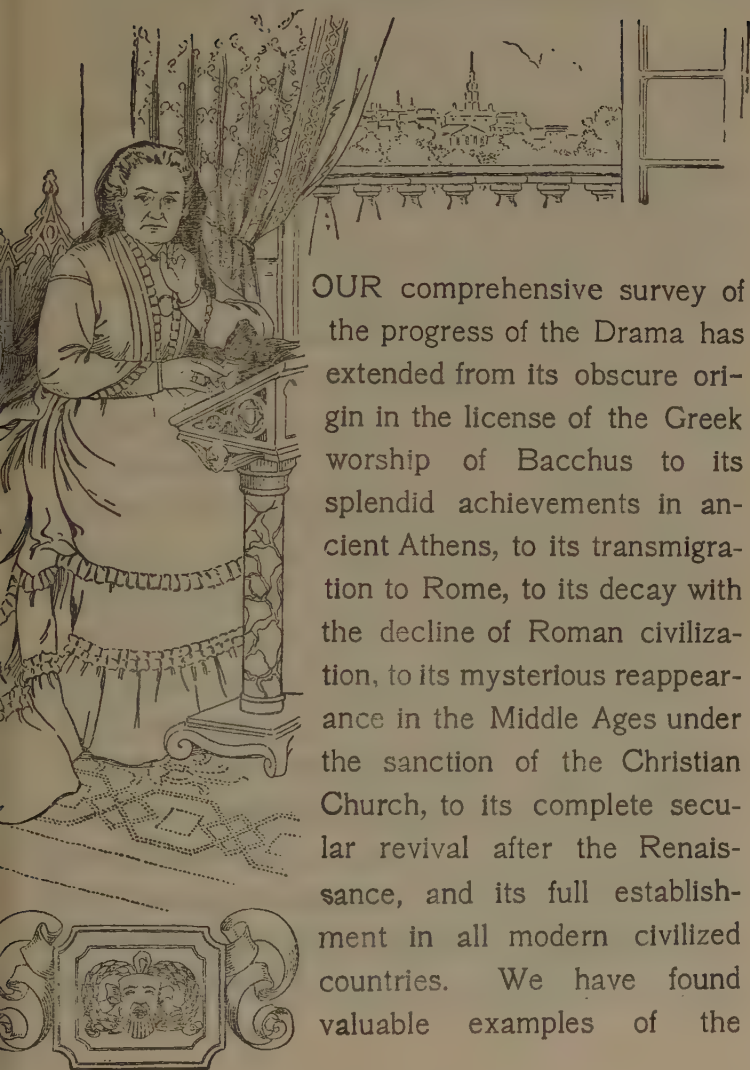
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Prologue



OUR comprehensive survey of the progress of the Drama has extended from its obscure origin in the license of the Greek worship of Bacchus to its splendid achievements in ancient Athens, to its transmigration to Rome, to its decay with the decline of Roman civilization, to its mysterious reappearance in the Middle Ages under the sanction of the Christian Church, to its complete secular revival after the Renaissance, and its full establishment in all modern civilized countries. We have found valuable examples of the

PROLOGUE

Drama in Oriental lands as well as in Europe, whence it has been transported to the New World. Our work is now brought to a close with an exhibition of the American theatre in recent years.

It must be acknowledged that however prominent the theatre has become in the United States as an intellectual diversion and agency of culture, the genius of native writers has not yet been conspicuously successful in contributing to dramatic literature. There has been no such grand development as was witnessed in England with the reign of Elizabeth, nor even such a renewal as was seen there in the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is contrary to American ideas for the government to assist or direct in any way the amusements of the people, as is the practice on the continent of Europe. Nor is there here an aristocracy of birth, or even one of wealth, to provide with sufficient liberality for public diversion. The acting drama in America has been from the start a matter of business, and it has always borne the commercial impress. Managers and actors have been compelled to tax their ingenuity to gratify the public demand for pleasure, and, at the same time, keep down expenses. It is creditable to the na-

PROLOGUE

tional character that they have succeeded so well, that the best theatres in the country are worthy of comparison with the best in Europe.

The acted drama was introduced here by an English company after the eighteenth century. For more than a hundred years the chief actors and managers were of British birth and training, and the theatre has retained the character they gave it. Even the Shakespearean revivals, with all the modern accessories which have given renown to various actors, managers, companies and theatres, were started in England by Macready and his contemporaries. Yet in this department America has eventually equalled, if not surpassed, the mother country. In steady conformity with the increased culture and refinement of the audience the style of acting has been improved, and the tone of the drama has been elevated, but plays of English origin still form the style of the exhibition.

The laudable efforts of Edwin Forrest to stimulate native authorship met with limited success, and the plays for which he awarded prizes have been shelved since his departure. Even the poetical dramas of Longfellow and Boker are almost unknown to the theatre. But we would

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fain hope that the increasing popularity of the refined amusement will yet attract native genius to the production of dramas which Americans may esteem as beauties of the literature of the world.

In presenting this twentieth volume our Prologue assumes the form of an Epilogue. Trusting that the earnest efforts of the editors and publishers to entertain and instruct our readers have met with their cordial approval, we retire from the congenial task with the customary formula of the ancient Roman actors: *Valete et Plaudite*. Farewell and Applaud.

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The American Drama.

PART II.

I.

Progress of the Drama.

Edgar Allan Poe has given us an impressive picture of the state of the drama and the dramatic art in the United States in the early half of the nineteenth century. In recording the appearance of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt at Niblo's theatre, New York, in 1845, he said, in the *Broadway Journal*:

"She has been very successful, drew large and fashionable, as well as intellectual, audiences. [The play was *The Lady of Lyons*.] She lost no caste by coming out here, but the fact cannot be disputed that she would have gained much by first appearing in London, and presenting herself to her countrymen and women with the éclat of a foreign reputation. We say this with a bitter sense of our national degradation and subserviency to British opinion; we say it, moreover, with

a consciousness that Mrs. Mowatt should not have done this thing, however much it would have furthered her interests,"

In this utterance of the keenest and profoundest of our critical writers, the pioneer of the science of literary and art criticism in this country, we realize how sorry were the conditions in which our dramatic writers and exponents wrought. This highly-gifted and cultured woman, who wrote an excellent comedy, *Fashion*, and played a part in it, an American woman, appearing before the foremost metropolitan audience, was made to feel the humiliation of this reminder that, though more than half a century had elapsed since the first American play had won success on the American stage, native merit was still under the ban of native disfavor. To attract the fashionable theatre patrons of the period the play must be English, the characters largely aristocratic, and the players either English-born or Americans who had courted the applause of London.

Not only this. There was the grim Puritan prejudice against the stage and its dramas. It lingers to this day, but has no longer the power to wreak injustice upon its despised victims, as it did when Poe so bravely vindicated the actor's art and calling in the article already quoted. He continues:

"We have no sympathy with the prejudices which would entirely have dissuaded Mrs. Mowatt from the stage. There is no cant more contemptible than that which habitually decries the theatrical profession—a profession which, in itself, embraces all that can elevate and ennoble, and absolutely nothing to degrade. If

some of its members are dissolute, this is an evil arising not from the profession itself, but from the unhappy circumstances which surround it. . . . The theatre is ennobled by its high facilities for the development of genius, facilities not afforded elsewhere in equal degree. By the spirit of genius it is ennobled beyond the sneer of the fool or the cant of the hypocrite. The actor of talent is poor at heart indeed, if he do not look with contempt upon mediocrity even in a king. The writer of this is himself the son of an actress, he has invariably made it his boast, and no earl was ever prouder of his earldom than he of his descent from a woman who, although well-born, hesitated not to consecrate to the drama her brief career of genius and beauty." The tone of this, and of occasional outbursts from other upholders of a national drama, indicates the measure of discouragement against which its friends had for years to struggle.

Adverse Conditions.

In searching the records of things pertaining to the general subject, we are impelled to take cognizance from new viewpoints of the many potent influences that hindered the growth of the American drama. Plays innumerable, of a sort, were written, mechanically constructed or misappropriated, and were played in many States, but they brought us no nearer to a national drama. In other chapters we attempt a retrospective review of the miscellaneous output of dramatic work from the earliest period. We have

already seen that the annals of the American stage are richer in histrionic than in dramatic art. In fact, the American drama can hardly be said to have made a dignified appearance until the time of Forrest and Hackett, actor-managers who offered to playwrights the encouragement hitherto withheld.

Allowance must further be made for the primitive state, comparatively, of the community. There was but a modest distribution of wealth; almost every one was a worker; literary culture was not widespread, and little was spent upon what they would have called mere amusement. Life was a serious matter in those up-building decades. The mimic life of the stage seemed trivial to the pioneers of new empire. There were forests to be cleared, homesteads established, crops to be raised, and the substantial gains of civilization to be carried to fresh fields. This vast movement of a mighty people continued through the thirty years now in review, and has not yet ceased. The ever intensifying struggle for modest competence, spread over so great an area, doubtless absorbed the intellectual energies of many who, if born under a calmer sky, would have found their fitter life-work in the field of the gentler arts. Engrossed in the toil to procure subsistence, and with families to rear, men, young and mature, naturally devoted their scant spare hours to the cultivation of those forms of knowledge which best served the practical ends of life. The times were adverse to the claims of genius and of literary and artistic gifts. There was but a poor demand, a listless reception, for native works in this department, which it was tacitly held was amply

supplied with the imported commodity. Americans have never renounced their claim to a share in English literature.

Appropriated Plays.

A large proportion of the home-made dramas were adaptations of English and German plays. Sometimes only the titles were changed, sometimes the characters were localized and an American flavor given to the dialogue. The business is carried on still, but with infinitely less justification than in those days of absolute disheartenment for the native author. On the other hand, if the American adapter of that period made pretty free with his English original, so did the English with the French and German dramatists. The dramatic literature, not only of France and Germany, but of Spain, Italy and northern countries, was, and still is, being translated, adapted and plagiarized by English playwrights, whose concoctions have always found favor in America. When Kotzebue—author of the long popular drama, *The Stranger*—brought the German school into fashion, those who had been employed to measure out dialogue and pantomime by the yard for London theatres were superseded by honest translators of German plays. The former then took alarm and began to decry the German drama. The newspapers joined in the crusade, until at last it became the fashion to ridicule the tragic scenes they had been weeping over, and the amusing pieces they had so enjoyed and applauded. After this reversal of popular taste, those who manufactured pieces to order had

the ball in their own hands, and for years whole scenes and plots were given to admiring audiences as purely English, filled with ebullient British patriotism, when they were in fact stolen from those very Germans whom the plagiarists had denounced in trumpet tones. It takes long years, and conditions not easy to command at will, before a nation gets to the point where its people demand the dramatic chronicles and delineations of their own life and development by writers of their own race.

General Literary Development.

Within half a century or less after the Declaration of Independence the literature of the United States had begun to attract the attention of the world, while her system of education, more highly developed during the first decades of the nineteenth century than that of any European country, had made itself felt in every phase of the nation's progress, intellectual, social and material. There were publication societies, formed by the churches, which multiplied books, papers and tracts without number, and these found their way to remote villages and homes. Educational societies helped to establish schools and colleges in the thinly-settled parts of the country. This was the time when the lyceum system became popular. In the cities and towns courses of lectures were instituted, and the latest thoughts in science, art, literature, politics and philosophy were given to the people. The newspaper had become a national institution and was a familiar visitor to the great majority of the families of the republic. There

were daily papers in most of the cities and towns, and in many the contents of books were published, as well as the general news and topics which interested the country.

American Writers.

American authors were taking their place among the great men of the age in the realm of letters. Before 1830, Bryant, Irving and Cooper had become distinguished. Before 1850, Edgar Allan Poe, the most imaginative of American poets, had died, and Washington Irving had written all his works except his *Life of Washington*. The poems by which William Cullen Bryant is best known had been written and given to the world. James Fenimore Cooper died in 1851, leaving behind him a long list of novels, the best of which were descriptive of American life. Then came Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bancroft, Prescott and Emerson. *The Scarlet Letter*, which made Hawthorne famous, had been given to the public. Longfellow had published *Evangeline* and many of his most popular poems. Whittier had become celebrated as a poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes as a poet and wit, William Gilmore Simms as a novelist of the South; Ralph Waldo Emerson had become known by his essays as one of the great masters of English prose; James Russell Lowell, poet and satirist, had issued his *Biglow Papers*, which showed people the meaning of the Mexican war, while they laughed over the verses. Besides these writers, many others assisted in creating

an American literature and making it a distinct voice of the nation.

All these things—churches, lyceums, public meetings, societies, newspapers and books—had their influence in shaping public opinion; and as they increased, more earnest grew the discussion of the slavery question. At the middle of the century, when the administration of Fillmore was coming to an end, a book was published which had an enormous sale and has been translated into all the literary languages of the world. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was for a time more widely read throughout the world than any other book. It was a story claiming to show what negro slavery really was and what it meant in the lives of the men and women, white and black, in the Southern States of the Union. It was later dramatized for popular audiences, but the product cannot be classed among the purely dramatic creations of the time. A perusal of the general literature of these years discloses sufficient of dramatic instinct in poetical and prose writers to justify the belief that, if the conditions of national life had been more favorable, our men of gifts and culture could have given the nation a dramatic literature that would have been its pride.

The plays which are here chronicled are to be viewed as mirroring the taste of the public for dramatic entertainment outside the pale of the standard dramatic literature of Great Britain, and the translations of European dramas. It is sufficiently obvious that the best plays represented on the American stage during the

first half of the nineteenth century were simply repetitions of the classic tragedies and comedies already cited in the English volumes of this work or equally famous plays of their kind. The examples selected for this volume on the drama in America give a fair view of the popular stage-play of a period in which literary taste had less share than it has now in gratifying the average audience. If a primitive conception of art then sanctioned the popularity, and undoubtedly potent influence, of what we regard as melodramatic exaggeration, it is scarcely within our right to condemn the realistic simplicity of the past while we are hailing the high-strung intensities of morbid "problem plays," the ultra-ferocity of recent experiments in fantastic tragedy. Many of these old-time plays compare favorably with the nondescript productions that so grievously compete with the strong and honest work of the past.

Indian Plays.

Some mention may here be made of a class of plays honestly intended to be truly American, and for a long time accepted as national, but now entirely abandoned and almost forgotten. Those had for their heroes and heroines native Indians, who were portrayed in the romantic style which Cooper's novels still render familiar. The first of these Indian plays was written, curiously enough, by an English woman, Anne Kemble, a member of the noted Kemble family and sister of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons. She belonged to a company then acting in New York City and intended

the play as special compliment to the free and independent American people. It was called *Tammany*, and was brought out at the John Street theatre on March 3d, 1794, under the patronage of the Tammany Society.

It is worth while to recall the origin of this name, so prominent in American political history. The actual Tammany or Tamanend was a chief of the Delawares, residing near Easton, Pa. This aged ruler was highly regarded for his wisdom. He is said to have affixed his mark to William Penn's famous treaty with the Indians. Before the Revolution the twelfth of May was in Pennsylvania celebrated in his honor with games, parades and feasting. When the national independence was declared the people renounced Saint George of England and sportively took Tammany as their patron saint. On his day the warriors, decked with feathers and buck-tails, gathered around the May pole, now called a liberty pole; the venerable Tammany came forth from a wigwam and gave them a talk on courage and freedom, and dismissed them to their amusements. This annual celebration spread from Pennsylvania to other States.

Within a fortnight after the first inauguration of Washington as President, April 30th, 1789, at New York, William Mooney, an ardent Irish-American Liberty boy, took advantage of this May festival to institute the Columbian Order. An immediate cause of its formation was the resentment of the common people against the recent removal of the political disabilities of the wealthy Tories who had remained in New York City after the British evacuation. Columbus had been

selected as the patron saint of the order, but the terms and usages were all derived from those of the Indians. When the popular instinct transferred the honor of tutelary guardianship to the Indian Tammany the leaders readily acquiesced in the change.

A large number of the braves of this society witnessed the first performance of Miss Kemble's play, but showed little interest in it. Columbus, as well as Tammany, appeared among the characters. The stage-settings were the first attempts at elaborate scenic effect in this country, and music was liberally introduced. Yet neither by its own merits nor by its unusual display, nor the good-will of its patrons, could the play obtain success.

The second play of this class was *The Indian Princess*, by James N. Barker, of Philadelphia. It was founded on the familiar story of Pocahontas, and was published in 1808, some years after it had been first performed. The subject of the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas has ever been dear to the American public, though many recent historical critics regard it as a myth, deliberately invented by Smith himself.

George Washington Parke Custis, the literary member of Washington's family and builder of the famous Arlington House, never dreaming of such historic doubts, wrote a good acting play called *Pocahontas*, which was performed at the Park theatre, New York, on December 28th, 1830. Another eminent writer who treated this theme in a drama was Robert Dale Owen, socialist and spiritualist, member of Congress from Indiana and able advocate of the Union cause.

His solitary play, *Pocahontas*, was also brought out at the Park theatre on February 8th, 1838, with Miss Emma Wheatley as the heroine, while Miss Charlotte Cushman, who then frequently appeared in male parts, personated the Englishman Rolf, who married the Indian princess. This drama was the best on the subject from a literary point of view.

But the palm in the competition among Indian plays was enthusiastically awarded by the play-going public to John A. Stone's *Metamora*, which was first performed in November, 1829. It thus preceded some of those on *Pocahontas*. Its success was entirely due to Forrest's vigorous acting, as will be further shown in the next chapter.

J. Fenimore Cooper's novels, and those of W. Gilmore Simms, furnished excellent themes for the playwrights who now sprang up, hoping to win fame and profit from representations of Indian braves. A good example of their product is seen in *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, which has been given in the previous volume. Another, written by the actor William Wheatley, was *Sassacus, or the Indian Wife*, which was produced July 8th, 1836. John R. Scott played *Sassacus*, Wheatley himself *Pokota*, and his sister Emma, an actress of some distinction, played *Unca*. Scott was a favorite in his personation of the red man, and acted the title rôles in *Kairrissah*, *Oraloosa*, *Outalassie*, and other dramas of this class. So great was the flood of Indian plays poured on the stage that in 1846 the dramatist James Rees declared that they had become "a perfect nuisance." It

remained for an Irish-American genius to give them their quietus.

To complete this general review of the once-popular aboriginal drama the laughable whirlwind which swept the gentle Pocahontas and all her savage kinsmen from the stage must be recorded. On Christmas eve, 1855, the irrepressible John Brougham brought out at the Lyceum, New York, his "Original aboriginal, erratic, operatic, semi-civilized and demi-savage extravaganza of *Po-ca-hon-tas*." Miss Hodson played the title rôle, and Brougham represented "Pow-Ha-Tan I, king of the Tuscaroras, a crotchety monarch, in fact, a semi-brave." Charles Walcott played Captain John Smith, "according to this story, but somewhat at variance with his story."

The gallant Smith thus poetically describes his introduction to the Indian king:

I visited his majesty's abode,
A portly savage, plump and pigeon-toed;
Like *Metamora*, both in feet and feature,
I never met a more amusing creature.

Pow-Ha-Tan showed himself fond of a joke and not less fond of tobacco, whose quintuple merits he thus rehearsed:

While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives ecstatic pleasure.
You feel the radiance of the glowing bowl;
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal;
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew;
Taste its strong pungency the palate through;
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.

Having thus elevated his theme to the skies, the merry monarch came down abruptly to straight matter of fact:

I like a dhudeen myself.

This laughter-provoking *Po-ca-hon-tas*, brimming with melody and beaded with puns, ran for many weeks, and was frequently repeated in later years. But the gentle, dusky, shadowy maiden of the braggart Captain Smith's story and the old melodrama, with her attendant train of noble savages, faded from the stage forever.

II.

Edwin Forrest.

There may be two opinions upon the claim that Edwin Forrest is the greatest name on the roll of American tragedians; there can be but one as to the vital importance of his work and the impetus he gave to the cause of the American drama. His personality affords the best medium through which to view the condition of the theatre, which reflects the status of the drama at the opening of his striking career. He was the first American actor to whom the attribute of greatness fairly belongs. He came at a time when the advent of a man of power was mightily needed. The popularity he gained was probably not solely due to his artistic ability. He had not only a splendid physique and magnificent voice, but also great force of character, which gave a stamp of authority to his every act and judgment, so that he may be credited with having so moulded the public taste, as touching his art, that his successors had to reckon with the Forrest tradition. That he became one of the most powerful tragedians of this or any other country is undoubted; he ranks high among Shakespearean interpreters. He had for profes-

sional competitor Junius Brutus Booth and yet retained his friendship. Both in England and America he competed successfully with Edmund Kean and Macready.

Forrest's First Appearance.

Forrest's first appearance was at the opening of the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, in November, 1820. He was born in that city in 1806, the son of a Scotchman who had married an American girl of German descent. The father died early and the son had only a common-school education. But he cultivated his natural talent for recitation, and as early as his eleventh year he was a performer in local amateur theatricals. John Howard Payne was at that time a brilliant figure in the stage world, and his eminence was an incentive to these amateurs. Many were those who sneered at Forrest's youthful efforts while struggling for a foothold on the regular stage—the same men who, in later years, fawned upon and flattered him; for they had now discovered that a profession by which a man became rich must needs be respectable.

It was at the Walnut Street theatre, then under the management of Warren and Wood, that Forrest applied for a position. To this playhouse, then the only one in Philadelphia, the company had been transferred after the destruction of the theatre on Chestnut street.

He applied to William B. Wood, acting manager of this house, for a one-night trial, which was at first refused, but in the end, says Wood in his narrative, permission was given. He describes the youthful aspir-

ant thus: "Edwin Forrest was sixteen years of age. He was a well-grown young man, with a noble figure, unusually developed for his age; his features powerfully expressive, and with a determination of purpose which discouraged all further objections." As a fact, the boy was now only fourteen years of age, but looked at least two years older, for he was stoutly built and above medium height. The following is the bill of the play, which is worth reproducing:

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Monday Evening, Nov. 27th, 1820.

Will be presented the tragedy (in 5 acts) called
Douglas; or, The Noble Shepherd.

Written by Mr. Home.

Young Norval.....	By a Young Gentleman of this city
Lord Randolph.....	Mr. Wheatley
Glenalvon.....	Mr. W. B. Wood
Old Norval.....	Mr. Warren
Norval's Servant.....	Mr. Martin
First Officer.....	Mr. Scrivener
Second Officer.....	Mr. Carter
Third Officer.....	Mr. Parker
Lady Randolph.....	Mrs. Williams
Anna.....	Mrs. Jefferson

A repetition of the play was called for, but the receipts for three evenings did not warrant his permanent engagement. Edmund Kean was to play the next week.

The Drama in the West.

Philadelphia and New York then had a full supply of well-trained and successful actors, and young Forrest decided to try his fortune in the South and

West. To relate his adventures on his various tours of the western country would of itself fill a bulky volume, for he had his full share of the hardships and vicissitudes of a strolling player's life. At this time the entire valley of the Mississippi was little better than a wilderness, the silence and solitude primeval of its interminable forests almost unbroken except by the scream of the panther and the yell of the Indian. Some few scattered settlements there were on the banks of the rivers, where a handful of white men carried on a small trade by means of boats, the crews of these clumsy craft—the keel-boat of the Ohio and the broadhorn of Kentucky—forming a class of men long since extinct, but in their time as notable as the gypsies of England or the lazzaroni of Naples. There was little agriculture, for the climate and environment did not invite to severe and continuous labor, but the forests abounded in game and the rivers with fish. Food was always plentiful and whisky usually so; the people were young and of both sexes, and there were few who would care to exchange their freedom from care and toil for the bondage of civilization.

Cincinnati was then the only place west of the Blue Ridge that approached to the dignity of a city; Saint Louis was little more than a village, and a group of cabins, clustered within the stockade of Fort Dearborn, occupied the site of Chicago. In 1820 Cincinnati contained about 1,500 houses, with perhaps 10,000 inhabitants; but it was rapidly increasing, not only in population, but in culture and wealth. The progress of the arts and sciences, of literature and education,

had indeed been remarkable under such conditions as here existed, so that the town was not inaptly styled the Athens of the West. There were newspapers, museums, circulating libraries and an art gallery in the city, and itinerant players upheld the glories of the drama by performances in school-rooms and the upper floors of stores. In 1820 a proper theatre was built, in which *Macbeth* and various comedies were given. The company consisted of seven men and two women, with two or three boys. Each member had to do double duty; for instance, in *Pizarro*, all the leading actors played two or more parts, while to Sol. Smith were assigned no less than seven—Almagro, Valverde, the High Priest, the Sentinel, the Blind Man, the Guard and the entire Spanish army! An instance is related of the comedy of the *Poor Gentleman* being acted by four performers, who afterward appeared in songs, concluding the entertainment with the farce of *Barnaby Rattle*, also rendered by four performers.

Richard III off the Stage.

In 1822 Forrest chose the part of Richard for his benefit, and once Othello, but his personal appearance and voice alone carried him through, as he had not an intelligent grasp of the text. Recalling his early years, Forrest once said to a friend: "The salary I got was so small that I was unable to appear on the street in a decent dress; boots, particularly, gave me the most trouble, for I was compelled to wear my stage boots from the boarding-house to the theatre, and

from the theatre to the boarding-house. On the opposite side of the river there was a large forest, a gloomy place enough, huge oaks and other tall trees, with a sprinkling of underwood, rendering it a fitting place for me to rehearse my part and try my voice. On a Sunday morning early I would cross the river and seek out the loneliest part of the wood for my purpose. My stage boots—for I had no others—was the only part of my costume that smacked of the shop; my poverty, not my will, rendered this a necessity. Here I would spend the day, reading, spouting, and fighting a tree, as if it were Richmond and I the Richard. I said to Sol. Smith one day that if I ever became a rich man I would purchase that dear old wood—this was said at a time when I really had not a dollar in the world.” The wood adjoins the town of Covington, on the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati.

When playing a star engagement in that city, years afterward, Sol. Smith said to him one day: “Forrest, do you remember saying that if ever you became a rich man you would purchase the wood in Covington, where you went in your poverty to avoid society and rehearse your part?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Well, look at that,” handing Forrest a bill announcing the sale of valuable property in Covington, including the wood, which was particularly described.

“When is the sale to take place?”

“Why, to-day; look at the bill.”

“Yes, there it is; to begin at ten o’clock precisely; it is now eight. Come, let us be off; it may probably go beyond my figure, however.”

The two started, the sale commenced, and the property was knocked down to Edwin Forrest, then no longer spoken of as an amateur, but as the eminent tragedian.

Forrest's Early Struggles.

For a short time Forrest had the star salary of \$18 a week in Caldwell's company. For this he played low comedy parts and that of the comic negro. Being stranded at Dayton, he pawned his stage wardrobe to send the ladies of the company to Newport, twenty miles away, while the men tramped it. Having no money to pay the ferry, they had to swim a stream, and when hungry they made their meals on roasted corn, "as hard as Pharaoh's heart," said Forrest. When they arrived they played *Douglas* and *Miss in Her Teens* to a house of seven dollars. Forrest told Sol. Smith that, if acceptable, he would prefer ten dollars under Smith to eighteen under Caldwell. Being refused, and urged to remain with the latter, Forrest broke away and engaged with a circus owner to serve as acrobat and rider for a year. Smith, distressed at this, went to the circus and saw the rising tragedian do his stunt of flip-flaps. Forrest caught sight of Smith and shouted to him, "What do you think of that, eh?" So agile and well-practised was Forrest that Smith declared he would have become one of the most daring riders and vaulters in the profession if he had stayed in it; but he was wisely persuaded to return to Caldwell. He was then only in his nineteenth year. He

used frequently to appear, in disguise, in circuses in after years, for benefits. His last performance was disastrous, as, in leaping through a barrel of red fire he singed his hair and eyebrows severely.

Forrest Promotes American Dramas.

Forrest made his first appearance in New York in November, 1826, at the old Bowery theatre, where he played Othello so as to divide the honors with Thomas A. Cooper, the veteran tragedian. His New York success was repeated in every city he visited. From the year 1830 may be dated his upward course, since from that time forth his ability was universally acknowledged. For several years he was the bright particular star of the mimic world. Having played all the popular pieces known to playgoers, his national feeling awakened in him a desire to produce something that would bring American writers before the public. The Indian play of *Metamora*, by John A. Stone, brought Forrest before the public in a new character. This drama was indebted for its success almost entirely to the actor, as its literary merits were feeble. Forrest paid Stone \$500 for the piece, and subsequently did much for the unfortunate author.

John Augustus Stone.

John Augustus Stone was born in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1801. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Washington Garden theatre, Boston,

as Old Norval in *Douglas*, and first appeared in New York in 1826, at the Bowery theatre. Later he made his abode in Philadelphia and played at the Chestnut and Walnut Street theatres. *Metamora* was first played on the occasion of Forrest's benefit at the Park theatre, New York, in November, 1829, and first produced in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street theatre, two months later. Stone's other plays were the *Demoniac*, *Tancred*, *The Restoration, or the Diamond Cross*, *The Ancient Briton*, *The Golden Fleece*, etc. His unhappy death by suicide occurred in 1834. Forrest caused to be erected a neat monument over his grave, bearing the inscription: "In memory of the Author of *Metamora*, by his friend, Edwin Forrest."

Whatever faults *Metamora* may possess as a literary or dramatic production, it had sufficient vitality to keep it on the stage; and in the character of the hero no dissenting voice qualified Forrest's claim to the highest excellence. It was created for and entirely fitted his peculiarities. When he retired from the stage no other actor took it up. The American people no longer found an ideal hero among the aboriginal inhabitants, and soon all desire to represent them on the stage passed away.

The next American author who found a patron in Edwin Forrest was Richard Penn Smith. His *Caius Marius* was produced at the Arch Street theatre in 1831, but was not a success. A contemporary, speaking of it, says: "It was not fairly treated by the actors, and consequently was coldly received by the audience."

Forrest paid better for original plays than the managers, who, being able to purchase the best plays of English dramatists for a few shillings, felt little disposition to risk hundreds on native productions. Forrest, however, tried the experiment—risked thousands of dollars, and succeeded. In regular succession he produced several American plays—Bird's *Gladiator*, *Oraloosa*, *Broker of Bogota* and Conrad's *Jack Cade*. The first and the last-named probably brought more money into the treasury of the theatre and into that of the actor than any other two plays in his repertoire.

Dr. Bird's *Gladiator*.

This was first produced in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street theatre, in October, 1831. Forrest's *Spartacus*, from the first night of the *Gladiator* until the day of his retirement, was considered the perfection of the art histrionic, and is still remembered as one of the grandest personations of the tragedian. Many passages in the *Gladiator* exhibit poetic beauty, the language is generally bold and impressive and at times soars above the level of dramatic literature.

Oraloosa was produced at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, in October, 1832, but without the effect of the *Gladiator*. The public looked for something even better than a hero of the arena and found an inferior. It lacked plot and incident, the dialogue was tame, and, taken altogether, it was a dramatic failure. Wemyss, in his *Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor*, relates a curious incident of its first performance:

"To me the 10th of October and the tragedy of *Ora-loosa* form no pleasing remembrance—although they can never be forgotten. They have caused me in mimic fight, too real for fancy, the loss of two front teeth, which Edwin Forrest, in the excitement of acting, displaced from their original stronghold in my mouth by a thrust from his sword at the head of Don Christoval."

Conrad's Jack Cade.

The history of R. T. Conrad's play of *Jack Cade* is interesting, as it was pronounced to be the most successful ever produced on the American stage. In 1835 Conrad wrote a tragedy for the popular actor A. A. Addams, at the suggestion of Wemyss, then manager of the Walnut Street theatre. If Addams approved of the play, Wemyss was to give the author \$300 for the manuscript and a benefit on the third night of its representation. It was called the *Noble Yeoman*, but the title was subsequently altered to *Aylmere*, and finally to *Jack Cade*. Addams was delighted with the play; it was accepted, and L. A. Godey and Morton McMichael witnessed the contract. On the night of the intended representation Addams was seized with a disease to which he was subject, and of which he ultimately died. In consequence the play was postponed. The part was then given to Ingersoll, a young and talented actor, against the wishes of Conrad and the committee. Addams first enacted the part in February, 1836, and made a failure.

In 1839 it was proposed to Edwin Forrest to play the part, provided Judge Conrad would rewrite it, which he did, the play possessing no great interest until it came into the hands of Forrest. The latter superintended the alterations, adapting certain portions to suit his powers. Having purchased the sole right and title of the piece from the author, he prepared himself for its production under the title of *Jack Cade*. It was first played at the Park theatre, New York, in May, 1840, under its second title of *Aylmere*. It was subsequently played at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, after which the genius of Forrest, with his high-wrought dramatic powers, threw around the great character of Cade an atmosphere so strong in its elementary principles that no one could weaken its influence. No successor of Forrest has approached him in the fire and startling mental power he imparted to the character.

Forrest in England.

By 1833 Forrest had made a fortune, on which he made a tour of Europe as a private gentleman. In his farewell speech before sailing he used these significant words: "But particularly I feel grateful for the honorable support I have received in my anxious endeavors to give to my country, by fostering the exertions of our literary friends, something like what might be called an American national drama."

That the subjects of the plays he had thus encouraged were not native is of small consequence beside the fact that the authorship was American. The time

had not come for historic tragedies of home origin. The few experiments in that direction were not comparable in interest with the romances and tragedies of old world tradition, and there is always a preference for the unfamiliar in stage manner and costume.

In 1836 Forrest made his first professional visit to England, opening in Drury Lane as Spartacus in the *Gladiator*. It should be noted that boundless enthusiasm followed Forrest wherever he appeared in the United States. In fact, the descriptions of the scenes in the streets before the doors were opened, and the furious scrambling for seats at extraordinarily high premiums, read like wild romancing; but they were simple fact. With so great a reputation, the more phlegmatic Britons awaited the newcomer with critical curiosity. His reception was enthusiastic, but the play was not as good as had been expected. Charles Kean, naturally jealous, classed Forrest as a physical rather than an intellectual actor, "a giant, who could only throw a man across the stage." His *Othello* was welcomed as a new and admirable rendering, and his *Lear* likewise. The Garrick club feasted him; he was presented with stage properties that had belonged to Kemble, Kean and Talma. During this visit Forrest married the gifted Catherine Sinclair, daughter of John Sinclair, a popular vocalist. Forrest was greatly delighted with the tributes paid to him by the English press and people, which he seems to have valued more highly than those of his countrymen. In this connection Forrest's letter on his general reception in England, on his first professional tour, may be quoted:

"My success in England has been very great. While the people evinced no great admiration of the *Gladiator*, they came in crowds to witness my personation of Othello, Lear and Macbeth. I commenced my engagement on October 17, 1837, at Old Drury, and terminated it on the 19th of December, having acted in all thirty-two nights, and represented those three characters of Shakespeare twenty-four out of the thirty-two, namely, Othello nine times, Macbeth seven and King Lear eight,—this last having been repeated oftener by me than by any actor on the London boards, in the same space of time, except Kean alone. This approbation of my Shakespeare parts gives me peculiar pleasure, as it refutes the opinion very confidently expressed by a certain clique at home, that I would fail in those characters before a London audience.

"The London press have been divided concerning my professional merits, though as a good republican I ought to be satisfied, seeing I had an overwhelming majority on my side. There is a degree of dignity and critical precision in their articles generally that place them far above the newspaper criticisms of stage performances which we meet with in our country. Their comments always show one thing—that they have read and appreciated the writings of their chief dramatist; while with us there are many who would hardly know, were it not for the actors, that Shakespeare had ever existed. The audiences, too, have a quick and keen perception of the beauties of the drama. They seem, from the timeliness and proportion of their applause, to possess a previous knowledge of the text.

They applaud warmly, but seasonably. Variations from the accustomed modes, though not in any palpable new readings, which for the most part are bad readings, but slight changes in emphasis, tone or action, delicate shadings and pencilings, are observed with singular and most gratifying quickness. You find that your study of Shakespeare has not been thrown away; that your attempt to grasp the character in its gross and scope, as well as in its detail, so as not merely to know how to speak what is written, but to preserve its truth and keeping in a new succession of incidents, could it be exposed to them—you find that this is seen and appreciated by the audience; and the evidence that they see and feel is given with an emphasis and heartiness that make the theatre shake.”

Forrest returned to Philadelphia in November and began an engagement. His wife made a favorable impression wherever she appeared, and for some years the couple seemed to enjoy domestic happiness.

Forrest's Troubles Begin.

In 1845 Forrest visited London again, accompanied by his wife, who was welcomed in the literary circles of English and Scotch society. He acted at the Princess' theatre in London, scoring great success in *Virginius* and *Othello*. But his rendition of *Macbeth*, which had been criticised before, was now condemned outright. Forrest unjustly attributed the hissing to Macready's professional jealousy and machinations. Some weeks later, when Macready was playing *Hamlet* in Edin-

burgh, Forrest arose in a private box and hissed the English actor for some change in the lines and a walk that approached a waltz. This spiteful resentment called out a storm of reproach from the British press, and this was increased when Forrest sent an explanatory letter to the *Times*, which only aggravated the offense. The London newspapers discussed at great length the right of a spectator to criticise and hiss. The result was that Forrest lost not only popularity, but the respect of the English. On the other hand, when Americans came to learn of the inhospitable treatment accorded their countryman and favorite tragedian, they overflowed with resentment, asserting that national jealousy was the cause of all the trouble. An opportunity came for them to turn their feelings into action when Macready himself visited New York in May, 1849. The friends of Forrest, including many of the roughest class, assembled in large numbers within and without the Astor Place theatre, where the English actor was to perform *Macbeth*. The play was interrupted not merely by hissing, but by open violence. A fierce riot ensued, resulting in the death of twenty-two persons and the serious injury of thirty-six others.

In the meantime, serious differences had arisen between Forrest and his wife. Each accused the other of breach of marriage contract, and in 1850 Mrs. Forrest brought suit for divorce, to which the husband replied by a cross-suit. The trial occupied the courts for two years, and was finally decided in favor of the wife on all points, and a decree was made for the payment of \$3,000 alimony per annum. Charles O'Connor, by win-

ning this suit, obtained a national reputation as an advocate. Forrest, though defeated in the courts, was lionized by the masses of the people, and the Broadway theatre was crowded to suffocation during and after the trial. But the wealth showered upon him and the applause of his admirers did not sweeten a temper soured by domestic trouble. For years the great actor resisted in every possible way the payment of the money awarded to his wife, and submitted only when every method of obstruction and delay was baffled.

Forrest's Later Years.

In 1853 Forrest played Macbeth at the Broadway theatre, New York, for four weeks, intending this as his farewell engagement. But he could not always resist the constant calls of his admirers for his return.

In May, 1855, he tendered his services for the benefit of James W. Wallack, as did many of the most accomplished actors and actresses of the day, among them E. L. Davenport, Conway, Louisa Pyne and Kate Reynolds. In this instance Forrest deviated from his usual course, in return for the kindness extended to him by Wallack while in England, at a time when friends were sorely needed. In September, 1855, he appeared as Claude Melnotte, though he was now somewhat aged for the part, which had been one of the finest of his youthful personations. Forrest was the first Claude Melnotte on the American stage, the *Lady of Lyons* being first produced at the Park theatre, in

New York, in May, 1838, and attracting a crowded house on account of the popularity of the author, the success of the play in England, and the fact of its being the first representation in this country. The cast included, besides Forrest as Claude, Placide as Colonel Dumas, Richings as Beauseant, Wheatley as Glavis, Mrs. Wheatley as Madame Deschappelle, Mrs. Richardson as Pauline, and as Widow Melnotte, Charlotte Cushman, who raised an insignificant character to a prominent position.

During the sixties Forrest made several tours of the United States. In Chicago he played to immense houses, one night yielding \$2,800, the total for the five nights of the engagement being \$11,600, a triumph that can bear comparison with the records of the more prosperous opening years of the twentieth century. When more than sixty-four years of age he played five nights a week in fifty-one principal towns, travelling nearly seven thousand miles, exposed to all the perils and hardships of steamboat and railway travel.

But even Forrest's splendid constitution could not long stand this strain. Hereditary gout had already developed itself and his gait was somewhat infirm. His last New York engagement was in February, 1871, when he played *Richelieu* and *Lear*, but did not attract crowds as in former years. He went on to Boston and there played *Lear* several times and then struggled through one performance of *Richelieu*. A severe attack of pneumonia ensued, making this his last appearance as an actor. Yet after his recovery he gave readings

from Shakespeare in the principal cities. He died of paralysis at his home in Philadelphia on the 12th of December, 1872.

Forrest had not only earned large sums in his professional career, but had made judicious investments, and thus amassed a splendid fortune. In 1850 he had erected near New York a grand castle called Fonthill, but sold it on account of the divorce troubles. He then built a large mansion in Philadelphia and afterward acquired by purchase a fine country seat near that city. He had constantly avoided paying to his wife the alimony ordered by the courts, and in consequence his estate was heavily in her debt. His will had provided that the bulk of his fortune should be used by trustees to endow a home for aged actors, and to this purpose his country seat has been devoted.

With all his popularity, Forrest was open to severe criticism on his rendering of parts. While the venal press of those days lent itself to vituperative assaults and ridicule, at the instigation of personal enemies, the impression left after reading the mass of intelligent discussion upon Forrest as tragedian is, that he excelled rather in delineating tumultuous passion than in the portrayal of intellectual subtleties and poetical grace. Lawrence Barrett, one of his most distinguished successors, said of Forrest: "His obtrusive personality often destroyed the harmony of the portrait he was painting, but in his inspired moments, which were many, his touches were sublime. He passed over quiet scenes with little elaboration, and dwelt strongly upon the grand features of the character he represented. His

Lear, in the great scenes, rose to a majestic height, but fell in places almost to mediocrity. His art was unequal to his natural gifts."

Herman Vezin, an actor of American birth, but whose professional work has been confined to England, gives similar testimony. He says, "Physically Forrest was endowed beyond any actor I have ever seen. His voice was in perfect keeping with the rest of his physique. In volume, resonance, melody and compass, it was phenomenal, while its power of endurance was such that no amount of ill usage seemed to affect its purity.

* * * Add to these qualities the fact that he was endowed with dramatic genius of equal fibre, and you will ask, What then did he lack? He lacked the polish of art."

The name of Edwin Forrest will ever be honored as that of the first American tragedian who gave new life and power to familiar characters in English drama, and created parts in plays which he patriotically encouraged his countrymen to write, in the hope that from these beginnings would arise an American national drama.

III.

Old-time American Playwrights.

Besides those authors whose dramatic labors were especially connected with Forrest's career, there were others whom it is necessary to draw forth from the neglect into which they have been permitted to fall.

First may be mentioned John Daly Burk, who ought indeed to have been noticed in the previous volume. An Irishman by birth, he was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, on the charge of deism and republicanism. Coming to America in 1796, he tried to establish a newspaper in Boston and was master of ceremonies at the theatre. His *Bunker Hill; or, the Death of General Warren*, was played at the John Street theatre, New York, in 1797. It was probably the first of the Revolutionary plays and for many years was performed in Boston on the anniversary of the battle. Yet it had little merit and President Adams said it represented Warren as "a bully and a blackguard." Burk afterward removed to Petersburg, Va., where he devoted himself to law and literature, until he was slain in a duel in 1808. He is best remembered by his *History of Virginia*, published in 1804. He wrote also an his-

torical drama, *Bethlem Gabor*, founded on the struggle of Protestants in Transylvania in the seventeenth century.

Various plays relating to the Revolution were presented on the American stage in the early part of the nineteenth century, among them being *The Battle of Eutaw Springs*, *A Tale of Lexington*, *The Siege of Yorktown*. But the names of the authors have been forgotten, and the plays have disappeared. Similar dramas may be found noted in some of the brief sketches which follow. At a later date came a Revolutionary drama of a different style, *Love in '76*, by Oliver B. Bunce. In method of treatment it may be compared with *Shenandoah*. It was a parlor play rather than a camp drama.

Robert T. Conrad.

Robert T. Conrad, born in Philadelphia, June 10, 1810, was the son of John Conrad, a book publisher and alderman. Young Conrad was placed in the law office of Thomas Kittera, a gentleman of refined manners, pleasing address and with strong musical talents. Under his guidance young Conrad studied law and received many valuable lessons whose results appeared in after years. His first attempt at anything elaborate was his *Conrad of Naples*, which was produced at the Arch Street theatre. It was played on the 17th of January, 1832, with James E. Murdoch as the hero. A few years afterward he produced a second tragedy, entitled *Aylmere*. As has already been stated, this piece was

altered and adapted to the peculiar powers of Forrest, and under the name of *Jack Cade* was brought out, with astonishing success, at the Arch Street theatre, June 16th, 1841.

When *Jack Cade* was produced, its style was freely criticised and its language censured; but this was due to the spirit of rivalry then existing between the friends of American and British literature respectively.

The following is taken from a work on *The Dramatic Authors of America*, published in 1845: "*Jack Cade* is undoubtedly destined to rank among the very highest dramatic productions of our language. The plot, though elaborate, is simple and undeveloped; the incidents are striking and effective; the characters are drawn with the utmost vigor, and contrasted with admirable skill; the sentiments are noble and manly, and the diction is marked with the truest perceptions of poetical excellence. There are passages in this piece which would not suffer by comparison with the choicest extracts from the older dramatists. It is to be regretted that the state of our dramatic literature is so low as to keep from the stage such productions as Conrad could furnish. The true spirit of dramatic poetry breathes through this beautiful play, and it is with regret we say that the careless, cold, apathetic feeling manifested for genuine poetry among us is one of the chief causes of the decadency of the drama and the absence of men of learning and of genius from dramatic walks. We have in another portion of this work stated that to Edwin Forrest was this piece indebted for its ex-

istence upon the stage. And we venture to say that the vilest trash of the English school will be more applauded by the audience, when enacted by a regular stock company, than would Conrad's *Aylmere* in the absence of Mr. Forrest. All writers have an individual as well as a national pride. Hence, to write a play for an actor, depending on the uncertainty of life, and his popularity, for fame, is certainly not a very enviable situation, or one that would satisfy a sensitive man."

Conrad was at one time a frequent contributor to the various periodicals of the day, and started a daily called the *Commercial Intelligencer*, which was remarkable for the spirit and pungency of its political articles. The *Intelligencer* was afterward united with the *Philadelphia Gazette*, but Conrad continued to be editor. After his retirement, he resumed the profession of the law. He then became recorder of the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, and soon after was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

On leaving the bench he again became a journalist. The beauty of his style, the elegance of his diction and the spirit of true poetry which pervades his writings, gave character and dignity to the papers that published them. In June, 1854, after the entire county of Philadelphia was consolidated into the city, Conrad was made the candidate of the American party for mayor, and was elected by a large majority. When his term was expired he again resumed the practice of law,

and the equally pleasing task of wooing the muses, as evidenced in the publication of poetical effusions.

"Jack Cade."

Some of the passages in this play are highly dramatic, such as brought out the powers of Forrest's elocutionary art to the utmost. It has been stated by some writers that the stirring peroration by which William J. Bryan won his first nomination as the Democratic candidate for President in 1896 was borrowed from this play, but no such expression is found in the printed copies; the charge is probably without foundation.

In the following Aylmere appears in the Colosseum and meets with Lacy:

Aylmere.—

One night,

Racked by these memories, methought a voice
Summoned me from my couch. I rose—went forth.
The sky seem'd a dark gulf where fiery spirits
Sported; for o'er the concave the quick lightning
Quivered, but spoke not. In the breathless gloom,
I sought the Colosseum, for I felt
The spirits of a mightier age were forth;
And there, against the mossy wall I lean'd,
And thought upon my country. Why was I
Idle and she in chains? The storm now answer'd!
It broke as heaven's high masonry were crumbling.
The beetled walls nodded and frowned i' the glare,
And the wide vault, in one unpausing peal,
Throbb'd with the angry pulse of Deity.

Lacy.—Shrunk you not 'mid these terrors?

Ayl.—No, not I.

I felt I could amid this hurly laugh,
And laughing, do such deeds as fireside fools
Turn pale to think on.

The heavens did speak like brothers to my soul;
 And not a peal that leapt along the vault,
 But had an echo in my heart. Nor spoke
 The clouds alone; for o'er the tempest's din,
 I heard the genius of my country shriek
 Amid the ruins, calling on her son,
 On me! I answer'd her in shouts; and knelt
 Even there, in darkness, 'mid the falling ruins,
 Beneath the echoing thunder-clap and swore
 (The while my father's pale form, welted with
 The death-prints of the scourge, stood by and smiled)—
 I swore to make the bondsman free!

Say and Aylmere.

Say.—Sirrah, I am a peer!

Ayl.—

And so

Am I thy peer and any man's! Ten times
 Thy peer, an' thou'rt not honest.

Say.—

Insolent!

My fathers were made noble by a king.

Ayl.—And mine by God! The people are God's own

Nobility, and wear their stars not on

Their breasts—but in them! But go to; I trifle.

Say.—Dost not fear justice?

Ayl.—The justice of your court?

Nursled in blood! A petted falcon which

You fly at weakness! I do know your justice.

Crouching and meek to proud and purpled Wrong,

But tiger-tooth'd and ravenous o'er pale Right!

* * * * *

Henry J. Finn.

Henry J. Finn, long a favorite on the American and English stage, was the author of *Casper Hauser*, the *Fall of Montgomery* and other plays which met with fair success. His versatility was not restricted to the thea-

tre. He could paint miniatures very beautifully, as also landscapes and portraits in oil, and some of his caricatures were extremely clever. As a writer he possessed respectable talents, being master of a pure English prose style. At one time he owned and edited the *Savannah Georgian*, and he was one of the founders of the New Orleans *Picayune*. He wrote comic annuals, comic almanacs and comic songs by the score, and was also successful in productions of a graver cast. During the speculative mania of 1836-7 he launched extensively into the purchase of stocks, whereby he made inroads upon the handsome property accumulated by his industry; but enough remained to secure for his family a liberal competence. He perished at sea on board the *Lexington*, on the 10th of January, 1840, almost in sight of his Newport home. In all his relations in life Finn was irreproachable.

Kennicott.

James H. Kennicott, of New Orleans, received the premium of \$300 offered by Caldwell for the best tragedy for the opening of the new theatre in that city. It was entitled *Irma*, and came into existence as follows: In 1829 Kennicott was keeping a small school in western New York, and his name was not known beyond the sound of his own school-bell. One day, taking up a newspaper, he read therein Forrest's offer of \$500 for the best play suited to his peculiar style of acting, and in the same paper was Caldwell's offer. "At that time," says Kennicott, "I had read very few plays and

never seen any except a strolling company's representation of *Rob Roy*, yet I sat down to the task of writing for both prizes. *Irma* was written of mornings, always before breakfast, and took me a fortnight to each act. I then took up the subject of King Philip, and wrote a piece which I called *Metacomet*, for the purpose of offering it to Mr. Forrest; but, having no acquaintance through whom it could be sent to him, it was forwarded in company with *Irma* to Mr. Caldwell. The piece was so long that it was not offered to the committee, or if so, it was never read." *Irma* was the first American piece played in New Orleans. It was produced in March, 1830, with a powerful cast, and met with strong approbation. The following was an effective scene, as rendered by Caldwell and Jane Placide:

Irma.—Ha! (Raises a pistol.)

Must the prediction be accomplished, then,
And thou the victim?

Remington.—Hold! (The pistol goes off, and Remington falls.)

Irma.—'Tis done! 'tis done!

(She stands stupefied with horror. After some time
Remington recovers and rises on his elbow.)

Rem.—*Irma*!

She heeds me not. And this is my revenge?

Ha! ha! I thank you, devils, for that thought.

I thank you. It shall be done. *Irma*! ho, *Irma*!

Irma.—Ah! that voice!

Rem.—*Irma*!

Irma.—Ha! he lives!

O God! I thank thee that he lives, still lives.

Rem.—*Irma*! Murderess!

Irma.—A murderess!

Rem.—Hear me:

Me hast thou murdered—me! But do not think
The doom denounced against thee is fulfilled.
Again shalt thou imbrue thy hands in blood.

Irma.—Liar!

Rem.—Again shalt be a murderess!

And Hinda, too, thine own, thine only child,
Shall be the victim!

Irma.—Liar! liar! fiend!

Mine own, my only child! ha! ha! (Laughs madly.)

Fiend! I will drag thee to the precipice,
And hurl thy carcass down its ragged sides!

Come on and be the fishes' food.

(In a fit of frenzy she seizes Remington and drags
him toward the cliffs. Scene closes.)

Stone's *Metamora*, which gained the Forrest prize, was founded on the same subject as Kennicott's *Metacomet*; that is to say, the story of the Indian King Philip.

Cornelius A. Logan.

The *Wag of Maine*, a three-act play written for Hackett and performed at the Park theatre, New York, for many successive nights in 1835-6, was pronounced by the press the best American comedy extant. Its author was Cornelius A. Logan, who wrote also the comedy of *Yankee Land* and the farce of the *Wool Dealer*. He was a man of versatile ability, manager of a Cincinnati theatre, an excellent writer and a bold defender of the stage against the attacks of the pulpit. His gifted daughter, Olive Logan, was well known in later years for dramatic and literary ability.

H. W. Longfellow.

It is entirely superfluous to give in this work any account of Henry W. Longfellow, the most popular

American poet. It is sufficient to say that his *Spanish Student* was a poetic gem characteristic of its famous author, and is published again as a valuable contribution to American dramatic literature.

In his old age Longfellow returned more than once to the dramatic form as best fitted for the expression of certain phases of poetry. Hence we have *The Masque of Pandora*; the tragedy of *Judas Maccabæus*; *Michael Angelo*; and finally the trilogy called *Christus: a Mystery*; consisting of *The Divine Tragedy*, or story of the Gospels; *The Golden Legend*, or mediæval Christianity; *Martin Luther*, or the spirit of the Reformation; *The New England Tragedies*, or the spirit of Puritanism. None of these, of course, were intended for acting, but for serious study.

H. N. MOORE.

Orlando and *The Regicide*, both five-act tragedies, are from the pen of Horatio Newton Moore. The former was written when he was only fifteen years of age, first appearing in 1837, and was many times republished, until reviewed in a scathing article in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. In a sketch entitled *Memoirs of a Retired Spouter*, Moore afterward alluded facetiously to the direful flagellation then bestowed on him. "Regret is useless," he said, "but if any man values my friendship let him not mention it; for as long as I live I shall remember with chagrin the tragedy of *Orlando*." Though devoted to the drama, and himself an amateur histrion of local fame, Moore turned to novel-writing, in which he suc-

ceeded better, and wrote also some mediocre poetry. He loved to figure as the hero of his own narratives, which were filled with bright sentiments and graphic scenes. In appearance he was rather prepossessing, with features of the Byronic type and a full consciousness of the fact, appearing with open collar and a profusion of curls, black and shining as the raven's wing.

M. M. Noah.

Mordecai M. Noah, journalist and critic, wrote *The Fortress of Sorrento*, *The Grecian Captive*, *Marion*, *the Hero of Lake George*, *She Would be a Soldier*, *Paul and Alexis* and other dramas.

While in office as sheriff of New York, Noah wrote several pieces for the stage which were eminently successful. One of them was so redolent of saltpetre, brimstone, sulphur and blue and red lights, that, as was said, it set fire to the theatre and burned it to the ground. The proceeds were for the benefit of Noah; the house was filled to its utmost limits with the beauty and fashion of the town, and the gross receipts were nearly \$2,000. It was an awful conflagration that succeeded, and it produced the greatest distress among the heroes of the sock and buskin, who lost everything they had and were thrown entirely out of employment until their fortunes were revived by the appearance of Kean. But Noah's \$2,000 were saved. The treasurer had taken it home for safe-keeping, and the next day inclosed it to the author. Notwithstanding his own pecuniary wants—and they were many—Noah returned every dol-

lar of the amount and caused it to be divided among the performers, who had been stripped of their little all.

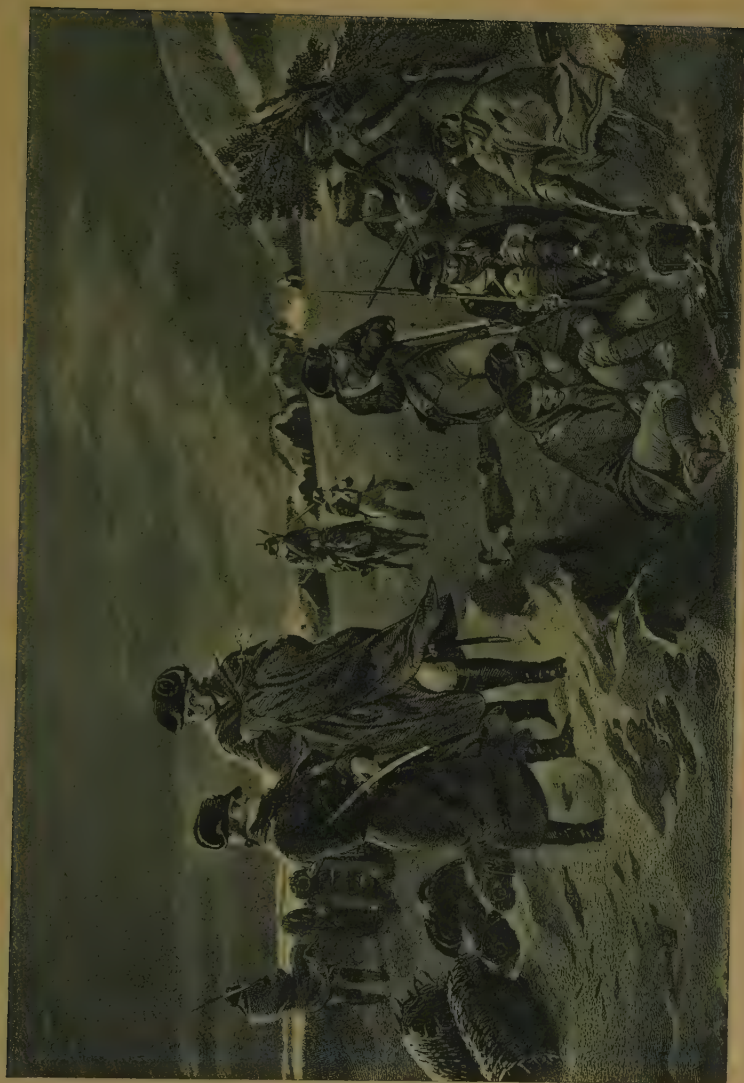
James Rees.

James Rees was one of the most successful, as well as one of the most productive, of American dramatists. His first popular piece was the national drama, in three acts, of *Washington at Valley Forge*, and equally well received were the *Unknown* and the *Squatter*, both brought out by Caldwell in magnificent style. But these were surpassed by *Anthony Wayne*, which had an uninterrupted run of forty nights, winning golden opinions in New York and Philadelphia. Other successes were *Amaldi, or the Brigand's Daughter*, *Mary Tudor*, *Lucrece Borgia* and, above all, *Patrick Lyon, or the Philadelphia Locksmith*, produced at the Arch Street theatre, in that city, August 26, 1843.

Epes Sargent.

The production of *Velasco*, a five-act tragedy by Epes Sargent, at the Tremont theatre, Boston, in December, 1837, was quite an event in the annals of the stage. Its phenomenal success was largely due to the acting of Helen Tree, who made of the heroine, Isidora, one of her best parts, drawing shouts of approbation from crowded audiences.

The play deals with an incident in the life of the Spanish champion, Diaz di Bivar, better known as The Cid. To avenge an insult offered to his father, the hero



slew, in single combat, the aggressor, Don Gomez, being at the same time betrothed to his daughter. The lady appealed to the Spanish monarch for redress, but, according to tradition, was afterward united to the Campeador. Sargent, however, took so many poetical liberties with the actual personages that his drama cannot be called historical. In the first scene, Velasco, a young cavalier, returns, in disguise, to the home of his ancestry in Burgos. He has been banished for a year, and relates the cause.

The discovery, which takes place at a royal banquet in honor of a masked cavalier, gives satisfaction to all except Hernando, the kinsman and promised bridegroom of Isidora, daughter of Gonzales, who confesses her love for Velasco and is released from her contract by the king. The disappointed lover plots revenge. He rekindles the ashes of a former feud between De Lerma, the father of Velasco, and Gonzales. They encounter in the street. Gonzales strikes his adversary—swords are drawn—but the aged father of Velasco is instantly disarmed, and owes his life to the contemptuous forbearance of Gonzales. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, De Lerma meets his son, and the following scene ensues:

De Lerma.—Velasco! from a haughty ancestry
We claim descent; whose glory it has been
That never one of their illustrious line
Was tainted with dishonor. Yesterday
That boast was true—it is no longer true!

Velasco.—No longer true! Who of our race, my lord,
Has proved unworthy of the name he bears?

De Ler.—I am that wretch!

Vel.—(Starting back.) *Thou! father!*

De Ler.—Ay, I thought

Thou wouldst shrink from me as a thing accursed!
 'Tis right. I taught thee—thou but mind'st my dictates.
 But do not curse me: for there was a time
 When I had fell'd him lifeless at my feet!
 The will was strong although the nerveless arm
 Dropp'd palsied by my side.

Vel.—My father, speak!

Explain this mystery.

De Ler.—I have been struck—

Degraded by a vile and brutal blow!

Oh! thou art silent. Thou wilt not despise me?

Vel.—Who was the rash aggressor? He shall die!

Nay, 'twas some serf—there's not the gentleman
 In all Castile would lay an unkind hand
 Upon thy feebleness. Then do not think
 Thyself disgraced, my father, more than if
 Thou hadst been smitten by a lion's claw—
 A horse's hoof—the falling of a rafter!
 Knowst thou the offender's name?

De Ler.—Alas! no serf—

No man of low degree has done this deed—
 The aggressor is our equal.

Vel.—Say'st thou so?

Then, by my sacred honor, he shall die!

De Ler.—Thou wilt hold true to that?

Vel.—Have I not said?

Were it the king himself who dared profane
 A single hair upon thy reverend brow,
 I would assault him on his guarded throne,
 And with his life-blood stain the marble floor!

De Ler.—Thou noble scion of a blighted stock!

I am yet strong in thee. Thou shalt avenge
 This ignominious wrong.

Vel.—Who did it? Speak!

De Ler.—Gonzales did it!

Vel.—No, no, no! The air,

In fiendish mockery, syllabled that name.
 It was a dreadful fantasy! My lord—

De Ler.—Pedro Gonzales.

Vel.—Isidora's father?

De Ler.—Oh! thou hast other ties. I did forget.

Go! thou art released.

Vel.—There must be expiation!

Oh! I am very wretched! But fear not.

There shall be satisfaction or atonement.

De Ler.—Thou say'st it. To thy trust I yield

Mine honor.

Epes Sargent was a diligent literary worker, producing many popular songs and poems, and a few novels. To him we are indebted for the collection called *Modern Drama*.

A Severe Frost.

The following card from the author of the national drama entitled the *Capture of Prescott, or the Heroism of Barton*, tells its own story: "S. S. Southworth returns his sincere thanks to the two ladies and fifty gentlemen who honored the theatre on the evening of Wednesday with their presence, and thus gave him a bumper and a benefit. It was the intention of the author to hand the proceeds of the night to the poor of the church; but, being apprehensive that the avails might not meet the expectations of that respectable body, they are withheld, and will be invested in anthracite coal. This being the first benefit the author ever received, excepting always the 'benefit of the act,' he considers himself highly fortunate. In thinking over the events of the evening, the author is consoled with the reflection that but for a severe gust of wind, accompanied with snow, hundreds would have been in attendance, which belief

answers all the purposes of a full house. The thanks of the author are also due to a brace of colored ladies and gentlemen in the gallery."

S. S. Steele.

Silas S. Steele deserves honorable mention in this brief chronicle of the American drama. His subjects were as varied as his style, blending true poetry with the bold, energetic tone essential to plays intended for the stage. Among his best pieces are his nautical plays, which show a thorough knowledge of a sailor's life, his sea phrases winning the approbation of James Fenimore Cooper, who spoke of him in the highest terms. His comic operas and burlesques sparkle with gems from the great composers, among which are airs of his own which display a highly cultivated taste for music. In his operas and his many local pieces is a vein of quiet humor and genuine wit which goes far to account for their success. In England, where the burlesque operatic and vocal drama was then very popular, he had no rival; yet his efforts met with a scant reward, for as yet the field was limited, and dramatists wrote only for bread, without thought of fame, and purely as a matter of business. Steele was also an actor, making his *début* in his native city of Philadelphia as Alonzo in *Pizarro*, but without any marked success.

Richard Penn Smith.

Richard Penn Smith, one of the most prolific of American dramatists, was a member of the Philadel-

phia bar, where his father was known as one of the most polished gentlemen of the old school, highly educated, and a poet of repute in his day. He was a thorough classical scholar, a good linguist, and profoundly versed in dramatic lore. He turned out plays by the score, and, as he avowed, wrote only for money. Several of his successful pieces were written at a week's notice. The last act of *William Penn* was written on the afternoon of the day previous to the performance, yet it ran to full houses for ten successive nights, and was several times revived. His *Deformed* and *Disowned* both met with success in London, an honor which no other American dramatist had thus far received. The tragedy of *Caius Marius*, written for Edwin Forrest, possesses unquestionable merit. The plot is well managed, the principal characters are well developed and sustained, the language is uniformly vigorous, and the sentiments are poetical and just.

Park Benjamin.

Though born in British Guiana in 1809, Park Benjamin belonged to a New England family. Improper treatment of an illness in his infancy rendered him permanently lame. He was educated at Harvard and Trinity Colleges and was admitted to the bar, but devoted himself to literary work, several monthly and weekly periodicals which he edited or published being sometimes of too high a tone to obtain substantial support. In later life he frequently lectured on literature and social topics. His poems, though worthy of preserva-

tion, were never collected into a volume. His solitary drama, *The Financier*, was the favorite play of the season of 1842 at the Park theatre, New York. His death occurred in 1864.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

N. P. Willis, whose fame has become dim with lapse of time, wrote nothing for the stage until he competed for the prize offered by Josephine Clifton for the best play suited to her peculiar talent. The successful piece was his tragedy, *Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked*. It is certain that the tragedy had merit, for Josephine was hard to please, and in addition to a brilliant career in New York and Philadelphia, was the first American actress who visited England as a star. Willis chose for the scene of his tragedy the rude court of Philip Visconti, duke of Milan, in the fifteenth century. The principal male personage is the celebrated soldier of fortune, Francesco Sforza, who married, historically at least, Bianca Visconti, the duke's only daughter. The author has lightened the deep emotion with which the play is charged by the introduction of a humorous vein, in the person of Pasquali, who figures as a "whimsical poet," the character being written for Placide. It is not a very lively humor, but it is better than most of Willis' attempts in this direction. The first scene in the second act represents the square of Milan and the cathedral in which the marriage of Sforza and Bianca is being celebrated. Enter in haste Pasquali and Fiametta, Bianca's waiting-woman.

Fiametta.—Now, Master Pasquali, said I not we should be too late?

Pasquali.—Truly there seems no room.

Fiam.—And I her first serving-woman! If it were my own wedding, I should not grieve more to have missed it. You would keep on scribbling, scribbling, and I knew it was past twelve.

Pas.—Consider, Mistress Fiametta, I had no news of this marriage till the chimes began; and the epithalamium must be writ. I were ashamed else, being the bard of Milan.

Fiam.—The what of Milan?

Pas.—The bard, I say. Come aside, and thou shalt be consoled. I'll read thee my epithalamium.

Fiam.—Is it something to ask money of the bridegroom?

Pas.—Dost thou think I would beg?

Fiam.—Thou'rt very poor.

Pas.—Look thee, Mistress Fiametta, that's a vulgar error thou hadst best be rid of. I, whom thou callest poor, am richer than the duke.

Fiam.—Now, if thou art not out of thy senses, the Virgin bless us!

Pas.—I'll prove it even to thy dull satisfaction. Answer me truly. How many meals eats the duke in a day?

Fiam.—Three, I think, if he be well.

Pas.—So does Pasquali. How much covering has he?

Fiam.—Nay, what keeps him warm.

Pas.—So has Pasquali. How much money carries he on his person?

Fiam.—None, I think. He is a duke, and needs none.

Pas.—Even so Pasquali. He is a poet, and needs none. What good does him the gold in his treasury?

Fiam.—He thinks of it.

Pas.—So can Pasquali. What pleasure hath he in his soldiers?

Fiam.—They keep him safe in his palace.

Pas.—So they do Pasquali in his chamber. Thus far, thou'lt allow, my estate is as good as his—and better—for I can think of his gold, and sleep safe by his soldiers, yet have no care of them.

Fiam.—I warrant he has troubled thoughts.

Pas.—Thou sayest well. Answer me once more, and I'll prove to thee in what I am richer. Thou'st heard, I dare swear, of imagination.

Fiam.—Is't a Pagan nation or a Christian?

Pas.—Stay. I'll convey thee by a figure. What were the value of red stockings over black, if it were always night?

Fiam.—None.

Pas.—What were beauty, if it were always dark?

Fiam.—The same as none.

Pas.—What were green leaves better than brown, diamonds better than pebbles, gold better than brass, if it were always dark?

Fiam.—No better, truly.

Pas.—Then the shining of the sun, in a manner, dyes your stockings, creates beauty, makes gold and diamonds, and paints the leaves green?

Fiam.—I think it doth.

Pas.—Now mark! There be gems in the earth, qualities in the flowers, creatures in the air, the duke ne'er dreams of. There be treasures of gold and silver, temples and palaces of glorious work, rapturous music, and feasts the gods sit at—and all seen only by a sun which, to the duke, is as black as Erebus.

Fiam.—Lord! Lord! Where is it, Master Pasquali?

Pas.—In my head! All these gems, treasuries, palaces and fairy harmonies I see by the imagination I spoke of. Am I not richer, now?

Fiam.—(Retreating from him in fear.) Oh, the Virgin help us! He thinks there's a sun in his head! I thought to have married him, but he's mad!

Robert Montgomery Bird.

Dr. Bird, author of *The Gladiator*, was born in Delaware in 1805, and took his degree of M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He turned to literature, and as early as 1828 had published tales, poems and several tragedies on the old English model. Forrest produced

The Gladiator with immense success, and it has seldom occurred that author and actor were so much indebted to each other as in this instance. The piece was eminently successful throughout the Union. Although written exclusively with a view to the stage, it abounds with poetic passages and possesses no ordinary share of literary merit. *Oraloosa*, which is a story of Spanish cruelty in Peru, first appeared in the following year, and was received with favor. Forrest excelled himself in his masterly delineation of the hero, and was well supported, while the scenery, costumes and stage appointments were most of them prepared for the occasion. After *Oraloosa* came the *Broker of Bogota*, which was the most finished of Bird's dramas. It did not create the decided impression produced by *The Gladiator*, for there was nothing of the drums and trumpets, the battling for freedom which this play affords, to put the spirit in motion; but viewed as a work of art, the *Broker of Bogota* surpasses either of the other pieces. All these tragedies were written especially for Forrest. Prior to their production, Bird had written a tragedy entitled *Pelopidas*, apparently adapted to the powers of the tragedian, and calculated to enhance the author's reputation; but it was never produced.

The Gladiator has held the stage for seventy years. Its first performance was on the 24th of October, 1831, at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, before the largest audience ever assembled within its walls. In the hands of Forrest, to whose talents and powers it was admirably fitted, the piece was eminently success-

ful throughout the United States, and later retained its popularity on both sides of the Atlantic as a favorite rôle with Macready and John McCullough. Seldom surpassed in originality and effect by anything in the modern drama is the scene in the arena at the close of the second act, when the gladiators break loose from their tyrants and raise the standard of revolt.

Translations from the French were now in favor, a version of Dumas' *Paul Jones* being brought out at the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, in 1840, while at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, John Butler's *Gaspardo the Gondolier*, also from the French, was produced with decided success.

J. K. Paulding on the American Drama.

James K. Paulding had been associated with Washington Irving in the publication of the *Salmagundi*, and afterward continued it by himself. To him we owe *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, *The Dutchman's Fireside*, and other entertaining sketches. Among his plays is *The Bucktails, or Americans in England*, written soon after the war of 1812, and published in Philadelphia in 1847, along with others by his son, William Irving Paulding. It was intended, he declares, as an experiment to ascertain "how far the public taste might incline to this species of literature. Hitherto the people of the United States have been almost entirely dependent on foreign writers for this, one of the most influential of all the censors of public manners, morals and tastes, and it seems obvious that the productions of foreigners,

adapted to actions in a state of society so widely different from that of our country, can have little application to us, either as republicans or patriots. Like every other people, we require a drama of our own, based on our own manners, habits, character and political institutions; and such a drama, it seems to us, if sustained with sufficient spirit by American writers, would take root and flourish in the United States."

The Bucktails, though it did not become a favorite, is a very fair specimen of American comedy toward the middle of the nineteenth century. The dialogue is sprightly and the characters are well sustained. There is plenty of love-making, some of which is not very sprightly, as the men are too much absorbed in their hobbies and are well stricken in years. There is an abduction in the fourth act, planned by a noble lord and executed by ruffians, the heroine making her escape by falling into the hands of gypsies, who take care of her until rescued by her friends. In the fifth act all ends as it should, the right parties marrying and the principal personages setting forth for America, where, as the Bucktails assure them, are greater attractions than any the Old World can show them.

David Paul Brown.

Sertorius, one of the most successful tragedies of the time, was written by David Paul Brown, and first acted, about 1830, by Junius Brutus Booth, then acknowledged as the finest tragic actor in the United States, and himself a dramatist of repute. Brown was one of the

most popular lawyers in Philadelphia, "possessing," says one of his critics, "in an eminent degree those qualities which acquire favor." His clients were numerous, his business extensive, and as an advocate he had no superiors. His *Prophet of St. Paul's* was a closet play, not intended for representation; yet, as the author boasted, "it had been thrice performed and not yet damned."

N. H. Bannister.

Psammetichus, or the Twelve Tribes of Egypt, by Nathaniel Harrington Bannister, was one of the many plays written for Edwin Forrest, and appears to have met with fair success. The following is from a scene between the hermit Psammetichus and Hierophantes, king of Pelusium:

Psammetichus.—Who calls the hermit from his rock-bound cell?
Hierophantes.—Pelusium's king.

Psam.— I do not know thy face,
 And yet, right well I know Pelusium's king.
 Life's usual limit I have long since passed,
 And crossed the common barrier of man's days.
 Perchance my eyes deceive me, but thy looks,
 Unless they play me false, proclaim thee—

Hiero.— What?

Psam.—Villain! But no; thou canst not be, for these,
 In royal robes arrayed, were once the friends—
 Or seemed so—of Pelusium's king, and they seem thine.
 Years dim the vision, memory becomes
 A pathless wilderness in life's gray winter,
 When old age rocks the cradle of the soul.

Hiero.—I would learn of thee—

Psam.— Learn from above!
 Wisdom, the spirit's nectar, is the gift
 Of the eternal gods, and to the good

Vouchsafed alone. It is the meed of virtue.
Thou art a king, and yet thou art a man;
No more, although thy chariot were,
Like great Sesostri's, drawn by harnessed kings.
Believe not thou art fair—in the smooth glass
Of self-delusion, fawning flatterers look
Like ministers of truth to the clear eye
Of foolish vanity and upstart pride.
Ere long thou'lt find the pleasing image fade,
When death's approach unlocks the gates of truth,
Start back aghast at thine own hideous heart,
And wonder that it looked not ever thus.
A king, it may be; yet thou art a man,
A very insect on the wheel of time,
Revolving by a power thou canst not know,
And tending to a fate thou canst not fathom.

Besides being a prolific dramatist, Bannister was an actor, making his first appearance in Baltimore, as Young Norval, in 1826, when he was sixteen years of age. On the long list of his plays is *The Wandering Jew*, in fifteen acts. One of his most successful dramas, named *Putnam*, produced at the Bowery, ran for more than a hundred nights.

Out of a number of minor dramas that were given in this period, the following may be mentioned: *Waldemir, or the Massacre*, was an anonymous play, said to be the production of a merchant of New York. It was first performed in 1831, with Charles Kean in the title rôle, with moderate success. *The Maid of Florence, or a Woman's Vengeance*, a pseudo-historical tragedy, published for the author in Philadelphia, 1840. *Love's Frailty*, a melodramatic play in three acts, written for a prize offered by the manager of the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. It was produced on January 4,

1843, and proved a failure. Among the competitors for this prize was John Howard Payne; and his beautiful play of *The Italian Bride*, for which he at one time refused \$300—a very high price in those days—could not obtain the premium of \$50 which was paid for a piece of trash.

Mrs. Mowatt's "*Fashion*."

The most deservedly successful American comedy of the period under review was *Fashion*, written by Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, who also played a part in it. It was produced in March, 1845, at the Park theatre, New York, and was acted for eighteen consecutive nights to enthusiastic audiences, a remarkable run for those days. *The Albion*, a leading journal, paid this tribute to its merits, under the caption, "An American Drama for Americans:"

"It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we record the triumphant verdict of the public in favor of Mrs. Mowatt's comedy of *Fashion*. It has created a sensation unexampled in theatricals, and has decisively established the fact that the time has arrived when a strictly American drama can be called into existence.

"The satires on modern views and follies conveyed through the medium of importations from the London stage fail in their application in this country, from their local character. The 'mirror of nature' reflects only English manners and peculiarities; the satire is consequently pointless here; but change this stage reflector to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large

cities, and let it faithfully exhibit the 'manners living as they rise' in American society, and the drama then assumes its legitimate position, and we believe it will soon regain its original ascendancy.

"The scene is laid in New York, and the incidents are all confined to the family of one of the reputed modern millionaires, the growth of this commercial emporium. Mr. Tiffany is a New York merchant doing an extensive business, has risen from a peddler to his present importance, and, conducting his affairs upon the high steam pressure system of the day, becomes involved and resorts to false indorsements for the support of his declining credit. Mrs. Tiffany, also of obscure origin, uneducated, vulgar and full of pretension, aspires to lead in so-called fashionable society by extravagant display and the aping of foreign manners. In her devotion to everything not 'native,' she has set her heart upon marrying her daughter Seraphina to a foreign adventurer, who, under the assumed title of Count Jolimaitre, has obtained an entrée into society. Mr. Tiffany has, however, other views for his daughter, having designed her for his confidential servant Snobson, who is privy to his employer's forgeries, and demands Seraphina's hand as the price of his secrecy. A French waiting-maid, Millinette, proves to be an old flame of Jolimaitre's, and in revenge and jealousy she discovers the imposture. Snobson at the same time denounces Tiffany as a forger, and the parvenus are reduced to worse than their original obscurity.

"There is an underplot of touching interest, conducted by a rich old farmer from Cattaraugus, Adam

Trueman, who comes to New York in search of his granddaughter Gertrude, residing with the Tiffanys as a music teacher, or rather an humble dependent. This young lady has won the affections of Colonel Howard, purely from her virtue and sincerity of character; and after suffering a few of the usual trials of virtuous young ladies, she is established as old Trueman's heir-ess and the bride of Howard. Another important character is Prudence, a prying old maid, setting her cap at old Trueman and carrying on the plot by meddling in everybody's affairs. This is the richest specimen of comedy in the whole play, and was supported in a style worthy of all commendation. A black servant, Zeke, is also a fine specimen of Mrs. Mowatt's comic powers. Mr. Twinkle, a poetaster, and Mr. Fogg, a specimen of fashionable indifference, complete the *dramatis personæ*.

"These are the materials from which Mrs. Mowatt has constructed her drama. It will be observed that every character may be taken as a specimen of a class; and not the least of the merits of this comedy is that it is only classes that are depicted, individuals have not sat for the portraits; and it would be doing Mrs. Mowatt great injustice to suppose that she would serve up particular persons for public laughter or derision. We believe her incapable of the act, and we hear that she unequivocally denies the charge. That several persons have been named as models is tolerably conclusive evidence that the application of the satire is a general one.

"The language throughout is natural and colloquial, terse and pointed; hence its charm. Two acts are actu-

ally nothing but conversation; the action of the play does not progress; and yet the interest of the audience is sustained without flagging. There is not, perhaps, much brilliancy in the dialogue, but the absence of this is sufficiently compensated by the solid truths conveyed throughout. The language of Trueman, in particular, is energetic and pointed in the extreme; he is the moralist of the comedy, but he never prosés. Mrs. Tiffany is a modern Mrs. Malaprop in the French tongue, with a dash of Lady Duberly, and the duality is skillfully managed.

"The dramatic incident or action exhibits, perhaps, the unpractised hand; the characters talk too much for modern comedy. We have felt, at times, like the critic on the first representation of the *School for Scandal*, who exclaimed, 'Why do not those people leave off talking and let the play go on?' This defect has been materially obviated since the first night, by judicious curtailments in the dialogue, yet still more action is desirable. Upon the whole, Mrs. Mowatt may lay claim to having produced the best American comedy in existence, and one that sufficiently indicates her capabilities to write one that shall rank among the first of the age.

"That Mrs. Mowatt is impressed with this view of her true woman's mission in the construction of her next dramatic effort we have reason to know; and we also believe that other native authors of talent are awakening to the importance of bringing their aid toward the establishment of a strictly American drama."

The prologue and epilogue which the custom of those days required are worth reprinting as throwing light on

the general attitude of the American public towards the stage about 1850.

"Fashion, a comedy. I'll go—but stay—
Now I read farther, 'tis a native play!
Bah! home-made calicoes are well enough,
But home-made dramas must be stupid stuff.
Had it the London stamp 'twould do—but then,
For plays we lack the manners and the men!"
Thus speaks one critic. Hear another's creed:
"Fashion! what's here? it never can succeed!
What! from a woman's pen? It takes a man
To write a comedy—no woman can!"

Well, sir, and what say you? And why that frown?
His eyes uprolled, he lays the paper down.
"Here! take," he says, "the unclean thing away!
'Tis tainted with the notice of a play!"
But, sir! but, gentlemen! you, sir, who think
No comedy can flow from native ink—
Are we such perfect monsters, or such dull,
That wit no traits for ridicule can cull?
Have we no follies here to be redressed?
No vices gibbeted? no crimes confessed?

"But then, a female hand can't lay the lash on!"
"How know you that, sir, when the theme is Fashion?"

And now come forth, thou man of sanctity!
How shall I venture a reply to thee?
The stage—what is it, though beneath thy ban,
But a daguerreotype of life and man?
Arraign poor human nature, if you will,
But let the drama have her mission still!
Let her with honest purpose still reflect
The faults which keen-eyed satire may detect;
For there be men who dread not a hereafter,
Yet tremble at the hell of public laughter!

Friends! from these scoffers we appeal to you!
Condemn the false! but oh, applaud the true!

Grant that some wit may grow on native soil—
 And art's fair fabric rise from woman's toil—
 While we exhibit, but to reprehend
 The social vices 'tis for you to mend!

EPILOGUE.

Prudence.—I told you so; and now you hear and see.

I told you Fashion would the fashion be!

Trueman.—Then both its point and moral I distrust.

Count.—Sir, is that liberal?

Howard.— Or is it just?

True.—The guilty have escaped!

Tiffany.— Is therefore sin made

Charming? Ah, there's punishment within!

Guilt ever carries his own scourge along—

Gertrude.—Virtue her own reward!

True.— You're right, I'm wrong!

Mrs. Tiff.—How have we been deceived!

Pru.— I told you so!

Seraphina.—To lose at once a title and a beau!

Count.—A count no more, I'm no more of account.

True.—But to a nobler title you shall mount,

And he, in time—who knows?—an honest man!

Count.—Eh, Millinette?

Millinette.— Oh, oui! I know you can.

Count.—I'm much obliged. But hold— (To the audience.)

A word with you!

Ah, don't, as some ungracious judges do,

Confound the actor with the part he plays,

And like him least where most he merits praise.

In candor judge, some little mercy show,

And let the world your honest verdict know;

Here let it see portrayed its ruling passion,

And learn to prize, at its just value, Fashion.

Mrs. Mowatt, Author and Actress.

Mrs. Mowatt was the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, formerly a wealthy merchant of New York, and the

capitalist in the Miranda expedition, fitted out for the liberation of the South American colonies from the yoke of Spain. On her mother's side she was descended from Francis Lewis, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. She was born at Bordeaux, France, in 1819, and was married at the early age of fifteen. She had evinced literary taste, and after her marriage applied herself to the study of foreign languages and similar pursuits. She wrote both prose and poetry occasionally for the magazines, generally under the name of Helen Berkley. From her earliest years she seems to have possessed a love for dramatic personations. She wrote several plays which were performed in private, Mrs. Mowatt herself enacting the heroines. One of these, a drama entitled *Gulzara, or the Persian Slave*, published in 1841, met with high encomiums from the press. It is probably unique in dramatic literature in having no male characters except a boy ten years of age.

Her husband having failed in business, Mrs. Mowatt sought to aid him by giving dramatic readings from the poets in public. She made her first appearance in Boston, and recited three nights before large and brilliant audiences, whose enthusiastic reception gave her all the encouragement she could desire. After this she recited in Providence and in New York with equal success. But a severe and protracted illness put a stop to any further efforts of this nature.

In 1843 she published, under her signature of Helen Berkley, a novel entitled *The Fortune-Hunter*. Though never attributed to Mrs. Mowatt, it had an extensive sale. Two years later she had another novel in the

press, entitled *Evelyn, or a Heart Unmasked*, and in 1846 brought out her five-act drama of *Armand, or the Child of the People*. Young, beautiful and gifted, her talents shed lustre on her country's literature, reviving the taste for the drama and showing others that they need not wander afield in search of subjects.

Her husband having failed as a publisher, Mrs. Mowatt had recourse to the stage. She made her début in June, 1845, at the Park theatre, New York, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. In the autumn of the following year her fame was increased by a Philadelphia engagement, opening as Juliet at the Walnut Street theatre. Later she went abroad, and in December, 1847, in Manchester, England, she played Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of E. L. Davenport. A few weeks later she first appeared on the London boards at the Princess' theatre. When she took her leave of the stage at Niblo's Garden, in the character of Pauline, on the 3d of June, 1854, the receipts amounted to the then unheard-of sum of \$6,000. Four days later she was married to William F. Ritchie, editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*. Her subsequent home at Richmond, Virginia, became a centre of culture and refinement. In the midst of her social duties much time was given to literature. After the death of her father and the outbreak of the civil war she went to Europe and lived with relatives in Paris and Florence. She died near London in July, 1870. Marion Harland has paid tribute to her memory in her *Recollections of a Christian Actress*.

Mrs. Mowatt-Ritchie's *Autobiography of an Actress* is an exceedingly interesting and valuable work, a credit to the American stage and an honor to her memory. Of a similar character is her *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain*. In it she warmly defended women who enter upon stage-life, though they may have no hope of ever getting beyond the most humble position. Yet her own example and speedy triumph had perhaps the ill effect of alluring to a difficult and dangerous mode of life many who were incapable for the task.

Charlotte Cushman.

Charlotte Cushman long held the foremost place among American actresses. She was descended from the Plymouth Pilgrims and was born at Boston in 1816. Having a fine contralto voice, she was trained for the operatic stage, but, being obliged to sing soprano parts, spoiled it. She then became an actress, making her début at New Orleans in 1836 as Lady Macbeth. Returning to the North, she joined the stock company at the Park theatre, New York. She was manager of a theatre in Philadelphia when Macready visited the United States in 1843, and gave him such cordial, efficient support that he induced her to join in his tour. This was the turning point of her career. The refined English actor opened her eyes to the artistic possibilities and ideals of their profession. By his advice in the next year she went to Europe, visiting Scotch and English theatres to study their methods. She obtained an engagement to appear as Bianca in Mil-

man's *Fazio* on February 14th, 1845. Though previously unknown to London play-goers, she won a magnificent triumph. In this and other parts she continued to appear for eighty-eight successive nights before the most highly cultured audiences of England. Her sister Susan was called to her aid, and together they spent four years in Great Britain and Ireland. Charlotte played Romeo to her sister's Juliet, and assumed other male parts. She was married to the chemist, Dr. Muspratt, of Liverpool, and remained in England.

After her return to America Miss Cushman, whose fame was now secure, made her first appearance as Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*, a part which had been accidentally assigned to her in 1840. She had made it one of her most notable renditions, giving to the outcast ragged gypsy a prophetic and almost queenly character. Other favorite parts were Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII*, Beatrice, Mrs. Haller, Julia in *The Hunchback*, and Nancy Sykes. In 1852 she went again to England and spent five years. After a farewell tour in the United States she settled at Rome with her friend, Miss Emma Stebbins, noted for her work in sculpture.

During the civil war Miss Cushman was induced to return to her native land and give some performances, especially in aid of the Sanitary Commission. But she resumed her residence in Rome until 1869. Two years later she began again to make tours in the United States, appearing both as reader and actor. Her farewell tour in 1874 extended to all the principal cities, and she was honored with special demonstrations from

the most cultured audiences. She died at Boston February 18th, 1876.

Charlotte Cushman's eminent success in her profession was due to her unconquerable will and her conscientious labor not less than her intellectual ability. The *London Times* said: "The great characteristics of Miss Cushman are her earnestness, her intensity, her quick apprehension of readings, her power to dart from emotion to emotion with the greatest rapidity." This estimate omits the quality which most impressed the later years of her career—the majesty of her own character seen and felt in her personations. This was especially true of her Shakespearean characters—the pathetic Queen Catherine and the terrible Lady Macbeth. In some of her latest appearances in this character she had the advantage of Edwin Booth's assistance as Macbeth, making a grand revelation of Shakespearean characters. Apart from the stage, Miss Cushman's whole life was full of generous enthusiasm and self-sacrifice.

George H. Boker.

Few of the poets of America have attempted the drama. It is to the honor of Longfellow's courage and genius that he did not shrink from this perilous effort, though his most popular and famous work was in other departments. Yet his marked success in *The Spanish Student* might have encouraged other votaries of the Muses to emulate him here. Of those who did venture into this neglected field, the most successful, both in literary and dramatic merit, was George Henry

Boker, whose productions, however, are less familiar than they deserve to be. Born in Philadelphia in 1823, he graduated from Princeton in 1842, and studied law; but, possessing independent means, never practised at the bar. After enjoying the advantage of travel in Europe, he devoted his leisure to poetry, and especially the drama.

His first play was *Calaynos*, which was performed in England in 1848, and afterward played by E. L. Davenport. It was followed by the tragedy of *Anne Boleyn* in 1850, and *Leonora de Guzman* in 1851. Still turning to themes of European history, he produced his best-known drama, *Francesca da Rimini*. This pathetic story has been immortalized by Dante's brief outline, yet has repeatedly attracted the attention of dramatists. Among the various attempts to present it on the stage, no one has been more successful than Boker's. It was performed with great success by Lawrence Barrett about 1885, and has since been again presented on the stage. It is not only a faithful dramatic rendering of the story, but the finest play of the poetical classical style produced by an American.

Boker also wrote comedies, perhaps never performed on the stage. Their titles are *The Betrothal* and *The Widow's Marriage*. There is no apparent reason why they should not be favorably received if properly presented to the public, but Boker was not a man to solicit favors, and the managers were content with plays at hand, even if of a lower style. Afterward Boker confined his literary work to lyrics and sonnets.

The excitement of the struggle for the Union roused him to impassioned expression of patriotism, seen both in prose appeals to the country and in his *Poems of the War*. In 1871 he was sent by President Grant as ambassador to Turkey, and afterward was transferred to Russia. Returning from this honorable post in 1879, Boker resided in Philadelphia till his death in 1890. He was secretary of the Union League of Philadelphia from its establishment until he went abroad as a diplomat, and after his return he became its president for a term. Though his plays are not concerned with American themes, they are none the less valuable contributions to his country's literature.

IV.

The Drama from 1850 to 1870.

A century had elapsed since the first feeble attempts at dramatic exhibition within the present limits of the United States. The drama had encountered many obstacles from religious prejudice, from the poverty of the people, and their absorption in the struggle to win a livelihood; it had been interrupted by wars and panics and bankruptcy. But at last it had become established as a popular amusement in all the cities of the country. Nearly every town had its theatre, sometimes euphemistically called museum or lyceum, and the more ambitious had also an opera-house, which might be styled an academy of music. These buildings, frequently fine specimens of architecture, served also at intervals for lectures, panoramas, political and other public meetings, and sometimes for ecclesiastical conventions or general gatherings of various kinds. Religious people, who had formerly opposed their introduction as dens of vice and temples of Satan, had ceased from the struggle, and, becoming familiar with their appearance, internal as well as external, frequented them even when dramatic companies occupied the stage, and found pop-

ular plays not only free from the objections which they had fondly imagined, but harmlessly entertaining and even morally instructive. Remote parts of the country were visited by travelling companies, who performed in barns for want of better accommodation, and recalled the strolling players of merry England and Continental Europe.

Uncle Tom's Cabin Dramatized.

Many causes had contributed to the marked change in public opinion and the growth of fondness for the drama. But a singular event now stimulated still further popular favor. This was the dramatization of the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That novel, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was first published serially in 1851 in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, a Washington weekly journal, which advocated the abolition of slavery. The circulation of this newspaper was confined to a small class of earnest people, generally regarded as fanatics on this subject. The story therefore remained almost unknown to the American people until it was published in book form in Boston in 1852. It came out in the midst of the great political agitation which attended and followed the passage of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. It depicted the actual condition of "life among the lowly," whether in its mild aspect on a Kentucky farm or in a New Orleans mansion, or in its offensive and brutal features among the slave-dealers or under a tyrannical overseer. The leading figure was a pious

old negro, sold from a comfortable cabin in Kentucky to a slave-dealer for the New Orleans market, and thence transferred to a back-country plantation, where he was tortured to death. Keen interest was also aroused by the younger mulatto, George Harris, who fled from bondage, and his wife Eliza, who, with her child, succeeded in crossing the Ohio on floating ice. The wealthy home in New Orleans furnished a contrast between the angelic Eva, child of the aristocratic St. Clair, and the irrepressible Topsy, "who never was born'd, but jist grow'd," and the prim Yankee, Miss Ophelia.

Such a combination of striking characters and powerful situations inevitably attracted stage-managers, and soon various versions were presented in the theatres. But the successful one, which still remains a favorite with the people of the North, and has sometimes been presented in the South, was prepared by George L. Aiken. The story of its inception is interesting. George C. Howard was in 1852 manager of the Museum at Troy, N. Y. His wife, acting in a version of *Oliver Twist*, took her four-year-old daughter Cordelia on the stage. The child's prattle heightened the effect of the scene, and the Howards, recognizing her dramatic instinct, sought appropriate means of further presenting it to the public. This was found in the saintly Eva. Aiken, a cousin of the Howards and member of their company, quickly arranged a new version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was produced in September, and had the amazing run of one hundred nights. The chief parts were distributed as follows: Uncle Tom, G. C.

Germon; George Harris, G. L. Aiken; Phineas Fletcher, C. K. Fox; St. Clair, George C. Howard; Topsy, Mrs. Howard; Eva, Cordelia Howard. This troupe took the play to Albany, and thence to New York city, where it was brought out at Purdy's National theatre in the summer of 1853, and ran till the following May.

Mrs. Howard belonged to the Fox family, noted in theatrical annals, and had been successful as a child actress; but she was far surpassed by her gifted daughter. Little Cordelia, with her winning grace, deeply impressed the hearts of men long accustomed to the stage. Literary men, like William Cullen Bryant, and dramatic veterans, like Edwin Forrest, wept at her personation of Eva. Until *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was performed in New York it had been customary to give an after-piece or ballet-dancing as a relief to the chief play of the evening. Howard stipulated that his play should be the entire performance. The New York manager objected, saying he would then have to close in a week. But Howard carried his point. People came to the theatre by hundreds, many of whom had never been inside its doors before. Prices were raised, and the play was kept on the boards over three hundred nights.

Controversy Over the Theatre.

It may have been this admission of a new class of auditors to the theatre that led to a vigorous controversy in regard to the morality of dramatic exhibitions. Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., a prominent Unitarian minister, noted for his public spirit, preached a sermon

on "Theatrical Amusements," in which he approved the stage not only as a legitimate popular entertainment, but also, if properly conducted, as an efficient means of public instruction in morals and manners. Various replies were made by clergymen and laymen of different creeds, among them being the famous surgeon, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia. His pamphlet was partly a modernized reproduction of the Puritan Prynne's attack on the stage, but, though vigorous in style, it had no marked effect on the public tendency.

To one of the clerical assailants of the stage Cornelius A. Logan, an actor of some eminence, and father of the actress Olive Logan, made a forcible reply:

"The Pulpit too often depicts Virtue in austere and forbidding colors, and strips her of every attractive grace. The path of duty is made a rugged and toilsome way—narrow and steep; and the fainting pilgrim is sternly forbidden to turn aside his bleeding feet to tread, even for a moment, the soft and pleasant green sward of sin, which smiles alluring on every side. The Stage paints Virtue in her holiday garments; though storms sometimes gather round her radiant head, the countenance of the heavenly maid, resigned, serene and meek, beams forth, after a season of patient suffering, with ineffable refulgence. Vice constantly wears his hideous features, and in the sure, inevitable punishment of the guilty we behold the type of that eternal Justice, before whose fiat the purest of us shall tremble when the curtain falls on the great drama of life."

While this discussion went on, the newspapers gave more and more prominence to theatrical doings, not merely as a grateful acknowledgment of their advertisements in adjoining columns, but as part of the current news in which their readers were interested. They added criticisms of the plays presented, and of popular taste and tendency in that direction. Sometimes the editors defended their course and referred to Shakespeare as having forever vindicated the claims of the drama to immortal honor and made the stage the vehicle of his philosophical teachings. The drama, it was asserted, taught lessons to rulers and citizens, to men and women, helping them to perform more correctly their various duties in life and stimulating them to virtue.

But it was really the managers who, according to their judgment of what would be acceptable to the mass of play-goers or the particular class for which they purveyed, controlled the situation. They marshaled the troupes of actors, gauged their several abilities, directed their performances and selected the plays, whether brought from abroad or written at home. Among the prominent managers at the middle of the century was William E. Burton, a well-educated man and versatile actor, excelling especially in broad low comedy. He had been ten years on the English stage before coming to America in 1834. Here he was first connected with Philadelphia theatres, rose to be manager, went to Baltimore and Washington, and finally became manager of the leading theatre in New York. While not absolutely

refusing American plays, he gave preference to those which had already succeeded on the London stage. He gave elaborate revivals of some of Shakespeare's plays.

The Wallack Dynasty.

This custom of indifference to the plays of American authors was also the rule with the Wallack family, who were most potent in theatrical affairs in New York for sixty years. James W. Wallack, Sr., born in England in 1794, had won popularity as actor and stage-manager there before he came to New York in 1818. He aspired to high tragedy, and, though not conspicuous in Shakespearean representations, was favorably regarded in the principal rôles of *The Gamester* and *Pizarro*. He succeeded, also, in the refined comedy parts of *Mercutio*, *Jaques* and *Benedick*. For twenty years he divided his time between the theatres of the United States and those of England. Then he established, on lower Broadway, the National theatre, in which he presented a repertory of the best plays in the English language, rendered by a company of superior talent and mostly of English birth. His knowledge of stage effect was unexcelled. His handsome person, melodious voice and careful elocution gave his own performances great attraction. In 1852 he opened Wallack's theatre, on Thirteenth street, and his son, John Lester Wallack, became stage-manager. This son, though born in New York city in 1820, had been educated in England, and had even entered the British army as lieutenant. But at the age of twenty-two he abandoned the army for

the stage, making his début in Dublin as Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Five years later he made his American début as Sir Charles Coldstream in Dion Boucicault's play, *Used Up*. For a long time he was announced as John W. Lester, but eventually resumed his proper appellation. Wallack's theatre was removed to Thirtieth street in 1861, owing to the shifting of the residential portion of the city and the steady encroachment of wholesale business on the lower part of Manhattan.

On the death of his father in 1864, Lester Wallack succeeded him as proprietor of the theatre, bearing the family name. He conducted it for twenty-four years, during most of which time it was highly successful; but in the end it deteriorated from its high estate. As an actor his forte was genteel comedy and romantic melodrama. As a manager he followed in the footsteps of his father, holding to the standard English plays which had stood the test of time. Occasionally he allowed a later English play to be presented when it had scored a success in London. But he seldom gave an opportunity to an American author, and when he did so, he showed little disappointment if the result was such as not to warrant a repetition of the experiment. The later years of his management brought financial trouble, but in May, 1888, after his retirement, a brilliant dramatic testimonial was given in his behalf, netting the unprecedented sum of \$20,000. The honored recipient survived only a few months. During his career he prepared for the stage versions from the French dramatists and from Dumas' romances. Among his original plays

were *Rosedale*, a charming picture of English rural life; *Central Park* and *The Veteran*, which deal with American characters and incidents.

James W. Wallack, Jr., may also be noted in this connection. He was a son of Henry Wallack, and was born in London, but brought to America in infancy. When a mere child he was taken on the stage in Philadelphia in the play *Pizarro*. Before 1860 he had become a star, and in that year he formed a combination with another celebrated actor, Edward L. Davenport. In *Oliver Twist* he played Fagin, while Davenport took the part of Bill Sykes, and Rose Eytinge appeared as Nancy.

Dion Boucicault.

In 1853 the versatile and prolific Dion Boucicault came to the United States. He readily adopted the tone of the American people and produced plays which may be credited to the American drama as correctly as his *London Assurance* is to the British. The latter owed much of its merit to Charles Matthews and other actors who assisted in its first performance. And Boucicault's American plays were doubtless benefited by similar suggestions. Among these was *The Octoroon*, produced in 1859, in which he performed the part of the Indian Wah-no-tee. The play was founded on a novel by Captain Mayne Reid, and was a kind of reply to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, intended to illustrate the actual effects of slavery. Another play, called *The Streets of New York*, was an adaptation from the French, and,

after his return to London, was given there, with slight alterations, as *The Streets of London*. His capital musical burlesque of *Pocahontas* has already been noted. Not less meritorious was the burlesque of *Columbus*, which sometimes rose above mere fun into serious recognition of the grand character and sad fate of the great discoverer.

In 1858 Boucicault established a theatre in Washington, but in the next year reconstructed the Metropolitan theatre in New York, and fitted it up elaborately as the Winter Garden. The venture did not prove profitable. In fact, Boucicault, though fertile in projects as well as plays, was obliged, after much further experience, to admit that he had no business capacity.

In 1860 he went back to England and devoted his busy pen to the manufacture of plays from various sources. From Sir Walter Scott's novel he took *The Trial of Effie Deans*; from Dickens he took *Dombey and Son*, and from his *Cricket on the Hearth* he took *Dot*, in which Joseph Jefferson acted Caleb Plummer. But still more famous has been his adaptation of *Rip Van Winkle*, which the genius of the actor has gradually transformed from an amusing picture of the contrast of two periods of national life into a pathetic sketch of the strange redemption of a village vagabond, an idea never intended by Irving. Still more original with Boucicault was the *Colleen Bawn*, in which he appeared as Myles-na-Cappelean. This play rescued the Irish character from the burlesque which had hitherto attended it on the stage. It helped, also, to inspire average Irishmen with a new ideal, and thus was doubly

beneficial. *The Shaughran* may be considered an enjoyable Irish version of *Rip Van Winkle*. Other delineations of Irish character were drawn by a loving hand in *Arrah-na-pogue* and *The Rapparee*.

In 1874 Boucicault returned to the United States and renewed his former experience of success as an actor and failure as a manager. But neither success nor failure seemed to diminish the fertility of his invention. *Daddy O'Dowd* and *Andy Blake* were added to the list of his Irish plays. From French sources he drew *Led Astray* and *Louis XI*. He did not hesitate to present a new version of *Faust and Marguerite*, adapted from Gounod's opera, rather than from Goethe's German masterpiece. Altogether more than a hundred dramas, serious and comic, are due to his pen. His melodramas are far more natural than those which had previously been in vogue. The general success of his plays was due to their abundant action, lively dialogue and dramatic incidents. Although the plots of his plays were generally borrowed, yet in the drawing of character and composition of scenes of passion, pathos or humor he displayed originality and thorough knowledge of human nature. Great as was his success in his time, he left no permanent impress on the drama.

John Brougham.

Contemporary with Boucicault was another dramatist and actor of kindred spirit who, like him, was of Irish birth. This was the versatile John Brougham. Graduating with honor from Trinity college, Dublin, he

went to London to study medicine, but became an actor, making his first appearance on the stage in 1830. His first play, *Life in the Clouds*, was a burlesque written for the comedian W. E. Burton. While manager of the London Lyceum, Brougham wrote many successful plays. In 1842 he came to America and, after making a professional tour through the principal cities, settled down in New York, where he composed plays for Burton's theatre. Among them were *The Irish Emigrant* and *All's Fair in Love*, and the extravagant burlesques, *Columbus* and *Pocahontas*—the last contributed to banish from the American stage the Indian plays which Forrest's acting had long made popular. When later the Americans of Eastern cities became familiar with the real Indian, as seen in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, they lost all their former regard for melodramatic representations of the noble savage. Among Brougham's plays of a higher order were *Romance and Reality* and *Playing With Fire*.

When the civil war began Brougham returned to London, and there spent five years, acting and writing plays. He dramatized Miss Braddon's *East Lynne* and wrote for Charles Fechter *The Duke's Motto*, both of which have been highly successful. After his return to the United States he made professional tours, in which he was received with undiminished popularity. In 1869 he opened a theatre under his own name, but it was closed in a few months. Though diligent in acting and writing plays, he was reduced to poverty. In 1878 his friends gave him a special benefit, by which over \$10,000 was realized. He died in New York in June,

1880. Brougham's plays were equally successful with those of Boucicault, but he had not the same astonishing fecundity.

A Row at the Lyceum.

A notable incident in Brougham's career was the production of *A Row at the Lyceum, or Green-room Secrets*, occurring in 1851, while he was manager of the playhouse of that name. The first scene represented the green-room with a rehearsal, at which the actors and actresses appeared in ordinary dress and discussed a new play, called *Horror on Horrors' Head*, and said to be by Carlyle. The audience was greatly amused at the realism of the performance. When Mrs. B. entered, she greeted her friends and looked over the part assigned, but soon began to object and demand something more in her line. While she was thus engaged a stout, middle-aged gentleman, in Quaker garb, rose in the middle of the pit and, pointing with an umbrella, addressed the stage and the house: "That woman looks for all the world like Clementina. Her voice is very like; her person is the same!" Then crying, "It is! It is my wife!" he left his seat and rushed toward the front, shouting, "Come off that stage, thou miserable woman!" Great confusion arose in the theatre. The audience was divided, some sympathizing with the Quaker and encouraging him with cries: "Go it, Broadbrim!" others calling, "Shame! shame!" "Put him out!" "Police!" From the third tier a red-shirted fireman added to the excitement by threatening the hus-

band with a lamming if he laid a hand on that woman. The artists on the stage were bewildered and unable to proceed. Mrs. B. was agitated and preparing for flight. The Quaker climbed over the orchestra, with the red-shirted fireman close behind. Both were collared by the police and dragged on the stage. Then the conventional group was formed, and the audience began to recognize in the fireman the actor W. J. Florence, and in the indignant Quaker husband Brougham himself. Finally they realized that the whole row was a complete "sell," yet the proceedings had been so cleverly managed that only the actors had any idea that the disturbance in the auditorium was part of the play until all was over, and it ended in shouts of laughter and applause. The next night the original spectators brought unsuspecting friends to see the hoax, and these in turn brought others, filling the house until the novelty had entirely worn off.

War Time.

Our sketch of the managers of the mid-century has carried us far past the time of secession and the civil war. But it is necessary to return and observe the effect of these political convulsions on the theatre. The absorption of the public in political strife has been partly indicated in noting the return of the leading English actors to their native land. The warlike ardor which prevailed in the South after secession was declared was matched by the sudden outburst of patriotism in the North, when the firing on Fort Sumter be-

gan, and President Lincoln issued his proclamation for volunteers for defense of the Union. Throughout the country play-acting languished; many theatres and places of amusement were closed; drilling and marching took their place; companies of soldiers were mustered in; regiments formed and hurried to the defense of the national capital; camps were pitched in the neighborhood of the principal cities until equipments and transportation could be furnished. Yet in the large cities some theatres still remained open, and audiences gathered. Prudent managers showed recognition of the demand of the hour by liberal display of bunting and having the national airs played and sung. Many actors enlisted in the army; some gave their time to patriotic recitations. Among these the most notable was James E. Murdoch, who in 1861 journeyed from city to city stimulating devotion to the cause of the Union. He afterwards served on the staff of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, and nursed sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. In the latter years of the war he gave readings for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. For him on such an occasion Thomas Buchanan Read wrote the famous poem of *Sheridan's Ride*.

As the war went on, the outburst of patriotic fervor subsided, ordinary business was resumed throughout the country, manufacturing of various kinds was stimulated by the demands of the army for clothing, equipment and ammunition, as well as for food and transportation. The large cities resumed their wonted aspect, and theatres again found business profitable. Speculation in government funds and natural products became wide-

spread, and enormous profits were made. The rapid expansion of paper currency demoralized the community. Toward the end of the war shoddy kings and coal-oil princes were flourishing in the large cities, and made urgent demands for amusement, especially of a coarser kind.

Extravagance After the Civil War.

After the war, in the political reaction under President Johnson's administration, the government fell into general contempt, and the demoralization of society increased. In 1867 an unbridled spirit of mirth and revelry took possession of the mass of the people in the Northern States, while the prostrate South was struggling under the onerous burden of carpet-bag domination. While the legitimate drama strove to recover its place with sober play-goers, it was outstripped by farces, burlesques and spectacular shows, often grossly immoral. It was at this period that the notorious medley called *The Black Crook* was brought out at Niblo's Garden, and ran for several hundred nights, in spite of strong protests against its flagrant indecency. In the same year (1867) George L. Fox, a comic actor of much humor, appeared as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and afterward as Humpty Dumpty in an extravagant pantomime of that name, laughable but not immoral. The native supply of fun was not sufficient, and soon the demand reached Europe. From London and Paris came troupes of burlesque actors and actresses, long-limbed and tow-headed inanities, who

romped and pranced and reaped rich harvests from the gilded youth and reckless speculators of the Northern cities. The public revelry which had been stimulated and fostered by Napoleon III in Paris was reproduced in New York and imitated in other cities. Opera bouffe was imported, and spread like wildfire. Halévy's librettos and Offenbach's music set the American people to dancing jigs. The delirium of this feverish pursuit of riches and gayety was hardly brought to an end by the colossal panic of 1873.

Revival of Legitimate Drama.

Yet there were always a large number of theatre-goers who refused to patronize the showy iniquities; a large number of actors who abstained from helping the profanation of their art, and a respectable number of theatre owners and stage-managers who held aloof from the glittering temptation.

While the theatrical world, not only in New York, but in all the large cities, seemed mainly given over to the pursuit of vain shows and howling successes, there was still a sober remnant who loved and admired and wished to support the legitimate drama, whether English or American. They grieved over the delusion of the masses; they protested in the newspapers; they appealed to the cultured wealthy to protect the dramatic art from impending ruin. For some time their cries and prayers availed not. What honest but feeble efforts were made to stem the current of vicious shows proved ridiculously inadequate. At last arose the mighty magician

whose potent wand was to drive from the temple of the Muses the ghouls and fiends who had taken possession of the stage and dazzled the multitude with their tawdry finery and glowing illusions. Edwin Booth, already famed as an actor and impersonator of Shakespearean characters, had been daring enough to risk his fame and fortune in erecting and adorning a suitable home for Shakespeare and the pure English drama. His success in this laudable venture astonished the doubting disciples and gratified those who even in the midst of triumphant vice still maintained faith in the potency of righteousness.

When the American people recovered their sober sense, they awoke to find that their own character had undergone a notable change. American society had largely lost its Puritan aspect. The conscientious labors of the Wallacks, Brougham and Boucicault in New York, of J. S. Clarke and the Drew family in Philadelphia, of William Warren in Boston, had established the theatre as a permanent institution, and had fixed a high standard of excellence in its exhibitions.

Laura Keene.

Among those who have influenced the progress of dramatic art in America, Laura Keene should not be overlooked. She was born in London in 1826, and there began her stage career under Madam Vestris. The elder Wallack met her while acting Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, and induced her to come to America. Her marriage with John Taylor had proved un-

fortunate, and she brought her two children and her mother with her. Her first appearance in New York was as Alice Mandeville in *The Will*, on September 20th, 1852, at Wallack's theatre. Fond of independence, she went to Baltimore and opened a theatre, and thence went on a tour to California. After the discovery of gold in Australia many actors were attracted thither, and Miss Keene went with them. Her tour there was a delightful treat, both to the actress and the people.

Returning to New York with enlarged experience and unflinching courage, Miss Keene opened a theatre bearing her name, and attracted large audiences with light comedies. A year later she had a new theatre on Broadway, then the finest in New York. It was opened on November 18th, 1856, with *As You Like It*. This was really the commencement of the beautiful modern renderings of Shakespeare's plays, which were soon to reach a glorious height under Edwin Booth's administration. Miss Keene appeared also as Camille in Dumas' play, then in the zenith of its fame. Sterling English comedies were also produced by a fine troupe of actors, among whom was Joseph Jefferson, soon to become famous. In 1857 she presented *The Sea of Ice*, a spectacular play, which brought large receipts, but the main reliance was on English comedies. As the season had proved successful, Miss Keene was encouraged to strengthen her company and attempt more on the same lines. *Our American Cousin* was first played on October 19th, 1858, with little expectation of its future popularity; yet it held the stage till the following

March. The leading part was Asa Trenchard, performed by Jefferson, while Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, had but seventeen lines. Nevertheless, on that slender basis he began to construct a reputation which brought him a fortune. In January, 1860, Dion Boucicault and his wife, Agnes Robertson, were added to the company, already strong, and his excellent dramatization of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* was magnificently produced. Agnes Robertson appeared as Jeanie Deans, and Miss Keene as Effie. Miss Keene was married in 1860 to John Lutz, who had been the business manager of her theatre and henceforth proved a devoted husband.

The fierce political struggle in 1860 had a disastrous effect on the theatres. Standard comedies and dramas failed to attract. Miss Keene therefore again resorted to spectacular shows, giving *The Seven Sisters*, which, with its grand transformation scenes, held the stage for more than one hundred and seventy nights. It had also a strong political flavor, and was decidedly Southern at the outset; but after the commencement of the war in 1861 these elements were considerably modified. Miss Keene retained control of the theatre till 1863, when she went on tours as a star. On April 14th, 1865, for her benefit at the close of her engagement at Ford's theatre, Washington, she gave *Our American Cousin* as it had been originally produced by her. It was announced that "the performance will be honored by the presence of President Lincoln." It proved to be the fatal opportunity for his assassination, and Miss Keene identified John Wilkes Booth as the murderer. In her stage dress she made a vain effort to calm the audience,

and then ran to the president's box to render what assistance she could. Taking the dying Lincoln's head in her lap, she bathed it with water. Her dress was stained with his blood. The awful shock had a permanent effect on Miss Keene's health.

After a time she resumed her tour as a star and journeyed over the country. In 1869 she assumed the management of the new Chestnut Street theatre in Philadelphia. This place had been so unfortunate under former managers that it was called "The Morgue." She introduced all the modern improvements, refurnished and decorated the house, and gave it an air of refinement. She gathered, also, a strong stock company. The opening on September 20th was a grand ovation, the play being *The Marble Heart*, in which Miss Keene performed Marco, while W. E. Sheridan personated Raphael the Sculptor. Other plays followed, redeeming the reputation of the theatre. Among them, of course, was *Our American Cousin*, with Otis instead of Sothorn, but they were mostly standard English comedies. The heavy burden of management severely taxed Miss Keene's strength, and she was compelled to retire from the stage.

Miss Keene journeyed through the country delivering lectures, and also published a magazine called *The Fine Arts*. This proved too expensive for her means. Her health had failed and she died at Montclair, N. J., November 4th, 1873. She had been one of the ornaments of the American stage, rather tall, but graceful and willowy, with large eyes, wavy auburn hair and a rich, mellow voice. She often dressed in white gar-

ments, and enjoyed thus heightening the peculiar beauty of her personal appearance. Her highest acting was seen in extremely pathetic scenes and in expressing utter despair; and yet she was also successful in brilliant comedy. As a manager she was always sensible and judicious, but somewhat imperious, and was called by the actors "The Duchess." She introduced spectacular plays, but would never have countenanced the indecencies to which they led. She was a truly religious woman, a devoted mother and an affectionate daughter.

V.

Edwin Booth.

The most eminent American tragedian in the latter half of the nineteenth century was, unquestionably, Edwin Booth, the son of the distinguished actor, Junius Brutus Booth, who had in England bid fair to be a rival to Kean and Macready. After coming to the United States in 1821 he acted in all parts of the country from Boston to New Orleans, and even visited California in 1852. He was most noted in tragic parts, especially Richard III, Sir Giles Overreach, Brutus, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer and Richelieu. Being small in stature, he presented a marked contrast to Forrest, whose best efforts were supported by his powerful physique as well as his intense passion. Junius Booth had been trained in the strenuous English school, and gave such fire and energy to his words and actions that he made even deeper impression on thoughtful persons. In his old age his mind became unbalanced, yet he continued to act at intervals until his death in November, 1852.

Edwin was born at his father's secluded country residence, Belair, near Baltimore, Md., in November, 1833.

His name bears testimony to his father's lasting attachment to Edwin Forrest. Young Edwin became from boyhood the constant attendant of his affectionate but eccentric father. His education, therefore, was desultory, yet his thoughtful, studious habits enabled him to make the most of his slight opportunities. His father had no desire for him to become an actor. Yet the result was almost inevitable. At the age of sixteen he made his first appearance on the stage in the Boston Museum as Tressil, when his father was playing Richard III. After he had performed other parts satisfactorily, his father in 1851, becoming suddenly ill, called Edwin to take his place as Richard, and the youth enacted it well, obtaining high credit. In the next year they both went to California, where another son, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., had established a theatre. Edwin remained in California when his father returned to the East in October, and thus was separated from the latter when he died.

From California Edwin Booth sailed to Australia with a dramatic company including the popular actress, Laura Keane, as leading woman. His talent had developed slowly, but he now acted various parts very much in the strenuous style which he had learned from his father. After a rapid but successful tour through Southern cities he reached Boston in April, 1857, and there played Sir Giles Overreach. In May he presented himself at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, as Richard III, and later in the year in a series of great tragic characters. By this time he had changed his style of acting, abandoning the fierce and boisterous manner

he had inherited from his father. Each new movement in his stage career was heartily approved by the best critics. In July, 1860, he married Miss Mary Devlin and went with her to England, where his scholarly performances were highly successful.

On his return to New York, in 1862, Booth, in partnership with his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, became manager of the Winter Garden theatre, which had been handsomely fitted up by Boucicault. Here he brought out the magnificent reproductions of Shakespeare's plays, which have made his name memorable in the annals of the American stage. Among other notable achievements of this period was the unprecedented run of *Hamlet* for one hundred nights. In April, 1865, this golden age of theatrical brilliance was interrupted by the appalling tragedy of the assassination of President Lincoln, perpetrated by Edwin's erratic brother, John Wilkes Booth. Edwin, overcome by the shock, resolved to quit the stage forever and hide himself from public view. But the strong remonstrances of his friends and admirers overcame his determination, and after some months of abstention he resumed his wonted place on the boards, and was greeted with warmest applause. A still more direct calamity came when in March, 1867, the theatre, with all its valuable scenery, dresses and art treasures, was completely destroyed by fire.

A year later, on April 8, 1868, the corner-stone of another temple of the drama was laid on Twenty-third street, and on February 3, 1869, the splendid building was opened under the name, Booth's Theatre. The first

play was *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Booth appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Mary McVicker, whom he afterward married, his first wife having died in 1863. For five years the new theatre was the admiration of the American people, the stage being constantly adorned by splendid pageants and graced by the ablest actors of Europe and America. Booth, however, was obliged to relinquish it in 1874, the lavish expense having been too severe a strain on his resources. His stock company had been the ablest organization ever formed in America, and the stars who appeared from time to time were of the first magnitude. Booth's financial management was, unfortunately, not equal to his æsthetic skill.

Being now bankrupt, Booth returned to acting as a star, and made a triumphal progress through the country, going as far as San Francisco. In 1880 he visited Great Britain and had the most flattering reception. Another tour in 1882 was extended into Germany, where he was hailed as the American exponent of Shakespeare. By his tours at home and abroad he was able not only to pay all his debts, but to accumulate another fortune. In April, 1891, he made his last appearance on the stage as Hamlet. The last four years of his life were spent at the Players' Club, a building which he had given to the profession. There he died June 8th, 1893.

The art of Edwin Booth has been most elaborately discussed by the best critics. His greatest success was in Hamlet, and so thoroughly had he impressed this character on the public of his time that it was thought by

most of them that he was almost a reincarnation of the philosophic Dane. His countenance was grave and melancholy, yet not without sweetness. He was a close and discriminating student of Shakespeare. He removed from his stage the versions which had been mangled by Tate and Cibber, and sought to restore the original text in its purity. Yet he found it necessary to omit parts in order to bring the play into the time allowed in theatres of the present day. The versions of the fifteen plays which he edited for his repertory were published by him. No man accomplished more to present to the American people an example of what the theatre ought to be in every department.

Edwin Booth as Lear.

In physique, Mr. Booth was an ideal Hamlet. Not so, one would say, as to Lear. One naturally thinks of Lear as a gigantic figure, such as Forrest portrayed him. "Do you play Lear?" some one asked Forrest one day. "Sir," he roared in reply, in his most tremendous tones, "I am Lear!" Mr. Booth was of slight figure, and his voice, though inexpressibly flexible, clear and thrilling, had not the thunder roll of Forrest's. Yet not only was Lear his most successful part, but in it he probably surpassed every other Lear that ever trod the boards. Lear is perhaps the greatest tragic character ever conceived by human inspiration, and therefore he who plays it well does more than he who plays Hamlet or any other part equally well. It is interesting to recall what was

said of him in 1883, by one of the foremost German critics:

“Edwin Booth has proved anew that he is an actor of true genius. His Lear transcends comparison with any of the impersonations of the past that are known to us. Rossi and Salvini do not approach in this creation of Shakespeare. These tragedians of the Roman race equal him in the flaming heat of his scorn, but Shakespeare took a flight too high for them in the scenes of the king’s madness. It required an actor of the race and the spirit of the poet—the Anglo-Saxon race and spirit—to follow and interpret the genius of Shakespeare. Booth may be likened to a magician who gives form and meaning to strange, remote and unintelligible sentences; who lets us gaze into the far distance of the land of dreams; who communicates to us the vibrations of his own heart, and who wins from our eyes the tender tears of pity. With him for our Lear, we are not the mere spectators of this tragedy. We live through it, and part from it with a storm raging in our souls.”

Booth as Richelieu and Hamlet.

The Richelieu of Mr. Booth was a most thrilling impersonation, as it covered a wonderfully wide range of passions, all depicted with equal skill. The climax is reached when, with a last resort against royal ruffianism, he draws about the spot whereon his ward Julie is standing the sacred circle of the Mother Church, and then defies the world to touch her, for whoever dares to cross

that line, "Upon his head—aye, though it wear a crown—I launch the curse of Rome!" At this tremendous passage the venerable form of the Cardinal seemed transfigured with moral splendor, towering to gigantic stature, dominating the whole scene like Mount Blanc above its foot-hills, with one hand shedding benedictions upon the saved but shrinking girl, and with the other hurling thunderbolts against his cowering and defeated enemies.

In Hamlet the motives and actions are even more complex. Now there is a light touch of the boy, now the grave stroke of the thought-burdened man. The character of Chriemhilde in the Nibelungen Legend is the only one comparable with it. She, the loveliest of earth's lovely daughters, born with a horror of bloodshed, is called upon by the ghost of her murdered hero-husband to avenge his death. To that task she devotes herself. Years pass before her opportunity arrives, but the delay only makes her vengeance more complete, and at the end, she, who could not see a fawn slain without fainting, wades ruthlessly through the blood of her three brothers and a thousand gallant heroes, with her own hand strikes dead her husband's murderer, and then yields up her own life with a smile, happy in having avenged her loved one and given his spirit rest. So the gentle Hamlet transforms his whole nature and sacrifices the whole world, and life itself, with gladness, to avenge that "sweet ghost" that walked upon the ramparts of Elsinore and seeks to give him peace through that most awful climax when, father dead, lover dead, mother

dead, friend dead, himself death-stricken, he hurls out his last breath in one tremendous stroke of vengeance, "Hence, damned Dane!"

John S. Clarke.

A brother-in-law of Edwin Booth won fame not only in America but also in England as a comedian. This was John Sleeper Clarke, born at Baltimore in 1835. At an early age he lost his father and was thrown on his own resources. While still a boy he became a member of a company of amateur tragedians, among whom was Edwin Booth. Clarke studied law for a year, and then turned his attention to the stage as his proper field. It soon became evident that his talents were best adapted to low comedy. He had an extraordinary mimetic faculty and a keen sense of the ludicrous. His first regular engagement was at the old Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, where he appeared in August, 1852, as Soto in *She Would and She Would Not*. In the following January he became leading man in the stock company of that theatre. Thence he went to Baltimore where he became a popular favorite and received an ovation at his benefit. In 1855 Clarke returned to Philadelphia as leading comedian in the Arch Street theatre, and later was joint lessee of that house with William Wheatley as his partner. This connection was dissolved in 1861, and Clarke went to New York as a star, his début being made at the Winter Garden. He was regarded as the legitimate successor of the noted comedian, William E. Burton.

Clarke made starring tours through the country and accumulated a fortune. He was also part proprietor of the three leading theatres of the country—the Boston theatre, the New York Winter Garden, and the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. In 1868 he went to England, and London received him with enthusiasm equal to that accorded him in his native land. He played at all the principal English theatres. Henceforth he made England his home, though at times visiting the United States.

Clarke has been called a pupil of Joseph Jefferson, but that designation is incorrect. Clarke was more pronounced in action, and hence more distinctively a low comedian. His repertoire covered a wide range of characters, his most noted impersonations being Toodles, Dr. Pangloss, Waddington and Major Wellington de Boots. In these he adhered to the stage traditions and never ventured on new interpretations as did Jefferson. Yet he won the favor of the best critics as well as of the general public. His personal character was exemplary and his domestic attachments strong. His son, Creston Clarke, has been successful as a tragedian.

Lawrence Barrett.

Eminent among the successors of Forrest and associates of Edwin Booth stands Lawrence Barrett. Born of Irish parents, at Paterson, New Jersey, in 1838, he early removed to Michigan, and became call-boy at a theatre in Detroit. Here also he made his first appearance as an actor, then passed to Chicago and St. Louis,

and later found his way to New York. At the Chambers Street theatre he first appeared as Sir Thomas Clifford in *The Hunchback*. Next he gave support to Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth and other prominent actors in Boston, as well as New York.

On the outbreak of the civil war Barrett became a captain in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry and served two years with distinction. On returning to the stage he was engaged by Booth to play Othello to his Iago. Henceforth their names were frequently associated as actors of opposite characters. The elder Wallack pronounced Barrett's Othello the most striking impersonation he had seen for twenty years. When Barrett went to New Orleans as manager of the Varieties theatre, he took the foremost parts, as Richelieu, Shylock and Hamlet. In 1864, after the burning of this theatre, Barrett made his first tour as a star actor, and three years later his first visit to England. On his return he joined John McCullough in the management of the California theatre, San Francisco. In 1870 Barrett resumed his connection with Edwin Booth in New York. After some successful tours through the United States, Barrett assisted in the magnificent revival of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* at Booth's theatre in 1875, playing Cassius to Davenport's Brutus.

In 1882 Barrett, desiring to foster the American drama, brought out in magnificent style Boker's *Franческа da Rimini* at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. His personation of the hunchback Lanciotto was especially powerful. The same tragedy was performed in the next year at the Star theatre, New York,

and was greeted with much enthusiasm, running for nine weeks. Other plays which he produced successfully were W. G. Wills' *The Man o' Airlie*, in which he acted Harebell, and *Yorick's Love*, adapted from the Spanish by William Dean Howells. In September, 1887, Booth and Barrett formed a combination which made a successful tour in the principal cities. They were engaged in a similar way when Barrett was struck down with pneumonia, and died at New York on March 20, 1891. Booth retired from the stage a fortnight later.

Barrett is said to have played every male part in *Hamlet* except Polonius and the Gravedigger. Besides these and other Shakespearean parts, he appeared in a wonderful variety of characters. His impersonations were marked by dignity and intelligence, the most finished being Yorick and Lanciotto. His acting was noted for its dash and fervency. He was best in presenting violent passion and suppressed anger. His voice was sonorous, but his endeavor to give clearness to his utterance was sometimes excessive.

John McCullough.

After Forrest's retirement from the stage his robust heroic style of acting was kept in view of the people for many years by his most faithful disciple, John McCullough. Though the latter was inferior in natural endowments, physical and mental, yet he won a large host of warm admirers, who extolled his merits beyond their actual value. Born in Ireland in 1837 he came with

his parents to Philadelphia when he was sixteen years old. While learning a trade he joined an amateur dramatic club and in 1855 was allowed to perform a minor part at the Arch Street theatre. Six years later Forrest, having a favorable opinion of his qualities, engaged him to act secondary parts. Thus he performed Pythias, Laertes, Macduff and Iago. In 1866 McCullough undertook the management of the California theatre, San Francisco, and in the succeeding years gave a series of productions worthy of comparison with Booth's in New York. In the latter city McCullough appeared as a star in May, 1874, and afterwards made tours through the States, while retaining his interest in San Francisco. In April, 1881, he made his London début as Virginius, perhaps his best part, but excited no enthusiasm. In 1883 his mental powers began to fail, but he continued to act until September of the next year, when he broke down on the stage at Chicago. He died in a lunatic asylum in November, 1885.

Forrest had bequeathed the manuscripts of his plays to McCullough as his legitimate successor. The latter was deficient in originality and added no characters to the stage.

VI.

Joseph Jefferson.

No name connected with the dramatic profession of America is more familiar or beloved than that of Joseph Jefferson. There have, in fact, been three actors in lineal succession bearing that appellation, but when it is now used it means only the genial impersonator of Rip Van Winkle. This character he has impressed so deeply on the minds of the people that it is better known than most of the presidents of the United States. The third Joseph was born in Philadelphia in 1829, and made his first appearance on the stage at Washington when he was three years old, as Cora's child in the play of *Pizarro*. A year later the comedian, Thomas D. Rice, who had introduced in his delineation of negro character the dancing and jumping of Jim Crow, carried a bag on the scene at his benefit, and emptied from it little Joe, blackened and dressed in close imitation of himself. At the same time he pronounced the couplet:

"Ladies and gem'men, I'd like you for to know,
I've got a little darkey here, to jump Jim Crow."

Forthwith the child assumed the attitude of Jim Crow, and sang and danced in exact imitation of the

negro actor. Such was the grotesque beginning of a memorable dramatic career.

When eight years old the lad appeared on the stage of the Franklin theatre, New York, in a miniature sword combat with Master Titus. Jefferson was now a pirate, while Titus was an honest sailor. At the end of the desperate conflict the pirate was laid prostrate, while the sailor bestrode him in triumph. Jefferson's parents had been acting at this theatre, but soon they went wandering through the South and West. The father died suddenly of yellow fever at Mobile in November, 1842. He had been a virtuous, amiable man, an industrious actor and manager, and yet more noted as a scene-painter than for histrionic ability. The mother had been originally Miss Cornelia Frances Thomas, and had married Thomas Burke, an Irish comedian of fine talents but irregular life. Burke was a favorite with play-goers of New York and Philadelphia, but died of dissipation in 1824. Mrs. Burke was a handsome person, with fair ability as a comic actress and an exquisite voice which surpassed all rivalry in vocalism. Two years after Burke's death she was married to the second Joseph Jefferson, and their domestic life was most happy.

Charles Burke, her eldest son, was regarded by all who knew him as possessing dramatic genius. Born in 1822, he had been carried on the stage in infantile parts, and at the age of fourteen appeared at the National theatre, New York, as the Prince of Wales in *Richard III*, and later in other characters. He

shared the vicissitudes of his stepfather's wanderings, but returned to New York in 1847. There he died in the arms of his brother, Joseph Jefferson, at the early age of thirty-three.

After his father's death, Joseph and his mother continued with the strolling players, found their way into Texas and later accompanied the United States army, under General Zachary Taylor, into Mexico. There they acted in the Spanish theatre at Matamoros in May, 1846. They returned to resume their wanderings in the Mississippi Valley, journeying in wagons by land or on flat-boats on the great rivers.

In September, 1849, Jefferson again appeared in New York, acting at Chanfrau's New National theatre as Jack Rackbottle in *Jonathan Bradford*, with Charles Burke as Caleb Scrimmage. The season lasted till July 6th, 1850, and the company contained many popular actors. Jefferson married Miss Margaret C. Lockyer, one of the troupe, in May of that year. She was a native of England, but was early brought to America, and had been on the stage since her sixteenth year. She died in February, 1861. Of her six children, two died in infancy and two became actors.

Jefferson continued to act in New York till 1852, when, in partnership with John Ellsler, he led a dramatic company on a tour through Southern cities. Afterward he rested in Philadelphia for a while, and again went to Baltimore. In 1856 he visited Europe to study the stage and acting of London and Paris. In November of that year he joined Miss Laura Keene's

theatre in New York. The connection proved pleasant and profitable to both, yet on account of some disagreement they separated for several years.

Dr. Pangloss.

It was in 1857, while acting at this theatre, that Jefferson made his first decided hit, appearing as Dr. Pangloss in Colman's sterling old comedy, *The Heir at Law*. This play was first acted in London at the Haymarket theatre on July 15th, 1797, by a notable array of comedians, including Charles Kemble and Fawcett. From time to time it was revived with great success. It was quickly introduced in America, being first given at the Park theatre, New York, in April, 1799. Dunlap opened the following season with it, the first Joseph Jefferson appearing as Zekiel Homespun, while the brilliant Hodgkinson personated Dr. Pangloss. It has never become obsolete, in spite of great social changes. In later times other famous actors have taken the part of Dr. Pangloss, among them being John Brougham, William Warren and John S. Clarke, but not one of these attained the distinction of Jefferson in his new interpretation of a character long familiar.

The humor and satire of this comedy turn on the raising of an ignorant tallow-chandler with a ridiculous wife and a coxcombical son to the surroundings of high social life for a brief period. It is full of droll situations, but relief is given by the exhibition of an impoverished young lady with her faithful servant and her devoted lover, who turns out to be the rightful heir. Dr.

Pangloss is a pretentious half-learned scholar of unfailing gayety. Being poor, he has attached himself to a wealthy family as tutor, but is willing to lend his assistance in vice. He is thoroughly acquainted with the fashionable world, and engages to serve various members of it, though he is well aware they are working at cross-purposes. But he is really intent on serving Number One. On the stage from the start, Dr. Pangloss had been presented as a fantastical absurdity, intended only to raise a laugh, or, rather, constant laughter. But Jefferson looked deeply into the character and found a basis for genuine sympathy with the poor, shifty, shrewd, scholarly, jocose dependent. Jefferson succeeded in making him a reality, while none the less comical. He induced the audience to believe that he was willing to help these absurd people among whom fortune had thrown him. Over all his adventures he cast an air of unfailing good-humor. A new amusing character was thus added to the memorable personalities of the world of fancy.

The Sunday-school Comedian.

During Jefferson's connection with Laura Keene's company he showed a characteristic trait by omitting from the old comedies the indelicate lines too often found in the original. A fellow-actor therefore nicknamed him "The Sunday-school comedian," but Jefferson replied: "You take an unfair and unmanly advantage of people when you force them to listen to your coarseness. They are imprisoned and have no choice

but to hear and see your ill-breeding. You have no more right to be offensive on the stage than you have in the drawing-room."

Our American Cousin.

Another notable play connected with this period was *Our American Cousin*, which had been written by Tom Taylor. With it Jefferson achieved fame as Asa Trenchard, the guileless Yankee who diverts his wealthy relatives in England. This part gave ample and suitable opportunity for the actor's peculiar powers. It combined in artistic proportion rustic grace with true manliness, homely drollery with simple pathos. The play ran for one hundred and forty nights and enriched the theatre. Everybody was gratified from the graceful Laura to the reluctant Sothorn, who had disdained the part assigned him, and had threatened to leave. But the strangest part of the story with its dramatic dénouement and climax was yet to come. It is best to allow Jefferson to give his own account:

Jefferson's Account of *Our American Cousin*.

"During the season of 1858-59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of *Our American Cousin*, and as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in connection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting. The play had been submitted by Mr. Tom Taylor's agent to another theatre; but the management, failing to see anything strik-

ing in it, an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained rejected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business manager of the theatre, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves, fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen, practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read. While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part, and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for production.

"The reading took place in the green-room, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Coudock and me as the strength of Abel Murcott and Asa Trenchard was revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of Dundreary were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, 'I am cast for that dreadful part!' little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-stone of his fortune. The success of the play

proved the turning-point in the career of three persons—Laura Keene, Sothorn and myself.

“As the treasury began to fill, Miss Keene was seen to twinkle with little brilliants; gradually her splendor increased, until at the end of three months she was ablaze with diamonds. Whether these were new additions to her impoverished stock of jewelry or the return of old friends that had been parted with in adversity—old friends generally leave us under these circumstances—I cannot say, but possibly the latter.”

Joseph Jefferson on Love Scenes.

“The greatest love scene that ever was or ever will be written is known as the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. This is a perfect model, being full of the most exquisite humor.

“Natural love off the stage is almost invariably humorous, even comic—not to the lovers’ mind; oh, no! ’Tis serious business to them, and that is just what makes it so delightful to look at. The third party, when there is one, enjoys it highly. The principals do the most foolish things; the gentleman cannot make up his mind what to do with his hat or with his hands; the lady is awkward and shy, and the more they love each other the more comical they are. They say stupid things and agree with each other before they have half done expressing an opinion.

“It was the opportunity of developing this attitude of early love, particularly love at first sight, that attracted me to the *Cousin*. Simple and trifling as it looks, Mr.

Tom Taylor never drew a finer dramatic picture. The relation between the two characters was perfectly original. A shrewd, keen Yankee boy of twenty-five falls in love at first sight with a simple, loving English dairymaid of eighteen. She innocently sits on the bench, close beside him; he is fascinated, and draws closer to her; she raises her eyes in innocent wonder at this, and he glides gently to the farthest end of the bench. He never tells her of his love, nor does she in the faintest manner suggest her affection for him; and though they persistently talk of other things, you see plainly how deeply they are in love. He relates the story of his uncle's death in America, and during this recital asks her permission to smoke a cigar. With apparent carelessness he takes out a paper, a will made in his favor by the old man, which document disinherits the girl; with this he lights his cigar, thereby destroying his rights and resigning them to her. The situation is strained, certainly, but it is very effective, and an audience will always pardon a slight extravagance if it charms while it surprises them."

Enter Lord Dundreary.

"The cast was an exceedingly strong one — Laura Keane as the refined rural belle, and Sara Stevens as the modest, loving English dairymaid. Both looked and acted the parts perfectly. The Abel Murcott of Mr. Couldock was a gem, and the extravagant force and humor of Mr. Sothern's Dundreary, the fame of which afterward resounded all over the English-speaking

world, is too well known to need any comment, except perhaps to mention one or two matters connected with it of a curious nature.

"Sothorn was much dejected at being compelled to play the part. He said he could do nothing with it, and certainly for the first two weeks it was a dull effort, and produced but little effect. So in despair he began to introduce extravagant business into his character—skipping about the stage, stammering and sneezing, and, in short, doing all he could to attract and distract the attention of the audience. To the surprise of everyone, himself included, these antics, intended by him to injure the character, were received by the audience with delight. He was a shrewd man, as well as an effective actor, and he saw at a glance that accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity. He took advantage of it, and with cautious steps increased his speed, feeling the ground well under him as he proceeded. Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, in advance of us all.

"And his success in London, in the same character, fully attests, whatever may be said to the contrary, that as an extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite without a rival. His performance of Sam, which I saw at the Haymarket theatre in London, was a still finer piece of acting than his Dundreary. It was equally strong, and had the advantage of the other in not being overdrawn or extravagant."

Certainly nothing can better attest Jefferson's soundness of judgment and freedom from egotism than this modest, straightforward account of a noted play.

Sothorn as Lord Dundreary.

Clement Scott reports that Sothorn confirmed many of the accepted stories of the evolution of Lord Dundreary. "He was so disgusted with the part as originally written by Tom Taylor not for an eccentric comedian, but for an old man, that he threw up the part in disgust, but accepted it, on reconsideration, on the condition that Laura Keene allowed him to do exactly what he liked with the part. His first intention was to 'guy' the whole thing; but, luckily, better counsels—probably those of his charming and affectionate wife—prevailed, since Lord Dundreary was the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. But when he began to work up the character he found that by patience and perseverance something might be made of Lord Dundreary. It was not the work of a single night, but the result of weeks and weeks of additions and alterations. Brother Sam's letter was not introduced until some weeks after the play was produced.

"Sothorn has often told me that Lord Dundreary was a hotchpotch of caricatures of various men he had known, stories he had heard, jokes he had read; but the basis of it all was the comical negro of everyday life. Translate the Dundrearyisms in Sothorn's version, for he wrote the whole part of the Dundreary—of course, to the disgust of Tom Taylor—and you will find

the American bell-boy and waiter and the end-man of the negro minstrels. Mr. Bones was the root idea of Lord Dundreary. The long Dundreary frock-coat in which Sothern first played the part was borrowed from his friend, Dion Boucicault, and is now in possession of Sothern's clever son Edward.

"Sothern confirmed, also, the story of the Dundreary 'hop.' One very cold day he was hopping about the back of the stage at rehearsal to keep himself warm, and making his comrades roar with laughter, when Laura Keene, in her imperious way, said: 'I suppose you intend to introduce that nonsense into Dundreary.'

"I thought of doing so,' said Sothern. And he did."

Dundreary Reads Brother Sam's Letter.

Another effective addition was Dundreary's reading of brother Sam's letter. He begins with the N. B. on the envelope: "'If you don't get this letter, write and let me know.' That fella's an ass, whoever he is!"

Then he opens the letter, holding it upside down.

"I don't know any fella in America except Sam; of course I know Sam, because Sam's my brother. Every fella knows his own brother. Sam and I used to be boys when we were lads, both of us. We were always together. People used to say: 'Birds of a feather'—what is it birds of a feather do? Oh, 'Birds of a feather gather no moss!' That's ridiculous, that is! The idea of a lot of birds picking up moss! Oh, no; it's the early bird that knows its own father. That's worse than the other. No bird can know its own father. If he told the truth, he'd say he was even in a fog about his own mother. I've got it, it's the wise child that gets the worms! Oh, that's worse than any of them! No parent would allow his child to get a

lot of worms like that! Besides, the whole proverb's nonsense from beginning to end. Birds of a feather flock together; yes, that's it. As if a whole flock of birds would only have one feather! They'd all catch cold. Besides, fancy any bird being such a d——d fool as to go into a corner and flock all by himself. Ah, that's one of those things no fella can find out. (Looks at letter.)

"Whoever it's from, he's written it upside down. (Laughs.) Yes, this is from Sam; I always know Sam's handwriting when I see his name on the other side. 'America.' Well, I'm glad he's sent me his address. 'My dear brother.' Sam always calls me brother, because neither of us have got any sisters.

"I am afraid my last letter miscarried, as I was in such a hurry for the post that I forgot to put any direction on the envelope.' Then I suppose that's the reason I never got it; but who could have got it? The only fella that could have got that letter is some fella without a name. And how on earth could he get it? The postman couldn't go about asking every fella he met if he had got no name.

"Sam's an ass. 'I find out now (I wonder what he's found out now) 'that I was changed at my birth.' Now, what d——d nonsense that is! Why didn't he find it out before? 'My old nurse turns out to be my mother.' What rubbish! Then, if that's true, all I can say is, Sam's not my brother, and if he's not my brother, who the devil am I? Let's see, now. Stop a minute (pointing to forefinger of left hand). That's Sam's mother, and that's (the thumb) Sam's nurse. Sam's nurse is only half the size of his mother. Well, that's my mother. (Points to second finger on left hand. He finds he can't get that finger to stand up like the rest—the thumb and forefinger—as he closes the third and little finger.) I can't get my mother to stand up. Well, that's my mother (holds up forefinger of right hand). Hallo, here's a lot of other fella's mothers! Well, as near as I can make out, Sam has left me no mother at all. Then the point is, who's my father? Oh, that's a thing no fella can find out.

"Oh, here's a P. S. 'Bye-the-bye, what do you think of the following riddle? If fourteen dogs with three legs each catch forty-eight rabbits with seventy-six legs in twenty-five minutes, how many legs must twenty-four rabbits have to get

away from ninety-three dogs with two legs each in half an hour?"

"Here's another P. S. 'You will be glad to know that I have purchased a large estate somewhere or other on the banks of the Mississippi. Send me the purchase money. The inclosed pill-box contains a sample of the soil!'"

Jefferson with Boucicault.

In September, 1859, Jefferson was engaged by Dion Boucicault for the Winter Garden theatre, which had been fitted up in luxurious style. It was opened with *Dot*, that manager's dramatization of Dickens' Christmas story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Jefferson appeared in it as Caleb Plummer, and won new favor with the public. Another character from Dickens assigned to him was Newman Noggs in Boucicault's version of *Nicholas Nickleby*. In December, in that manager's drama of *The Octoroon*, founded on a novel by Captain Mayne Reid, Jefferson took the part of Salem Scudder. In the following February his own new version of Dickens' *Oliver Twist* was presented. Among the notable personations in it were Fagin, by James W. Wallack, Jr., and Nancy, by Matilda Heron.

In the spring Jefferson left the Winter Garden, and in May opened a summer season for Laura Keene with a strong company. His reputation was now established, and he had most agreeable associates. But in February, 1861, his wife died, and his own health being impaired, he sought relief in travel. He went first to California, making his first appearance in San Francisco on July 8th, and closing the season in November. Thence

he sailed to Australia, where he fully recovered his health, while delighting its people with a variety of comic characters. After passing to New Zealand he returned by way of South America and Panama, whence he took passage for England, having resolved to appear on the London stage.

Rip Van Winkle.

Jefferson now applied to his friend, Boucicault, to revise the play of *Rip Van Winkle*. This story was already familiar from the sketch published by Washington Irving. It was, in fact, a late adaptation of a story told in ancient Greece, and modernized in Germany. But Irving had skillfully given it an American dress and habitation in the Catskill Mountains. He had made Rip a thriftless, drinking loafer, who is simply bewildered by the changes in the world around him when he awakes from his long sleep. Irving published the sketch in 1819, and before ten years had passed it was dramatized, the first Rip being Thomas Flynn, who played it in Albany in May, 1828. The customary prologue was recited and has been preserved. A few lines may not be out of place.

* * * May we not hope, kind friends, indulgence here?

Say (for I speak to yonder fat mynheer)

Say, shall our burgomasters smile to-night?

Shall Sleepy Hollow's fairy scenes delight?

Shall they from woe-worn care divert one wrinkle

To crown our hero, far-famed Rip Van Winkle?

Shall Knickerbocker's sons, that gen'rous race,

Whose feelings always beam upon their face,
 Excuse the efforts which the muse affords
 And greet each buskin'd hero on these boards?
 Shades of the Dutch! How seldom rhyme hath shown
 Your ruddy beauties, and your charms full blown?
 How long neglected have your merits lain,—
 But Irving's genius bids them rise again.

* * * * *

Let then our generous friends one smile bestow,
 Friends perched aloft, and you, my friends below,
 Save us, we ask you, from the critic's paw!
 We know your answer: 'tis a cheering Yaw!

Another version of the play was bought in New York and used by C. B. Parsons at Cincinnati in the same year. A third was played in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street theatre, on October 30th, 1829, William Chapman being Rip, and one of the Jeffersons in the cast. James H. Hackett, who afterward became noted as Falstaff, played Rip Van Winkle at the Park theatre, New York, in April, 1830. There were also other versions and many other players who had essayed the part. Jefferson's stepbrother, Charles Burke, had made such a play and appeared as Rip at the Arch Street theatre in 1849, while Jefferson acted the innkeeper, Seth. After Burke's death Jefferson took the chief part, but had become dissatisfied with the method of the play. His ideas for its reconstruction were entrusted to Boucicault, who added some features of his own devising. It was Jefferson who suggested that in the second act the spectres of the mountain should preserve silence, while the bewildered Rip alone should speak. Boucicault introduced Gretchen's second marriage and the child Meenie's struggle to recognize her father in Rip.

With this new version Jefferson presented himself before the London public at the Adelphi theatre on September 4th, 1865, and at once gained their warmest approval. The veteran theatrical critic, John Oxenford, declared, "In Mr. Jefferson's hands the character of Rip Van Winkle becomes the vehicle for an extremely refined psychological exhibition." Another critic declared Jefferson "one of the most genuine artists who have at any time appeared on the English stage."

What is the charm of Jefferson's personation of Rip Van Winkle? He is seen first as a thriftless, ne'er-do-weel in a quaint, orderly Dutch village, yet loving and beloved by his family, by the children, by the jolly boys at the tavern, by the dogs. He knows his own weakness and folly, yet makes faint struggle against it, for a shrewd schemer has entangled him in a net and is thriving on his drinking habit. But there is still a glimmer of manliness seen when his long-suffering wife at last turns him from their home amid the stormy night. Then comes his weird meeting with the spectres of the mountain, where, bewildered by the apparitions, he takes the cup offered and pledges the supernatural company. The spectres slowly vanish, and Rip sinks into an enchanted sleep. Throughout this personation Jefferson contrives to gain and retain the sympathy of his audience. Poor Rip is seen to be a poetic dreamer, unfit for the activities of life, yet still possessing an element of goodness. After a sleep of twenty years he returns to his village home, an old man, broken by sorrow and dazed by new environment. The climax comes in his revelation of himself to his daughter, the gradual dawn-

ing of recognition, the renewal of love, the redemption of a sinner. With the simplest material the whole story of a complex life through successive periods is vividly presented to the spectator. All hearts are touched and softened by the profound pathos of this revelation of human nature. A potent genius was required to transmute the base metal of an ordinary vagabond into a precious gem of art. The wonder of the result is heightened by the fact that throughout the drama inebriety is constantly manifest. Another surprising fact is that the drama in itself, after all of Boucicault's improvements, is of slight literary value. It is still deficient in poetry and clumsy in presentation of Rip's sunny disposition. The actor rises far superior to the play, and supplies what the dramatist neglected to embody. This is what Jefferson has done in other characters, but supremely so in Rip Van Winkle, until that name has become his recognized synonym.

Rip Van Winkle is one of the most perfect studies of human nature that has ever been seen on the stage. The actor reveals not only the emotions, but even the passing, inconclusive thoughts that disturb but do not rouse the weak brain of the poor, good-natured cast-away. It may be that the audiences were at first attracted rather by the tipsy scenes and the conclusion of the piece. But they learned afterward to appreciate the awaking of Rip from sleep to misery, and his elevation by mystery and grief to a new nature. They saw in the hoary head and white-bearded face an expression worthy of the grief of Lear.

Regret has been expressed that Jefferson confined

his genius to a few parts. In fact, he played a great variety of parts, but found present success and lasting fame by adapting this one to his own ideas.

Jefferson's Return to America.

With the stamp of unqualified approval by the foremost English critics of the drama, Jefferson returned to New York in August, 1866, and entered on an engagement at the Olympic theatre. His performance of his chef d'oeuvre was hailed with delight, and its fame spread through the land. In the years following, Jefferson steadily enlarged and improved the play, which has been performed in nearly every leading theatre in the United States. Sometimes this was the only play he gave, but elsewhere he continued also to act Asa Trenchard, Caleb Plummer, Mr. Woodcock, Tobias Shortcut and Bob Acres.

On August 31st, 1868, he began a season at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, playing Rip for four weeks, and then giving *The Rivals*, in which he attempted a new rendering of Bob Acres, which was favorably received. It was, like his reconstruction of Dr. Pangloss and Rip Van Winkle, an elevation of the character of the personage from the low moral estimate which had previously been put upon it.

During his stay at Chicago Jefferson was married to Miss Sarah Isabel Warren, a daughter of his father's cousin, Henry Warren. He established his home at Hohokus, N. J., but he has also two summer residences, one at Crow's Nest, on Buzzard's Bay, Mass., the other

on a large estate near Iberia, La. His domestic life has been charming in every respect.

He continued to act in various parts of the country, and had long engagements at Booth's theatre, New York, and afterward at Daly's. The characters were restricted to those in which he had already achieved success, including some which have not been mentioned in this sketch. In his later years he has given much time to the painting of landscapes, and there have been exhibitions of these artistic productions. He has also occasionally given lectures on reminiscences of his career or the dramatic art, and has published an entertaining autobiography. He has lived to a good old age, to enjoy the fruits of his lifelong devotion to the best interests of the comic drama, which he has purified and refined beyond any other actor.*

William Warren.

Boston claims to have enjoyed almost exclusively for thirty-five years one of the greatest comic actors of America. Other cities knew William Warren by report, but were convinced by the abundance of witnesses and uniformity of testimony and admitted the claim. Warren's father, who bore the same name, was one of those English actors who came to America in 1796 to seek their fortunes. To him it came in an unexpected way, for after the first Joseph Jefferson had married Euphemia Fortune, Warren married her sister Esther. This first Warren won, also, a good reputation as a comic actor, and became manager of the Chestnut Street

*Joseph Jefferson died April 23, 1905.

theatre, Philadelphia. Though successful for some years, the vogue of this house declined, and in 1829 Warren left it entirely ruined. The worn-out actor retired to Baltimore, where he died in 1832.

In the same year his son William, born in 1812, and destined to a happier lot, made his first stage appearance at the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, as Young Norval in *Douglas*. Afterward he travelled through the West with the barn-storming troupe that was managed by the second Joseph Jefferson. Then he went to New York city, and thence wandered through the Empire State. For a time he settled at Buffalo, N. Y., but in 1846 he was called to Boston, which was to be his permanent home. His first appearance there was at the Howard Athenæum as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*. In the next year he joined the Boston Museum, with which he was thenceforth associated. While his forte was in low and eccentric comedy, he performed in a wide range of characters, pathetic as well as comic.

The fiftieth anniversary of William Warren's entrance on the stage was celebrated on October 27th, 1882, when commemorative performances were given. The veteran actor played Dr. Pangloss in the afternoon and Sir Peter Teazle at night. After the public ceremonies a choice party of his friends presented him a loving cup of silver and gold, and William Winter delivered a felicitous address and poem. Warren's last performance was as Old Eccles in *Caste*, in May, 1885. His death occurred on September 1st, 1888. He was dearly beloved by successive generations of Bostonians, whom

he had taught by example as well as speech to bid dull care begone. As he said himself, though he had failed to reach the summit of Parnassus, he had found a snug nook on the mountain side.

Mary Anderson.

The stage still possesses many noble men and women, of pure lives, of honest purpose, and of sterling artistic worth, whose exalted characters and lofty intellects would adorn any station in life. To a conspicuous example of this class, it is a pleasure to turn.

Mary Anderson was born at Sacramento, California, July 28th, 1859. Her father was a distinguished soldier, who fought in the Confederate army. The family had been for many generations conspicuous in social and public life. Both her father and mother were descendants of colonists who came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. They gave her the inheritance of a good name, a clear mind and right impulses, and then she was left fatherless at three years of age. She was at that time living at Louisville, Kentucky, whither her parents had brought her, and her general education was acquired at Ursuline Convent at that place. Her taste and talent were strongly for dramatic expression, and her mother decided to gratify her. Mary accordingly studied elocution under the best teachers the place afforded, but she was not satisfied with the educational resources of Louisville.

One day she heard that the illustrious Charlotte Cushman was visiting Cincinnati, and she persuaded her

mother to take her to see the great actress. They found her at the Grand Hotel, and sent a note to her room, saying that a young lady, studying for the stage, would like to see her and get a word of criticism and advice. Miss Cushman was just starting for a rehearsal. She came down to the parlor where they were waiting and told them so, adding, "If you will wait till I come back, I will give you fifteen minutes." They waited several hours and then she returned. She entered the parlor, shut the doors, and asked Miss Anderson to recite something. The girl began, with a selection of a man's part in a play. The actress stopped her. "Your voice is too strong, child. Don't you know any woman's parts? You won't play men's parts on the stage, you know." The girl confessed that her teachers had not given her any women's parts to learn; "but I do know Joan of Arc's farewell address," she said. "Very well, let me hear that." She recited it, and Miss Cushman praised it warmly, saying: "You have ability, and you will succeed. But you must study female characters. Your teachers have done you injustice. Go to George Vandenhoff; take lessons from him; and in a year you may go on the stage."

The young aspirant was encouraged, and her abilities were directed into the proper channel. She went to New York and took lessons from Mr. Vandenhoff. He criticised her unsparingly. "You rant too much," he said. "You are too mannish. Try to be quieter and more feminine." But he was kind and pleasant withal, and told her she was sure to succeed on the stage. In ten lessons she learned more than she had ever known

before about the art she had chosen. Then she went back to Louisville, where she met John McCullough, the actor. He took an interest in her and encouraged her to persevere. One day the manager of a Louisville theatre called on her and asked her how soon she expected to go on the stage. She could not say. "Why not go at once?" he asked. "I will give you a chance. To-day is Thursday; can you play Juliet for me on Saturday night?" "Oh, dear, no!" she replied. "Why, I haven't any dresses to wear in such a part, leave alone the need of rehearsals." "No matter," said he; "you don't need any rehearsals, and as to the dresses, my wife will fix them all right." So the girl obtained some fine costumes, and had just one rehearsal. Her début was made on Saturday evening, November 27th, 1875, Miss Anderson being a little more than sixteen years old. Her success was great, but she felt the need of more study before she began a regular engagement. On February 20th, 1876, however, she entered upon an engagement at Macauley's theatre. The characters assumed by her were Juliet, Bianca and Evadne, in which she won popular favor.

Benjamin de Bar engaged her for his St. Louis theatre, and after a successful season there took her to New Orleans. The latter city prided itself upon its fastidious taste in dramatic matters, and was inclined to regard her as an impertinent upstart. At her first appearance at the St. Charles theatre the house was almost empty, only \$40 being received at the ticket office. But she persevered, and at the end of the week the nightly receipts had risen to \$615. Then she went to another

theatre in the same city, and the public flocked to see her, \$1,400 a night being received at the door, and the notice "Standing room only" going up. During that engagement she played Meg Merrilies, the tragic part rendered famous by Charlotte Cushman. In that season she played at St. Louis a second time, at Cincinnati, at Washington, at Baltimore and at Cumberland. Her success grew with her appearance, and her fame began to be heard all over the country. Her appearances at Washington and Baltimore were effected under the management of John T. Ford, who had seen her at Cincinnati, and so convinced was he of her genius that he forthwith contracted with her for an extensive tour for the next season. This included performances at San Francisco, St. Louis and thence to Richmond and Baltimore. Everywhere she met with great success; and she was yet only eighteen years old.

These provincial tours gave her valuable experience, and were satisfactory from a pecuniary point of view. But she had not yet won commendation from audiences at the great centres of culture; and this she was ambitious to do. In that brief interview Charlotte Cushman had said to her: "My child, go to Boston early in your career. If you succeed there you are safe." So northward and eastward she turned her face for her third season. She began at the Walnut Street theatre, in Philadelphia, in October, 1879, appearing as Evadne, Juliet, Ion, Bianca and Parthenia, the latter being then esteemed her best part. The dramatic critic of *The Times* said: "There were evidences of nervousness throughout the second act, the first in which Evadne

appears, giving ample time for a fair look at the débutante. She is tall of form, possessing the figure of an ideal tragedy queen, has a comely, girlish, sweet face, not as mobile as it might be; a voice of clever power, that yet requires some training. Before the second act was half over Miss Anderson gave ample proof that she was gifted with something rarer than beauty of face and form—genius. In her wonderment at the coldness of her betrothed, the unspeakable anguish at being accused of wantonness, she hid her face on her arms as she flung herself on a seat beside a table and listened with convulsive sobs to the accusations of her remorseful lover. She was happy in her swift changes from the grief-overwhelmed, soul-stricken maiden to the blithe, coquettish girl she would have her brother believe she is. Her best efforts were at the close of the third act, when she half pleads with, half reproaches her once betrothed, and exerts herself to save him from crossing swords with her brother.”

Other comments upon her acting were equally favorable. It was recognized that she had still much to learn; but the wonder was that a girl of eighteen years of life, and of eighteen months’ experience on the stage, should already have acquired so much of finish and repose. Miss Anderson went to Boston with confidence, her first appearance being at the Boston theatre, on October 15th, 1877. Her success was immediate and complete. The aristocracy of culture thronged the house nightly; the poet Longfellow and other great lights of literature and art went almost into ecstasies over her; and the press teemed her with praises.

One more step remained to complete her conquest of America. On November 12th, 1877, she appeared at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*. The general expression of the press was encouraging in a high degree, although she by no means ran the gauntlet of criticism unscathed. On November 19th Miss Anderson played Juliet, and was highly praised. Her third week was devoted to Evadne, which was also successful, and on November 29th she enacted Meg Merrilies.

Eleven years of faithful study and successful performance had been passed when she again appeared in New York November 13th, 1888, in the dual rôle of Hermione and Perdita. William Winter, the foremost dramatic critic of America, then wrote: "Miss Anderson doubles the characters of Hermione and Perdita. This had never been done until it was done by her, and her innovation, in the respect, was at first met with grave disapproval. The moment the subject is examined, however, all objection to this method of procedure is dispelled. Miss Anderson is able to act both of these parts. The resemblance between mother and daughter heightens the effect of illusion, in its impress equally upon fancy and vision; a more thorough elucidation is given than could possibly be provided in any other way of the spirit of the comedy; and the versatile powers of this extraordinary actress are exercised, to the increased benefit of the community."

Miss Anderson not only played several seasons in America, but appeared in England also, playing several seasons at the Lyceum theatre, London, the home of the

highest dramatic art in Europe. There she played Clarice, Galatea, Juliet, and, for 150 nights, amid universal applause, the double rôle of Hermione and Perdita. Wherever she went she has been a welcome and much-sought guest in the highest society. Suddenly, to the surprise of many who had watched her splendid career, she retired from the stage to become the wife of Mr. H. Navarro. Since her marriage she has lived a quiet domestic life, and never ventured again on the stage, except in a few instances for charitable purposes. Yet the memory of her artistic triumphs lingers and has been an inspiration to other actresses.

VII.

Recent Managers and Dramatists.

The following notices of American managers in this period have been chiefly confined to those of New York city, as its theatres have long been regarded as holding nearly the same relation to the rest of the United States as those of London and Paris do to their countries. New York is metropolitan, the others almost provincial (if the word may be allowed), yet often in quality reaching and sometimes perhaps surpassing its standard of dramatic excellence.

Augustin Daly.

In the later period of Wallack's management in New York his chief rival was Augustin Daly, who, though born in North Carolina in 1838, had been brought up in the metropolis, there becoming a journalist and dramatic critic. His first attempt at play-writing was rejected by Burton, but in 1862 he scored a success with *Leah the Forsaken*, adapted from the German *Deborah* by Mosenthal. Still greater popularity followed his sensational melodrama, *Under the Gaslight*, produced in 1867. Two years later he opened the Fifth Avenue

theatre, and, after eight years' experience, started one bearing his own name. Daly was able to maintain his place to the end of his life without the misfortunes which had cast gloom on Booth and Wallack, as well as Brougham and Boucicault. His unique success may be attributed not merely to good business judgment, but to his skill in training actors to work well as a team, and his ability in regulating all matters pertaining to the theatre. Following his own notion, he arranged and popularized many Shakespearean plays, and did not hesitate to take liberties with the text which were condemned by the best critics. For this fault Daly atoned by the lavish display of costume and scenery. Many old English comedies were similarly treated. From the French he introduced the emotional drama, and from Germany he brought farces. His splendid company, after being thoroughly drilled, was taken on trips to California, and more than once across the Atlantic. The merits of his management were acknowledged in England, France and Germany. His instinct was theatrical, but his judgment in matters of art was not always correct. To Daly may be ascribed the development of many brilliant actors, among whom were John Drew and Maurice Barrymore, while among his actress pupils were Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport and Ada Rehan. Such results are not the least of the merits of this masterful manager.

A. M. Palmer.

In 1870 the Union Square theatre in New York was opened by A. M. Palmer. Like Daly, he brought his

plays from France rather than from England, but he also gave some encouragement to American writers. His company was strong and varied, mostly of American birth, and therefore better capable of appreciating the traits of American characters and giving effect to native plays. It was here that Bronson Howard's play, *The Banker's Daughter*, was brought out. Another of its noted plays was *The Two Orphans*, taken from the French of Denney and Cormon.

Steele Mackaye.

J. Steele Mackaye became manager of the Madison Square theatre in New York in 1880. He gathered a strong company, with Daniel Frohman as business-manager. This small but beautifully decorated play-house had the novel device of a double stage, which was highly commended by some critics, but has not been utilized elsewhere. It was an application of the arrangement of an elevator on a large scale to theatrical purposes. There were two stages so hung on wire-ropes and carefully counterbalanced that they could change places in a few seconds. The manager was thus enabled to present much more elaborate scenes with less loss of time between the acts.

Mackaye had already written a four-act play called *An Iron Will*, but afterward revised it under the name *Hazel Kirke*. Though condemned at first by the critics, it steadily won favor with the public, and crowded houses testified their approval. It ran for 486 nights, Effie Ellsler sustaining the title rôle, supported by

Henry Miller as Travers and Gabriel Dusauld as Dolly Dutton. Rose Coghlan, who had been engaged for the company, had no opportunity to appear, but drew a liberal salary while waiting for withdrawal of the piece.

Let us turn to consider the few dramatists who struggled to the front under peculiarly adverse conditions, who were repressed by the superabundance of excellent plays to be attained with little expense from the English repertory, or readily adapted from French and English sources.

Joaquín Miller.

The Danites is one of the most powerful plays of purely American origin and theme. It exhibits the conflict of the Mormons with surrounding pioneer civilization of the Pacific slope. McKee Rankin, who became the leading actor in it, organized a company which took it to England, and met with success. The author of *The Danites*, also of *The Silent Man* and *Tally-Ho*, was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, the poet and journalist, who became better known as Joaquin Miller. He was born in Indiana in 1841, but was taken by his parents to Oregon in 1852. He became a miner and adventurer, and for years lived with the Modoc Indians. In 1860 he returned to civilized life, started a newspaper and on short acquaintance married a contributor, from whom he was afterward divorced. In 1870 he went to England, where his vigorous and passionate descriptions of the life and scenery of the Pacific coast won him many admirers. It was there he adopted the name

Joaquin, which he had borrowed from a Mexican bandit and used in one of his publications. His *Songs of the Sierras* and *Songs of the Sunland* are valuable contributions to American literature. In 1880 he returned to America and for several years was a newspaper correspondent at Washington. He finally settled into dignified leisure at Oakland, Cal., varying it, however, by an extended trip to the Klondike, in 1897-8, and by occasional contributions to literature.

Bartley Campbell.

In the era of sensational melodrama Bartley Campbell roused great expectations, but after a busy career was prematurely incapacitated. He was born in Allegheny City, Pa., in August, 1843. In his youth he wrote stories for the press, then became a reporter, and later a newspaper editor. His first play, *Through Fire*, was produced in 1871, and, being successful, was soon followed by *Fate*, *Peril*, *Life at Long Branch*, *The Virginian* and others. The genuine Americanism of *My Partner*, produced in New York in September, 1879, caused great demand for others from his pen. Among his later dramas were *Fairfax*, *My Geraldine* and *The White Slave*. *The Big Bonanza*, produced in 1876, was an adaptation from the German. Campbell's plays in general depended more on theatrical effect than on fidelity to their environment.

Mulberry Sellers.

Here may be mentioned the successful dramatization of *The Gilded Age*, a novel written jointly by Mark

Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Its stage effect was due to John T. Raymond's capital rendition of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, the sanguine speculator whose boast of his patent eye-water, "There's millions in it," became a slang phrase.

Bronson Howard.

In Bronson Howard we recognize a truly American dramatist of attested competence in more than one line. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in October, 1842, five years before his father became mayor of that city. In early life he engaged in newspaper work in New York, and there wrote his society comedy of *Saratoga*, which was produced by Daly at the Fifth Avenue theatre in 1872 with great success. It ran for 108 nights. In 1875 Howard went to England, where he continued his journalistic work, and succeeded in having his play put on the London stage, under the name *Brighton*. There it has been played several hundred times. It has also been translated into German and performed in Berlin. Another comedy, *Diamonds*, brought out in 1872, was played for fifty-six nights.

While in England Howard produced more serious plays, among which was *The Banker's Daughter*, which was played both at home and abroad. In it the heroine, Lilian, is in love with Harold Routledge, but has quarreled with him and broken their engagement. Her father, the banker, then urges the suit of John Strebellow, an honorable wealthy man, whom she marries. Some years later, while in Paris, she meets her former

lover, and they discover that her father had wished by her marriage to save his own credit. The two declare unchanged affection for each other, but part resolved never to meet again. But Count Carojac, a rejected suitor of Lilian, having overheard their talk, forces Harold into a duel and kills him. Strebelow and his wife appear just as the fatal thrust is given, and she, by her expressions of horror and grief, betrays her secret feeling. She then explains the case to her husband, and, while he believes in her truth and honor, he considers a separation unavoidable. When they part she takes with her the child whom she idolizes. Seven years later they meet again, and the daughter's affection for both is the means of healing the breach and restoring concord between them.

Young Mrs. Winthrop, brought out in 1882, is another of Howard's problem plays. Here a husband and wife have little differences which gradually lead to misunderstandings, and then to complete alienation. The husband finds refuge in his business and club. The neglected wife, craving companionship, plunges into the giddy whirl of fashionable society. The husband's mother shows him the danger of the situation and he resolves to win back his wife's love. But she has discovered that he had corresponded with a woman of whom he openly disapproved. She believes that he has been false to her, and is strengthened in this opinion by some gossip. She therefore repels his advances and, in defiance of his authority, goes to a ball, where she hears other things derogatory to her husband. Returning home, she finds her only child stricken with illness.

Again the husband seeks reconciliation, but she repulses him, and, when the child dies, turns from him with bitterness. Finding they can no longer live together, they call the family lawyer to arrange terms of separation. But he is not convinced that the case is so desperate. By calling up old memories and referring to the lost child, he quickens the love that seemed quenched, and has the satisfaction of affecting a lasting reconciliation. This play ran the whole season at the Madison Square theatre.

The Henrietta, brought out in 1887, had Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane in the leading parts. Here again is a thoroughly American play, exhibiting both the seriousness and the humor of the business man. On one side is seen the nervous tension of Wall street speculators, on the other the element of sport which renders the Wall street game so fascinating. In contrast with the combination comes the gentle, frivolous Bertie, who wanders easily into all sorts of predicaments. Finally the two sides converge for the climax, and by a series of quite natural happenings it turns out that the harmless Bertie, the butt of everybody's ridicule, is complete master of the situation, financially and otherwise.

Howard's *Aristocracy* was a fierce proclamation of ultra democracy, in opposition to any nobility of birth, whether in descent from a Mayflower Pilgrim or from a Norman duke. The only truly respectable person, according to this new declaration of independence, is a self-made millionaire.

In 1888 Howard took another turn and presented at the Boston Museum his *Shenandoah*, a play of the

civil war period. Afterward it was revived and produced at Proctor's theatre, New York, running the whole season of 1889-90. It is a thorough melodrama, in which brisk action and theatrical coups produced their happiest effects. It was a staging of the poem of *Sheridan's Ride*, mounted with splendid scenery, and both the trappings and the horrors of war were utilized to give color and movement on the stage. The representation of signalling by torches was a novel device and made a lasting impression on the beholders.

William Gillette.

Another dramatist who has treated the period of the civil war is William Gillette. While he has produced several plays, his reputation rests on *Held by the Enemy*, brought out in 1886, and on *Secret Service* (1895), a still more vivid and intense melodrama, in which suspense is combined artistically with sustained interest. Gillette himself acted in the play as Captain Thorn, and helped to make it thoroughly effective. While having sufficient action, the play is remarkable for several pauses full of suspense, which are duly broken by well-contrived episodes. Gillette's dramatization of Conan Doyle's masterpiece, *Sherlock Holmes*, is an ingenious practical achievement of impossibilities, so candidly acknowledged at the outset as to win indulgence from the audience. By adding a touch of sentiment and pathos Gillette has heightened the character of the shrewd detective on the stage without depriving him of any of his subtle charm. Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* is almost inconceivable outside of the atmosphere of his book; yet

here he has been definitely materialized and given a local habitation.

William Young.

Indiana has produced a number of notabilities in recent American literature. William Young belongs by birth to that State, but he graduated from an Illinois college, and afterward studied law. His first play, *Jonquil*, was accepted at Booth's theatre, which led him to become an actor in order to study stagecraft. For this purpose he also went to Europe, and returned well equipped with knowledge. This was shown in his beautiful poetical *Pendragon*, a thoroughly artistic tragedy drawn from the legends of King Arthur. It was elaborately mounted by Lawrence Barrett in 1881, and received with unanimous approval by the best critics, and was well supported by the public. In 1883 *The Rajah*, a prose comedy from his pen, was condemned generally by the critics, but welcomed by the New York play-goers. It was afterward exhibited in many cities and even taken to Australia. In 1889 Young returned to verse in *Ganelon* a romantic tragedy, which was produced with splendor by Barrett, and had considerable success. Barrett himself appeared in the title rôle. Probably the best-known work by Young is his prose dramatization of General Lew Wallace's popular story of *Ben Hur*.

Stage Politicians.

Among the plays which are universally recognized as distinctively American is Benjamin E. Woolf's *The*



Mighty Dollar. Its leading character is Bardwell Slote, an exaggerated type of the average American politician. Its satire was so truthful and its humor so effective that the play won a deserved popularity.

Similar effect was produced by William H. Crane's portrayal of Hannibal Rivers in *The Senator*. This honest politician, more refined than Slote, is said to have been modelled from a well-known senator from Kansas.

Here may be mentioned the successful dramatization of *David Harum*, the humorous novel by Edward N. Westcott, who did not live to enjoy its popularity. In this play Crane presented another typical American character—the country banker and horse-trader.

James A. Herne.

Among the recent dramatists is James A. Herne, who has presented strong situations, but seems not to have the constructive ability necessary to connect them into a powerful play. This lack of unity tends to bewilder the audience and spoil the result. In *Shore Acres* (1892) there is a very effective storm scene, but what connection has it with the surrounding circumstances? Again in *Griffith Davenport* (1899) loose construction has greatly injured a play which contains elements of power.

Clyde Fitch.

At the opening of the twentieth century the name of Clyde Fitch is persistently forced upon public attention by his fertility of dramatic production. He was

born at Elmira, N. Y., in 1865, and graduated from Amherst College in 1886. In his college course he assisted in the production of plays. Entering at once into literary work, he prepared books which were well received. His first play, *Beau Brummel*, was accepted by Richard Mansfield and produced at the Madison Square theatre in 1890. It proved popular and has been retained by Mansfield in his repertory. It is an effective portrait of the famous English dandy of the beginning of the nineteenth century. Two short plays quickly followed—*Frederick Lemaitre* and *Betty's Finish*. It was evident that Fitch had the ear of the play-going public. In response to the requisitions of the managers came a steady stream of plays, some original, others adaptations from the abundant harvest of the Paris stage. Of the former may be mentioned *A Modern Match*, first produced in Minneapolis in 1891, and afterward used by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal under the title *Marriage*; *Nathan Hale*, which revives for the present generation the pathetic story of the American martyr-spy; *The Moth and the Flame* (1898); and *Barbara Frietchie* (1899). In the last-named Fitch, while retaining name and place and circumstances, departs widely from the character rendered familiar by Whittier's poem of the civil war. Instead of the decrepit, gray-haired dame who defiantly waves from her attic window the Union flag over the heads of the Confederate soldiers invading Maryland, he makes the heroine a handsome young girl, just as patriotic in threatening circumstances.

Among Fitch's adaptations from the French are *The Masked Ball* (1892), in which Maude Adams made her first decided hit on the stage; *A Shattered Idol* (1893), taken from Balzac's *Père Goriot*; and *Bohemia*, from Henri Murger's celebrated portrayal of the students' Bohemian life in Paris. *Sapho* was produced in 1900 from the novel of Alphonse Daudet, and was acted by Olga Nethersole. It excited strong sensation and marked disapproval on account of its dangerous approach to indecency.

During several years past, Mr. Fitch has been conspicuously represented on the American stage by at least one new production, and more often by two, or even three, each season. Bright but superficial, gauged with almost unerring precision to fit a favorite player or a popular mood of the hour, these pieces have almost without exception enjoyed ephemeral vogue, and then given way in their turn to something newly up-to-date. Within the past decade, the following plays, in addition to those already mentioned, have been put forth with Clyde Fitch's name as author or adapter: *Lovers' Lane*, *The Climbers*, *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, *Major André*, *Barbara Frietchie*, *Glad of It*, *The Way of the World*, *The House of Mirth* (a dramatization of Mrs. Wharton's novel), *The Girl and the Judge*, *The Girl Who Has Everything*, *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, *The Stubbornness of Geraldine*, *The Bird in the Cage*, *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson*, *Her Own Way*, *Her Great Match*, *The Coronet of the Duchess*, *The Woman in the Case*, *The Truth*, and *The Blue Mouse*.

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VIII.

Twentieth Century Drama.

The chronological milestone marking the end of one century and the beginning of another is, of course, a purely artificial and imaginary bound, bearing no essential relation to the actual routine of human events. Nevertheless, the culmination of certain movements, and the initiation of others, in the theatrical world, have by chance of coincidence caused the year 1900, the opening of the twentieth century, to stand out as a distinct point of demarcation in the annals of the stage. This is especially and strikingly the case in the United States of America, independently of the growing reciprocity in all matters of art between the Old World and the New.

The disappearance of stock companies, of legitimate star actors and actresses, and of the old-time individual manager and actor-manager; the rise of the Theatrical Trust, or Syndicate; the consequent multiplication of theatres and opera houses in provincial towns, and the development of a new school of native dramatists and comic-opera composers; the agitation, and, at last, the materialization, of the "New," "National," or "Art" Theatre idea; and the veering of popular taste, in an eager, progressive and material age, from the poetic and romantic to the realistic, the introspective, the

philosophical, as evinced by the widening cults of Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and G. Bernard Shaw:—all these manifestations separate sharply the first years of the present century from the closing ones of the century preceding.

New York City, with its two grand opera houses, and well-nigh one hundred theatres—if vaudeville, concert halls, music-farce and other popular-priced “shows” be added to the fifty-odd houses of first-class pretension devoted to the drama proper—has become, in a material way, the centre of the theatrical world. It has, with its suburbs and neighboring towns, and transient visitors, a population of 5,000,000 souls from which to draw audiences, who spend at least \$10,000,000 yearly on their “amusements” of this kind. Consequently, this American metropolis is the money Mecca for all artists, and for those who exploit them. While other cities—such as Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco—are latterly beginning to take the initiative in the production and trying-out of new plays, New York is still the headquarters from which the theatres throughout the country are supplied. It is the seat of the Theatrical Syndicate, and of the controlling forces and organizations. It is the clearing-house for European, as well as American, plays and players. The keynote of the nation’s drama is struck here.

Briefly, then, from a general survey of the dramatic field as focussed in New York during the past decade, and up to the present moment, we may set forth as follows the four basic principles of the new and national American Theatre of the twentieth century:

(1) An enlarged conception of Literature, which shall recognize the living drama as its highest form; (2) the dawning recognition of a frank, sane and consistent notion of morality, so that the dramatic author shall no longer be rebuked for dealing sincerely with the paramount passions of humanity, while the covert indecencies and vulgarities of music-farce and conventional "society" comedy are condoned and applauded; (3) a clearer discrimination between the drama and popular entertainment, or amusement, *per se*; and (4) the marking of reciprocal relations, as well as definite boundaries, between the art of the actor and that of the playwright.

In the following selection of a certain number of plays, players, and theatrical managers, as representative of the conditions of American twentieth-century drama at large, the universal principle is adhered to that the playgoers themselves, the great public, constitute the final tribunal, from whose judgment there is no appeal. They, the playgoers, are, en masse, the cotemporaneous human nature which the stage mirrors. Therefore, the outline portraits of a score or more of the leading managers, players and dramatic authors of our time, as acclaimed by this same public, epitomize all the rest. Meanwhile, this premise is to be borne in mind: That in the spirit and form of the modern drama, here and to-day, a tremendous reaction is at work. Romantic fiction and picturesque external movement have gradually fallen into desuetude, to be replaced by the surge of moral problems, the effect of a deeper inquiry and penetration into the haunted depths of the human conscience. The speculative

philosopher, the psychologist, and not the poet, is the real protagonist of to-day. The radical, creative Drama of Ideas, disheartening and even repugnant as it may seem on first acquaintance, compels the attention of the world's greatest histrionic artists and most intelligent audiences to-day. The extinction of the old-time legitimate stock-companies is due not alone, nor primarily, to syndicates and commercial managerial methods: it is the result of a growing conviction on the part of the ambitious younger players that the academic training of the dead masters will not suffice for the interpretation of the living. The actor, or the actress, for whom the twentieth century dramatist writes great roles is of necessity a realist and naturalist. It is under such conditions, if at all, that the drama will regain the supremacy as the universal literary form which it held under the Elizabethans. Authors nowadays prefer to preach, and moral surgeons to hold their clinics, on the stage. Ibsen is not altogether the source of this tendency, which in his own and the present generation finds expression through Gorky in Russia, Maeterlinck in Belgium, Strindberg in Sweden, Sudermann and Hauptmann in Germany, D'Annunzio, Praga and Bracco in Italy, Molnar in Austria, Guimera and Perez Galdos in Spain, Pinero, Jones and Shaw in England. In France, since the death of Zola and Daudet, the theatre has carried everything before it, with such writers as Rostand, Brieux, Hervieu, Capus, Donnay, Lavedan, Mirbeau, Bernstein, and others. All of these (with the possible exception of Rostand, who is a belated Romantic) are dramatists who take their vocation in deadly earnest—who ride straight at the real as they

see it, and who prefer tragic truths to fictitious "happy endings." They are the men who have blocked out our twentieth century drama. This drama, withal, must still in some degree respond to the essential demand for action—even so nebulous an idealist as M. Maeterlinck acknowledges this much. It must gratify the instinct for comedy, even though it be in the form of mordant satire and irony. It must develope beauty also, but beauty of a new kind. Love, hatred, ambition, envy, jealousy, greed, the sense of justice, the impulse of duty, fanaticism, religious ecstasy, terror, pity, pride, egotism, devotion, self-abnegation and sacrifice—all the primitive passions and ideas spring eternal in the human breast. Only, their proportionate relations are readjusted from the old conventional standards and their more crude and violent demonstrations repressed. In their clash and contention, which is the essence of all drama, we are beginning to insist upon the true, the logical, the inevitable outcome, be it dark and despairing, or radiant with joy, peace and laughter, or charged with April smiles and tears.

A Group of Modern Theatrical Managers.

Messrs. Charles and Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Klaw & Erlanger, Harrison Grey Fiske, William A. Brady, Henry B. Harris, Henry W. Savage and Henry Miller stand foremost among the theatrical managers who exercise to-day the power that was wielded a generation back by Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault, A. M. Palmer, and Augustin Daly.

The Frohmans.

Charles Frohman, born in Sandusky, O., in 1860, laid the substantial foundation of his managerial career in the early '80's, when, in partnership with Al. Hayman, he acquired the rights to Bronson Howard's Civil War drama *Shenandoah*, then in the first year of its original production at the Boston Museum. *Shenandoah* proved the most profitable of modern American plays, and made the fortune of its author and managers. Mr. Frohman built the Empire Theatre in New York City, and organized his first notable stock company in 1892, including John Drew and, a little later, Maude Adams. In conjunction with Messrs. Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger, and four or five other allied theatre-owners and managers in Philadelphia and Boston, Messrs. Frohman and Hayman organized the original and still dominant Theatrical Trust, or Syndicate, which to-day controls the "booking" and general policy of more than 500 of the best theatres in the principal cities throughout the country, and has under exclusive contract many of the leading players and playwrights, both American and European. Besides the Empire Theatre, Charles Frohman is manager or joint manager of the Criterion, Lyceum, Hudson, Garrick, Savoy and Knickerbocker Theatres, in New York, and the Duke of York, Aldwych, Comedy and Vaudeville Theatres in London. Among the players of "star" celebrity who have been developed or exploited under Charles Frohman's management are: John Drew, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, William Gillette, Otis Skinner, Kyrle Bellew, Francis Wilson, William Collier, W. H.

Crane, Sam Bernard, John and Lionel Barrymore, Edith Wynne Matthison, Marie Doro, Maxine Elliott, Margaret Dale, Marie Tempest, Jessie Busley, Hattie Williams and Billie Burke.

Daniel Frohman, elder brother of Charles, has been a factor in New York theatricals since 1880, when he was associated in the management of the Madison Square Theatre. There the late Steele Mackaye's domestic drama of *Hazel Kirke* achieved a phenomenal run, extending over two seasons. In 1885, Daniel Frohman organized the celebrated stock company of the Lyceum Theatre, of which E. H. Southern, E. J. Morgan, W. J. Lemoyne, Fritz Williams, F. F. Mackay, James K. Hackett, Georgia Cayvan, Julie Opp, and Mary Mannering were members, and where Mrs. Leslie Carter made her stage debut. After the death of Augustin Daly, Mr. Frohman succeeded to the management of Daly's Theatre. He is also manager of the New Lyceum, director of various musical and theatrical companies, and president of the Actors' Fund of America. In addition to the actors and actresses above-named, he has been identified with the professional careers of Margaret Illington (Mrs. Daniel Frohman), Bertha Galland, Julia Marlowe, Hilda Spong and Jan Kubelik, the violinist.

David Belasco.

David Belasco may be said to stand alone as an informing factor of American drama, by reason of his peculiar gifts, no less than because of his independence as a manager. Born in San Francisco (of Portuguese-

Jewish parentage), in "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," as they say in one of his Western plays, he grew up in the theatre, such as it was in California half a century ago. He came to New York in the early eighties, when the list of native playwrights was headed by the names of Charles Gayler, Bronson Howard, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye and Howard P. Taylor, and went but little farther.

Belasco was employed by Daniel Frohman, at the Madison Square Theatre, as stage manager. It was the period of the "catnip-tea drama," as the late A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") called the innocuous little pieces written by amateurish literary ladies and gentlemen, played a few weeks to complacent audiences in the tiny drawing-room theatre, and then gently buried in oblivion. Mr. Belasco wrote one of the first of his acknowledged plays, *May Blossom*, under this benign influence. A little later, in collaboration with James De Mille, he turned out, in quick succession, for Daniel Frohman's Lyceum stock company, *The Wife*, *The Charity Ball*, *Lord Chumley*, and *Men and Women*. Mr. Belasco first found his real forte in *La Belle Russe*, which gave a Sardou-like role to Rose Coghlan. His Civil War melodrama, *The Heart of Maryland*, with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the principal female part, marked an emphatic popular success, both for Mr. Belasco as a dramatist, and for the temperamental actress whom he had discovered and trained. *Zaza*, *DuBarry* and *Adrea* were all written or adapted expressly for Mrs. Carter, whose strong emotional interpretation of each and all of these parts first made the name and fortune of the Belasco Theatre. *The Girl I Left Be-*

hind Me, written in collaboration with Franklin Fyles, was one of the earliest of the many later-day "Indian" plays to come into vogue.

Meanwhile, Mr. Belasco, having exercised his keen *flair* for dramatic talent, had brought other, and new, actresses and actors to the front. He also began to secure and "fit" plays in which to present them—*The Darling of the Gods*, for Blanche Bates and George Arliss; *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, for Henrietta Crosman; *The Music Master* and *A Grand Army Man*, for David Warfield; *The Girl of the Golden West*, for Frank Keenan and Blanche Bates, and *Madame Butterfly* (since set as an opera by Puccini), for Miss Bates alone; *The Warrens of Virginia*, for Mr. Keenan and Charlotte Walker; *The Rose of the Rancho* and *The Easiest Way*, for Frances Starr; and *The Fighting Hope*, for Miss Bates.

The dramatic genius, as manifested in Mr. Belasco, is first of all in the line of what is called "stage management"—that is to say, the material embodiment and visible setting forth of a dramatic idea, in such a manner as to appeal most strongly to the average middle-class contemporaneous audience. In the actual plotting and writing of plays, his creative faculty is but mediocre. For this reason he has in most of his works either associated himself with dramatic authors of known ability, such as Berton, Klein, Richepin and John Luther Long, or else, with unerring divination, he has utilized the work of obscure but promising beginners. Mr. Belasco has two theatres of his own in New York—the Belasco and the Stuyvesant.

On the whole, it is perhaps a warrantable prediction

that in the course of time David Belasco's rank as one of the fathers of twentieth century American drama will be based not so much upon the plays to which his name is attached, as upon the native players and dramatists whom he has discovered and developed.

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

Messrs. Marc Klaw and Abraham L. Erlanger originally surveyed the routes, as it were, over which the Theatrical Syndicate attractions have advanced on their career of conquest. They also built, and have managed with prestige and success for some years already, the New Amsterdam Theatre, of New York City. Architecturally, this is one of the most beautiful and commodious playhouses in the world. Unlike Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, the New Amsterdam has never had a stock company, nor has it been identified with any one line or policy in the selection of pieces presented from season to season. Spectacular and musical pieces like *Little Nemo*, and such comic-opera successes as *The Merry Widow*, have held the boards there, in alternation with Shakespeare's and Goldsmith's comedies, revivals of *Trilby* and *The Two Orphans*, and the representations of various European visitors, including E. S. Willard and Henry Brodribb Irving. Richard Mansfield's last appearance in New York, in his elaborate production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, was at this theatre.

Besides the New Amsterdam, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger own or control the New York, the Broadway

and the Liberty. The Broadway and the New York have been the scenes of some of the most important of their original productions, including *Ben Hur*, *The Prince of India*, *The Round-Up*, *The Waltz Dream*, *The Soul Kiss*, and the respective exploitations of those exponents of modern American farce-comedy, the Rogers Brothers, Richard Carle, and George Cohan.

Harrison Gray Fiske.

Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor and proprietor of the *Dramatic Mirror* (a leading weekly newspaper organ of the theatrical profession), and the husband and managing director of Minnie Maddern Fiske, came into national prominence about the year 1900, as chief organizer of the opposition to the Syndicate, or Theatrical Trust. He formed the Manhattan Theatre stock company of players, which supported Mrs. Fiske and Bertha Kalich in a number of high-class legitimate productions, such as *Becky Sharp*, *Divorcons*, *Mary of Magdala*, *Marta of the Lowlands*, and *Leah Kleschna*; Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *Rosmersholm*; Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, *The New York Idea*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *Sapho and Phaon*, *Salvation Nell*, and *The Devil*—the latter being a version of the famous satirical comedy by Franz Molnar, a Hungarian author, which served for the "stellar" exploitation of the rising character-actor, George Arliss. Poetic drama has no more able and self-sacrificing champion among American managers than Mr. Fiske.

Henry W. Savage.

Henry W. Savage, for fully a quarter of a century, has been more prominently identified with the presentation of opera in the English language than any other theatrical purveyor in America. His production of Wagner's *Parsifal* was perhaps his most ambitious and successful achievement in this line. Modern French, Italian, German and English opera-comique, besides the native product, all rendered in the vernacular, has owed much of its vogue in this country to the fostering enterprise of Mr. Savage. Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and Lehar's *Merry Widow* were introduced here by him. At the same time he has gone into the field of play-producing, winning rich rewards in the instances of George Ade's *College Widow*, and a version of *The Devil*, of Molnar, put forth in rivalry to that offered by Mr. Fiske.

William A. Brady.

William A. Brady, who like Mr. Belasco came East from California at an early age to find scope for his ambition, has shown a high degree of enterprise and courage, if not invariably the best of practical judgment, in giving a stage hearing to unknown or unappreciated native dramatists. He stood sponsor for at least one of the few really notable and enduring plays of a decade—namely, George Broadhurst's transcript of political life in twentieth-century New York City, entitled *The Man of the Hour*. Mr. Brady has also guided into prosperity several of the foremost players of the present day, including Grace George (who is

Mrs. Brady), Robert B. Mantell in classic repertoire, Edwin Arden and Wilton Lackaye.

Henry Miller.

Henry Miller is conspicuous among the few American actor-managers who have aspired to occupy a position comparable to that of the late Richard Mansfield, or those of Sir Charles Wyndham, Berrbohm Tree, Martin Harvey and Forbes Robertson in England. He has brought out at least two new and original plays which may be regarded as important additions to the repertoire of the American stage—*The Great Divide*, by William Vaughan Moody, and *The Servant in the House*, by Dr. Rann Kennedy. In the former, he enacted the principal male part, with Margaret Anglin in the leading female role.

Samuel F. Nixon and J. Fred Zimmerman.

Mr. Samuel F. Nixon, senior partner of the firm of Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but came East in his boyhood, and at the age of fourteen years was in the employ of George K. Goodwin, of the Walnut Street Theatre. About 1870 he became associate manager of the Walnut with Mr. Goodwin, with whom he afterwards took charge of the Chestnut Street Opera House. Upon the death of Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Nixon entered into the partnership, destined to become historic, with J. Fred Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, and they obtained control of the old Chestnut Street Theatre, sometime

known as Haverly's. All these houses prospered under the administration of Messrs. Nixon-Zimmerman, who gradually extended their operations to a "chain" of theatres extending from Boston to San Francisco, and from New Orleans to Buffalo. When, in 1896, the subsequently all-powerful Theatrical Syndicate, or Trust, was organized by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and Al. Hayman of New York, and Rich and Harris of Boston, Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman pooled their interests with those of the great managerial combination which within a decade came to practically dictate the business policy of 500 first-class theatres scattered throughout the leading cities of the Union; all bookings of companies, combinations and "star" players being made from the central headquarters in New York City.

Other American Managers.

In addition to the above representative American directors of theatrical enterprises, there are others of almost, if not quite equal importance, including some, possibly, who operate on an even larger scale, commercially speaking. Amongst these may be named: the Shubert brothers, organizers of the opposition syndicate which directed the tour of Sarah Bernhardt, in 1905-'06, and later managers of New York's amusement Coliseum, the Hippodrome; Messrs. Liebler & Co., who have exploited native and foreign plays as well as players; Frederic Thompson, who has launched a number of meritorious spectacular melodramas, including *Brewster's Millions* and *Via Wireless*; Messrs.

James K. Hackett, Joseph Weber, Lew Fields, and George Cohan, all notable actor-managers, in their respective lines; Miss Maxine Elliot, who, in the season of 1908-'09, assumed personal direction of a new playhouse bearing her name—the twentieth, numerically, of those added to New York's list in less than a decade following the year 1900; and Messrs. B. F. Keith, S. S. Proctor, and Percy Williams, who control many high-class vaudeville theatres in New York City and throughout the Eastern States.

Vaudeville.

Advanced vaudeville, as the term is now understood, is the evolution of the "variety shows" of a generation ago. The vaudeville theatres of to-day, in addition to their numerical and economic importance, have an artistic significance, as marking the first stage of the great twentieth century dramatic revival in America. Vaudeville has its own syndicates, stars, authors and journalistic mediums. The highest managerial magnates, such as Oscar Hammerstein, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and Keith, build and personally conduct vaudeville theatres. Nearly all of our actors, actresses and musicians, to say nothing of celebrities of various other professions, are more than willing to eke out their incomes, or tide over a bad season, with a vaudeville engagement. Dramatic authors find here a good market for monologues, sketches, and single-act plays—an invaluable adjunct to or training for their more serious, sustained and ambitious work. A number of the most interesting plays on the boards to-day represent

the expanded form of ideas and characters that were originally "tried out" in the vaudevilles.

Keith and Proctor

The modern vaudeville theatre, as evolved from the "variety show" of a bygone generation, owns Benjamin Franklin Keith as its originator and pioneer. Mr. Keith, like his managerial partner, F. F. Proctor, is of New England origin. In 1885, at a little place of entertainment in Boston called the Gaiety Museum, he gave the first so-called "continuous performance" on record. It proved a successful novelty from the start, and Mr. Keith proceeded to develop the idea with ambitious energy and high aims in the direction of merit and refinement. The "continuous" became a permanent idea. After establishing the Boston Bijou on this basis, Mr. Keith in 1902 built a palatial new theatre in Philadelphia, and later acquired another in New York. All these houses were conducted on the same lines of management—continuous and varied performances, with profanity and vulgarity strictly banned, no smoking nor drinking on the premises, and popular prices. They became a species of domestic institution, and drew to the playhouse many classes of people, old and young, who had never before recognized the theatre as a place of educational or moral entertainment. The continuous vaudeville idea swept across the continent and proved a boon to many Western amusement purveyors who maintained theatres and "opera houses," but found difficulty in securing

"legitimate attractions" in sufficient number and regularity to keep them running throughout the season.

In 1906, the theatrical interests of Mr. Keith were merged with those of F. F. Proctor, head of the rival faction for the control of vaudeville amusements throughout the United States.

Proctor, like Keith, is a New Englander and a lifelong showman. His career as a theatrical manager began in Albany, N. Y., in 1880. He leased Martin's Opera House there, and later sent out what are known professionally as "road companies." Even before he joined interests with Keith, Proctor was quick to perceive the strength that is in unity. He formed a combination with H. R. Jacobs, and their amalgamated interests gained control of theatres in Boston, Albany, Troy, Cohoes, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, New Haven, Hartford, Utica, Cleveland, Wilmington, and Lancaster, Pa. In many of these houses, the great legitimate artists of the end of the last century, including Booth and Barrett, appeared when en tour with their supporting companies. In 1889 Mr. Proctor acquired his first house in New York City—the then new and up-to-date Twenty-third Street Theatre. Here he organized a regular stock company of players, and presented such important works as Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah*, Belasco and De Mille's *Men and Women*, and Sardou's *Thermidor*. In 1894, however, the Twenty-third Street Theatre fell into line as a continuous vaudeville house, and such it has since remained. Mr. Proctor built a new vaudeville house on Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, and in 1898 came into possession of the historic Fifth Avenue Theatre.

In the year following he acquired the old Columbus Theatre, in 125th Street. Finally, in 1906, the combined Keith & Proctor interests became owners of the Harlem Opera House, originally built by Oscar Hammerstein.

Not without competition, and even "war," have the pioneers of vaudeville held their own. But the first decade of the twentieth century finds the Associated Vaudeville Managers of the United States, headed by Messrs. Keith and Proctor, Percy G. Williams, and Oscar Hammerstein (through his son, William A. Hammerstein, by an alliance with Western managers), a controlling power in theatrical amusements second only to the main Theatrical Syndicate.

Music-Farce and Comic Opera.

Music-farce, burlesque, extravaganza, pantomime-spectacle, "review," and all the miscellaneous forms of entertainment having songs, choruses and ballets interspersed, are generally grouped under the head of "comic opera." As such, collectively, they keep perhaps twenty-five per cent of the playhouses running, and public interest in them increasingly alive. Since the days of *Pinafore* and the Bostonians, they have not only assured to American audiences the enjoyment of the best contemporaneous European productions in genuine light opera, but at the same time have fostered a native school of composers and librettists in the same line. De Koven, Victor Herbert, Sousa, Englander, Robyn, Luders and Julian Edwards, are among those who have won deserved celebrity. To Afro-American

musical genius, also, a helpful impetus has been imparted; and in the jovial, characteristic "coon-songs," and the dreamy, wistful melodies of sentiment, composed by Messrs. Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson, Will Marion Cook and Ernest Hogan, the true negro minstrel comes into his legitimate place on the American stage, so long usurped by the clownish white impersonator with vulgarized "rag-time" and lamp-blackened face.

Influence of Foreign Visitors.

The influence exerted upon the American theatre and native dramatic literature by visiting foreign players, from Cooke, Edmund Kean, Tyrone Power and Macready in the nineteenth century to Salvini, Irving, Coquelin, Novelli, Ellen Terry, Ben Greet's company of English players, Rejane, Duse and Bernhardt, and the Russians Orleneff and Nazimova, at the dawn of the twentieth, has been extensive, continuous, and permanent. These artists, and the plays they presented, furnished standards by which the growing theatre of the Western world might measure itself, and supplied a varied assortment of materials which its omnivorous appetite might assimilate. In the beginning the abundance of first-class European material available at small cost and relatively no risk put a damper on the productiveness and ambition of American playwrights; but ultimately they were roused to energetic competition, and not only came into their own inheritance, but have held it, and increased a hundredfold in numbers and strength.

Bronson Howard and the American Dramatists.

Bronson Howard, who died in 1908, at the age of 66 years, was the dean of the playwriting craft in the United States of America. He held this position not alone by seniority in age and a long, brilliant career of dramatic writing, but chiefly because he was the first of modern American dramatists to start by mastering the practical art of playwriting, and to follow it up consistently to fame and fortune. His example uplifted others, and he lived to see growing up around him a guild of native writers for the theatre so successful and so capable that the American stage to-day does not have to depend for its best material upon alien authors and imported models.

As founder of the American Dramatists' Club, in 1891, and as president of that organization until his death, Bronson Howard was actively concerned in every effort made in the interest of the playwright's dignity, protection, honor, and substantial reward. He inaugurated and helped to promote the legislative enactments which to-day, in the principal States of the Union, make for the prevention and final abolition of the piracy of plays. He left to his fellow-dramatists a valuable working library, and a still more precious legacy of kindly personal advice and intimate tradition. To the stage he gave more than a dozen sterling, wholesome, original plays, amongst which at least five may be specified as worthy of permanent renown, namely: *Saratoga* (produced in London as *Brighton*), *The Banker's Daughter* (produced in London as *The Old Love and the New*), *Old Love-Letters*, *The Henrietta*,

and *Shenandoah*. His other important works, in the order of their production, are: *Diamonds*, *Moorcroft*, *Hurricanes* (produced in London as *Truth*), *Wives* (an adaptation from Molière), *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *One of Our Girls*, *Met by Chance*, *Aristocracy* and *Peter Stuyvesant*—the latter in collaboration with Brander Matthews.

Peter Stuyvesant, produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in October, 1899, was the last acted piece of Bronson Howard's long and honorable career as a dramatist, which may be said to have begun with *Saratoga*, at Daly's Theatre, New York, in 1870—covering altogether a period of about thirty years. In the closing years of his life, in bondage to a nervous ailment—which did not, however, impair either his mental powers or his genial, optimistic disposition—he wrote his last play, a comedy entitled *Kate*, which has been published in book form, though never presented on the stage.

The American Dramatists' Club sprang from the impromptu meeting of a dozen or so of playwrights and theatrical managers at a banquet given in the latter part of the year 1891, in honor of the veteran story-writer and dramatist, Charles Gayler, since deceased. Mr. Howard lived to see it grow into a flourishing organization with a membership of over 100, embracing practically all the professional dramatists in the United States, whose works, as catalogued in the club's published list, are represented by considerably more than 1,000 titles. Upon the death of Bronson Howard, the presidency of the club devolved upon Augustus Thomas.

Richard Mansfield.

Three American actors, of highest rank and of world-wide reputation, who died within the first decade of the twentieth century, were Joseph Jefferson, James A. Hearne and Richard Mansfield. The first two were of a bygone school and period. Mansfield, on the contrary, belonged to the present age; and in his art he forestalled not a little of the future. His career was cut short in its fulness, when, having already compelled recognition as America's foremost living actor, he was reaching out towards nobler achievements than as yet had been set down to his credit.

Richard Mansfield was born in Heligoland in 1857, and inherited from his mother, Mme. Rüddersdorf—a famous dramatic and oratorio singer—a musical talent of no mean order. In fact, his stage debuts, both in England and in the United States, were as a musical entertainer and a singing comedian in light opera. He had already appeared with success in Boston and New York, in such roles as *Dromez* in *Black Dominos*, and *Koko* in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*, before his sensational character-creation of *Baron Chevrial* in *A Parisian Romance*, at A. M. Palmer's Union Square Theatre, New York City, placed him on the road to independence. The next step forward was in taking up Clyde Fitch's *Beau Brummel*, which the actor expanded from a slender and somewhat amateurish sketch—for it was Mr. Fitch's earliest theatrical hit—into one of the most finished and sympathetic character studies known to the modern stage.

Interspersed with the presentation and frequent re-

vivals of *Prince Karl*, the most diverting and at the same time the most ephemeral of Mr. Mansfield's productions, he brought out in rapid succession and assumed the leading role in well-nigh a score of plays, old and new, and nearly all of classic quality or historic importance. These included Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, G. Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* and *The Devil's Disciple* (the first introduction of Shaw in America), Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III.*, *Henry V.*, and *Julius Cæsar*, Molière's *Misanthrope*, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and, finally, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*.

Mansfield's qualities, as well as his limitations, stood out more or less prominently in all of these self-selected roles, and it would be futile to specify any one character, or group of characters, as the most notable of his creations. It may be said, in a general way, that he was at his best in portraying cynical irony and scorn, invective, raillery, "mordant" humor, hypocrisy, craftiness, or sinister and evil passion. He lacked poetic feeling, the warmth of romance, and the sombre obsession of true tragedy; but he was both gay and tender as *Brummell*, lurid as *Mr. Hyde*, subtle and declamatory by turns as *Richard III.* and *Henry V.*, and artistically authoritative as *Alceste* in *The Misanthrope*. Upon the merits of his *Cyrano* critical opinion was divided; though gauged by its large popularity, this character in Rostand's masterpiece represented one of his most brilliant achievements. His last, and in some respects his crowning work, in Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, was a bizarre tour de force, too fantastic to be substantial.

Richard Mansfield was, in brief, what disciples of Nietzsche call the "super-actor." His was a dominant, masterful spirit, impatient of control, yet intense in its devotion to ideals. He established in his adopted land some of the best standards to which the art of the theatre looks up to-day. If he contributed little, as compared with Booth and Jefferson, to the personal traditions of acting, he far surpassed those illustrious predecessors in the pioneer work of trying out new and modern plays, and thus permanently enlarging the legitimate repertoire of the twentieth century theatre. His death, at the age of fifty years, was an untimely and irreparable loss to the English-speaking stage.

Some Leading American Players.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, nearly all the *jeunes premiers*, or "leading men," entrusted with star or next-to-star roles in first-class productions were Englishmen. The reason, or rather the necessity, for this choice, lay in the fact, that while in this country there were scarcely any established legitimate or stock companies where traditions were kept alive and handed along to successive generations of players, in England there were many such institutions, both metropolitan and provincial, which served as conservatories where the ambitious young actor who took his profession seriously might work his way up through a thoroughgoing apprenticeship. Moreover, the stage career in Great Britain offered to young men of good education and breeding opportunities which, at that time, did not exist in America. The late Charles Coghlan, who

was the most brilliant *Charles Surface* of his generation, was an Englishman. So are Kyrle Bellew, E. H. Sothern, Tyrone Power, Henry Miller, William Faversham, Lawrence D'Orsay, George Arliss, and Herbert Kelcey. Robert Bruce Mantell, who, since the death of Richard Mansfield, has come to be regarded as the worthy successor to Booth, Barrett, E. L. Davenport and John McCullough, in the great classic and romantic roles, was born and reared in Great Britain, his American career dating from the '80's, when, as leading support to Fanny Davenport, he won enduring reputation in the part of *Loris Ipanoff*, in Sardou's play of *Fedora*.

John Drew, Otis Skinner, James O'Neil, David Warfield, James K. Hackett, Robert Edeson, W. H. Crane, Frank Keenan, Nathaniel C. Goodwin, Wilton Lackaye, Wright Lorrimer, William Gillette, Henry E. Dixey, William Collier, Charles Richman, John and Lionel Barrymore, John Mason, Walter Hampden, William and Dustin Farnam, are among the foremost actors of American birth and training in the first decade of the twentieth century. American actresses of the same period are Minnie Maddern Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Ada Rehan, Louise Leslie-Carter, Blanche Bates, Ethel Barrymore, Maxine Elliot, Viola Allen, Nance O'Neil, Henrietta Crossman, Annie Russell, Effie Shannon, May Irwin, Lillian Russell, Frances Starr, "Billie" Burke, Marie Doro, Margaret Dale, Helen Ware, Effie Shannon, Dorothy Donnelly, and Doris Keene. To these names must be added those of Edith Wynne Matthison, Rose Coghlan, Mary Mannering, Bertha Kalich, and Alla

Nazimova, all of whom, though of foreign birth, belong professionally to the United States.

John Drew, born in Philadelphia in 1853, of distinguished theatrical parentage, and, as leading actor in the stock companies of Augustin Daly and Charles Frohman, prominently identified with the New York production of many of the most important new plays of his time as well as with standard revivals of the old English comedies, occupies a conspicuous and unique place in his profession. Trained as a youth in the admirable company maintained by his mother, Mrs. John Drew, in the historic Arch Street Theatre of Philadelphia, Mr. Drew was already a graduate in the principal light comedy roles of legitimate and romantic drama when, in 1875, he made his New York debut in Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre. Here he appeared in such favorite pieces as *Saratoga*, *Pique*, *Money*, *Diplomacy*, and the *Pocahontas* travesty, varying this experience with intervals of serious, heavy work in the support of celebrated stars, including Edwin Booth, Clara Morris, and Fanny Davenport. In 1879, he became leading man at Mr. Daly's new house, on Broadway and 30th street, which ever since has borne the name of Daly's Theatre. Here, in association with Ada Rehan, as leading lady, for thirteen consecutive years Mr. Drew participated in those famous light-comedy successes, the list of which takes in *Dollars and Sense*, *Seven-Twenty-Eight*, *Love on Crutches*, *A Night Off*, *The Magistrate*, etc., and in those classical old-comedy revivals, including *She Would and She Would Not*, *The Country Girl*, *The Recruiting Officer*, and *School for Scandal*, be-

sides the Shakespearean *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Love's Labor Lost*. John Drew became a "star" in conjunction with Maude Adams, in 1892, when Charles Frohman organized his Empire Theatre Stock Company, and began bringing out the latest works of the new generation of British dramatists, including Arthur W. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, J. M. Barrie, Capt. Marshall, Henry Esmond, Haddon Chambers, Hartley Manners, and W. S. Maugham. In at least two American plays—Augustus Thomas's *De Lancey* and Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*—presented at this theatre, Mr. Drew created the title roles. Young or middle-aged gentlemen, of social, military, diplomatic or "sporting" occupation, kindly, quizzical wordly, and correct sardonially as well as in manners and speech, have been impersonated by Mr. Drew so frequently, of late years, and with such distinction and success, that they have come to be generally known, in professional parlance, as "John Drew parts."

Miss Adams has been even more fortunate than Mr. Drew in finding plays and parts which have given scope and opportunities to gifts peculiarly her own. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1872, and was practically reared on the stage; her mother, Annie Adams, being a member of the local stock company. After a large and varied experience, for a young girl, in the far Western theatres, Miss Adams came East, and made her New York debut in 1889, at the Bijou Theatre, as *Dot Bradbury*, in Charles Hoyt's most serious—or, rather, least farcical—comedy, *A Mid-*

night Bell. In the following year she passed under the management of Charles Frohman—an association destined to last until Maude Adams should reach the height of her professional career, and her name should become a household word wherever children “believe in fairies,” and their elders are susceptible to the charm of a winsome temperament enhanced by the allurements of a perfect and delicate stage art. With Mr. Frohman’s Empire Theatre stock company, Miss Adams became, in 1892-’93, a sort of starring leading lady; her first role being that of *Suzanne* in *The Masked Ball*. During four years following she was Mr. Drew’s principal support in a series of high-class comedies, notably *Christopher, Jr.*, and *Rosemary*. In the season of 1897-’98 the rising young actress was detached from Mr. Drew’s company, and appeared as *Lady Babbie* in *The Little Minister*, a dramatic version of the novel of that name by J. M. Barrie. This charming role of the aristocratic young lady who for love assumed the disguise and the perils of a gypsy lass first revealed that strain of April weather tenderness, that melting mood which is “a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear,” so distinctively Maude Adams’s own. Subsequent triumphs in more than one distinguished part have never effaced the memory of *Lady Babbie*, which, in response to a never-ceasing demand, she played unremittingly through four seasons. In the years 1900, 1901 and 1902, Miss Adams essayed, with unequivocal success, two of the most exacting roles known to the legitimate repertoire—Shakespeare’s *Juliet*, and the *Duke of Reichstadt* in Rostand’s tragedy of *L’Aiglon* (The

Eaglet). This most moving characterization of the great Napoleon's ill-fated son was written for and played by Sarah Bernhardt; yet even the prestige of the exalted French tragedienne, who presented *L'Aiglon* in conjunction with Coquelin on one of their tours of the United States, did not lessen the popular applause and critical approval which the young American actress had fairly won. *Quality Street*, *The Pretty Sister of Jose*, and a one-act sketch of a London girl "slavey," entitled *'Op o' Me Thumb*, next occupied Miss Adams's attention and added to her reputation for versatility. Then, in 1906, came *Peter Pan*, a poetic fantasy developed by Barrie from the germ-idea of his story of "The Little White Bird."

Peter Pan, as originally staged and acted at the Empire Theatre, New York, is a play by itself, even as the actress who first inspired and then interpreted it is unique in artistic temperament and elusive personal charm. This creation of Barrie's has been likened to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is the story of a faun-like boy who went to live with the fairies, because he was determined never to "grow up." On this seemingly child-like strand of fancy is woven an enchanted fabric of humor, sentiment, poesy, gentle irony, heroism, romance, and pure fun, which, season after season, attracts young and old alike, and is as keenly relished in staid London and blasé Paris as it is in the more mercurial American capitals.

Since *Peter Pan*, Maude Adams has appeared as *René* in *The Jesters*, a French romantic play in verse which Sarah Bernhardt produced successfully in Paris; as *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*; and as *Maggie*

Wyliè, another Scottish maiden, in one of Barrie's latest works, entitled *What Every Woman Knows*.

In June, 1909, Maude Adams was the central figure in a dramatic event unique in the history of the American theatre, and whose consummation was due chiefly to the ambitious and successful efforts of the actress herself. This event was a sumptuous and pageant-like presentation, in the Stadium of Harvard University, at night and by artificial light, of Schiller's poetic drama of Jeanne d'Arc, "The Maid of Orleans." In addition to the cast of principals, 1,500 supernumeraries, mostly undergraduates of the University, participated in this performance, which was witnessed by an audience numbering 15,000. The occasion befitted that exceptional interest in the study of the Drama which has been Harvard's special distinction in latter years, and the influence of which is manifesting itself not only in stage literature and criticism, but also in the actual writing and production of plays. It recalled, too, those classic revivals in the ancient Graeco-Roman theatres of France and Italy, where the grand lines of Sophocles and Euripides are declaimed beneath an open sky by the most scholarly players of our time.

The Harvard performance of "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," while using a text translated into English and necessarily much curtailed, was given under the auspices of the German Department of the University, with scenery, costumes, arms, armor and banners reasonably correct in heraldry and chronology, as well as effective from the spectacular viewpoint. Historical paintings by Boutet de Monvel and other authoritative French artists were studied for the principal tableaux, and

John W. Alexander, our well-known American Academician, designed the scenic models. Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, played by a hidden orchestra, supplied the musical complement; and a mammoth pipe organ was utilized in the coronation scene. A characteristic modern note of the presentation was the protean part played by electricity. The audience-tiers of the vast amphitheatre were illuminated, not too garishly, by a row of arc lamps at the back of the stadium. The great searchlights above the middle, and batteries of smaller ones at the two sides, all provided with elaborate color attachments, and with motion arrangements, together with "storm effects" of thunder and lightning, made possible the impressive simulation of nature's own envelopment and background. Colored electric signals placed at the stage entrances and in the dressing-rooms superseded the traditional call-boys. A huge dynamo had been specially installed for the occasion, and all the electrical devices were controlled from one central desk.

In this approximation of the physical conditions of the antique theatre it was most interesting and instructive to observe the effect on the acting interpretation of Schiller's "romantic tragedy" of modern date and distinctively literary form. The intimate passages—such as the Maid's soliloquy when she hears the mystic voices, or her discussions with her doubting father and the priests of the Church—were practically obliterated; while the declamatory, epic and martial scenes, and the pageantry proper of the drama, stood forth in magnified and spectral grandeur. The play was reduced to something like primitive terms of

pantomime. The Greek unities of Time, Place and Action began to emerge by mere force of the simplicity and breadth enjoyed by circumstance.

All this afforded an unforgettable object-lesson in the dramatic principle, not only to the Harvard students, but to an entire theatre-loving nation, at a period of development where the practical art and science of the playwright stands in need of just such demonstration.

At the open air theatre of the Leland Stanford University, a few years ago, a performance of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" was given by Miss Adams—this being, indeed, the first inspiration from which her subsequent idea of the Harvard "Joan of Arc" was evolved. About the same period, Sarah Bernhardt played her classic role of "Phædre" in the Greek theatre of the University of California—a memory which the illustrious French tragedienne has subsequently declared she cherishes as among the most exalted moments of her artistic life. With these two exceptions, the Harvard Stadium "Maid of Orleans" stands as an imposing landmark in the progress of our Western civilization towards the goal of an enduring native drama.

Another young American actress of talent and vogue, and who also bears a name distinguished in the annals of that theatrical art for which she inherits gifts from both her parents, is Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore is the daughter of Maurice Barrymore and Georgiana Drew, and a niece of John Drew. Her two brothers, John and Lionel, are both young actors of marked ability and promise. John Barrymore shared honors with his sister in Barrie's *Alice-Sit-by-*

the-Fire. Lionel Barrymore has distinguished himself in responsible and leading parts, notably in support of John Drew in *The Mummy and the Humming-Bird*, and as the gentlemanly pugilist in Augustus Thomas's New York comedy, *The Other Girl*.

Miss Barrymore has lent individual charm to a large variety of parts in modern comedy; and her *Nora* in Ibsen's *Doll's House* proved a credit alike to her art and to her ambition.

Minnie Maddern Fiske (Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske), whose girlish debuts date from *Fogg's Ferry* and *Caprice* in the early '80's, steadily rose to and has since maintained her position as America's foremost living emotional actress. She is scarcely less effective in light, sparkling comedy. Her record of positive achievement has been made in such diverse plays as *Becky Sharp* (from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"), Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Paul Heyse's *Mary of Magdala*, Sardou's *Divorcons*, McLellan's *Leah Kleschna*, Langdon Mitchell's *New York Idea*, Ibsen's *Doll's House*, *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm*, and A. B. Sheldon's *Salvation Nell*. Mrs. Fiske has been, moreover, actively associated with her husband in the casting, rehearsal, and general production of several important plays in which she has not herself appeared—for example, Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, Percy Mackaye's *Sappho and Phaon*, and Guimera's Spanish tragedy, *Marta of the Lowlands*.

The large and growing list of American actors well equipped in their several ways to carry on the progress of native dramatic art includes among its principal names those of: Otis Skinner, who, trained in

the unrivalled old school of stock-company experience with Booth, Warren, Barrett, Augustin Daly, and Mme. Modjeska, takes rank as one of the most finished and scholarly romantic actors and readers of dramatic verse on the modern English-speaking stage; William H. Crane, professional associate of the late Stuart Robson in Bronson Howard's *Henrietta* and the Shakespearean *Two Dromios*, and who has subsequently won individual fame as an interpreter of eccentric character in the dramatized *David Harum*, and George Ade's *Father and the Boys*; James K. Hackett, son of the classic American comedian of that name, romantic *jèune premier* of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre company, creator of the principal roles in Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*, and the American production of Alfred Sutro's *The Walls of Jericho*; Henry E. Dixey, who from an early popular hit in a clever musical burlesque called *Adonis*, advanced to the position of an amazingly versatile leading man in the support of legitimate stars in high-class comedy, and finally became a star himself, in a variety of pieces, ranging from the farcical *Man on the Box* to the quaint domestic comedy of *Mary Jane's Pa*; Frank Keenan, probably the most virile and picturesque "character" actor of his time, whose *Jack Rance*, the gambler, in Belasco's *Girl of the Golden West*, and *Gen. Buck Warren*, in *The Warrens of Virginia*, stood out memorably, and who as an independent producer was the first in America to put on the stage one of the Tales of Edgar Allan Poe—namely, the original dramatization of *The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether*, by Henry Tyrrell and Ar-

thur Hornblow; Arnold Daly, who was the first to popularize in America the plays of George Bernard Shaw, particularly *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell*; Robert Edeson, whose strenuous American types in *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Strongheart*, and *Classmates*, especially smack of the soil; and William Collier, a young comedian of the dry-humor sort, comparable to the late John T. Raymond, yet at his best in such strictly twentieth-century comedies as *On the Quiet*, *The Man from Mexico*, *Caught in the Rain* and *The Patriot*.

Representative Plays.

Some fifty new and original plays, of serious pretensions, and with more or less title to endure for a season or two, may be said to represent approximately the annual output of the native American dramatist, since the coming of his vogue, about the year 1900. At the beginning of this century, the work of the European still surpassed the native product in quantity as well as quality. Ten years sufficed to bring about a reversal of these conditions. Although American plays have made little or no headway abroad, they have come into their proper estate at home, while the importations have fallen off proportionately. If no really great or first-class dramatist has revealed himself, either in Britain or in the United States, the latter country is decidedly the richer in good and promising playwrights of the second class, who are laying the foundations of splendid achievement in the near future.

For the first time in the history of the American

stage, the majority of the popular and money-making plays of the period are indigenous in their character and authorship, and not under thrall to ideas and fashions from beyond the sea. They are the stuff of which a national theatrical repertoire, as distinct from literature proper, is made. Since Bronson Howard's *Henrietta*, William Gillette's *Secret Service*, and Augustus Thomas's *Alabama*, *In Mizzoura*, *Colorado* and *Arizona*, American plays with American characters, themes and local color have been steadily more and more successful. These plays were not problem plays. The strain of inherited Puritanism in the American people has made them unduly shy of frank moral discussions in fiction, and particularly on the stage. *Hazel Kirke*, and Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavendar*, together with *Camille* and *East Lynne*, tolerated because great actresses played them, were among the elemental story plays which, by attracting young people and reconciling church-goers to the theatre, prepared the way for the real ethical-problem dramas of Ibsen, Shaw, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Lavedan, Henri Bernstein, and our own Eugene Walter. These, it will be remarked, are, with a single exception, all European. The real American problem play, prompted by these examples, and developed through the rapid and copious interchange of idea across the Atlantic in modern times, did not perceptibly come to fruition until well along the first decade of the present century. Even then its first notable examples related rather to business and political ethics than to the morality of tender sentiment and the conflict of the sexes. The concrete examples here referred

to are: in the first category, Charles Klein's *The Lion and the Mouse*, and George Broadhurst's *The Man of the Hour*; and in the second category, William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide*, and Eugene Walter's *Paid in Full* and *The Easiest Way*.

Before looking at these works a little more in detail, allusion should be made to the literary, or bookish, influence as one of the important elements in the evolution of a native drama closely and directly related to the real life of its own people in their own times. This is the age of the "dramatized novel" and the "novelized play." Almost every new work of fiction which attracts attention, however ephemeral, is put on the stage in the form of a play, even though the essential dramatic elements of plot and action may be entirely lacking. And, conversely, many of the plays proper, having won assured popular vogue with a succession of large audiences in the theatre, are duly padded out in current fiction form, and run as serial novels in the newspapers and magazines. Sometimes the play is "novelized" by its own dramatic author, as in the case of Augustus Thomas's *The Witching Hour* and Cleveland Moffett's *The Battle*. Again, a novelist of reputation turns the play into a book, as Arthur Hornblow did with Mr. Klein's *The Lion and the Mouse*. While it cannot be truthfully said that a single great play or great novel has resulted from these processes, their ultimate effect is a mutually beneficial *rapprochement* of the drama and literature, and the recruiting of new writers directly for the stage. Instances of the latter are Richard Harding Davis, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Booth Tarkington, George Ade,

Edward Townsend, Roy L. McCardell, Rex Beach, and the anonymous author of "The Inner Shrine."

The European custom of printing acted plays for general reading in their original dramatic form is also rapidly growing in favor in the United States. This is largely due to the efforts of Professor Baker at Harvard University, Professor Phelps at Yale, Professor Brander Matthews at Columbia, and the eminent English dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, who have all, in lectures and other public utterances, urgently advocated such means of increasing the popularity and interest of the acted drama. Bronson Howard thus published his later comedies. Practically all the plays of Clyde Fitch, Percy Mackaye and other American playwrights are available to the reading public. A new modern play can be purchased at about one-third of the price of a new modern novel, and requires proportionately less time for perusal. By including up-to-date plays in his general reading, the student of to-day not only broadens his own culture and knowledge of life, but also incidentally encourages the fine arts of acting and playwriting, and in so far helps to advance the civilization and letters of his country. Indeed, as has been repeatedly urged, a widespread interest in the printed drama is at once the means and the sign, the cause and the effect, of a general uplifting of the theatre, including the arts of acting and stage management. By the same token, a lack of interest in the printed drama, the divorce of the stage from literature, marks a low ebb of public taste and a national drama sunk to the vulgar level of a mere toy or an empty, entertaining "show."

Among the first of modern representative American plays have been mentioned Mr. Klein's *The Lion and the Mouse*, and Mr. Broadhurst's *The Man of the Hour*. Both may be characterized as dramatizations of "graft," or rather of the spirit of revolt against corruption in politics and a low standard of honor in business and finance, which finds expression in the periodical press in what President Roosevelt aptly called "muck-raking." *The Man of the Hour*, which avowedly has its locale "in any large city in America," is in fact a close transcript of actual or recent political conditions in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Harrisburg—to go no further with the list of capital cities, to whose local figures the imaginary characters in the play have been likened. Two typical "bosses" are opposed to each other. One rules by craft, combined with brute force and domineering energy; the other by "jollyng" his constituents—fondling their babies and giving them frequent picnics, barbecues and chowders. The bully is promoting a scheme of colossal graft in connection with a street-railway franchise, and is hand-in-glove with a mighty but conscienceless financier. The "Boy Mayor," high-principled, but a mere amateur in politics, is in love with the financier's niece; and, between the two rival bosses, to whose machinations for their own ends he owes his nomination and election as mayor, he is 'twixt hammer and anvil. He sees his fiancée estranged from him, his friends involved in financial disaster, and finally the memory of his father, an honored general in the Civil War, smirched with calumny. By dogged firmness, however, and with the aid

of the jovial boss, who for personal reasons hates the bullying boss with a cordial Irish hatred, the young mayor finally overrides the champions of graft, sending the two principal schemers to prison, and bringing his private love affair, if not his public ambition, to a conventional happy ending.

In *The Lion and the Mouse* Mr. Klein touched at the psychological moment, and with the skill of an experienced journeyman playwright, upon certain obvious, if scandalous, aspects of "high finance" as developed in the relations between Wall Street, New York, and the National Capitol, showing incidentally a startling picture of moral treachery in no less exalted a station than the United States Senate. The comedy and "heart interest" which make the mimic world like the real world go 'round, grow out of the love affair between the Wall Street magnate's son and a young woman magazine-writer whose trenchant pen has caused the money kings to respect and fear her. In this play, too, the "pleasant" denouement which most dramatists who are wise in their generation regard as a *sine qua non*, is obtained at a considerable sacrifice of logical consistency.

The Great Divide ventured boldly—for an American play—upon the debatable ground of emotional sex-controversy. A New England girl is confronted, amidst the savage freedom of the Far West, by an "unformed" man, a gold-miner, and is matrimonially subjugated by him with a brutuality at which for a time her whole nature revolts; then the innate nobility of his nature becomes effective, through the spiritualizing power of love, and the ruffian in his turn

yields to the gentler potency of the woman who charms him out of his brutalized estate, and up to that of true manhood.

The two plays of New York life written by Eugene Walter, entitled respectively *Paid in Full* (1908) and *The Easiest Way* (1909), attracted immediate and marked attention, as being at once the most audacious and the most successful confrontations of the actual disquieting yet unshirkable social problems of our modern civilization, that had been achieved by an American dramatist up to the present time. In the first-named piece a lifelike picture is presented of the daily existence of a young middle-class couple who marry, and engage in the uphill struggle to keep up appearances in a city flat, on the precarious wages earned by the husband as a minor commercial clerk. Lacking in moral strength and courage, and turned aside by abominably false ideals of success, the young husband first resorts to embezzlement, and then attempts to clear himself by an artifice involving the shameful degradation of his wife, who is supposed to be coveted by the rough and decidedly sinister old sea-captain his employer. Both these latter rise to sudden and exalted moral stature when the crisis comes. The errant youth is melodramatically saved from disgrace and prison; but then, with inexorable and Ibsen-like logic, the partnership of husband and wife is dissolved, and, as in *A Doll's House*, they go their separate ways.

In *The Easiest Way*, a still more frequent, and more poignant, soul-tragedy is set forth. The heroine is a young actress, pretty, but of mediocre ability,

making an honest effort to rise in her chosen profession—a type common to many avocations, and not offered as peculiar to the theatre. Unaided, she meets with nothing but discouragement. But there is an easier way—the way that she sees many of her associates going, lightly, and, as at the time it seems, joyously. She accepts the protection and patronage of a wealthy broker and man-about-town, whose influence advances the actress to a position of meretricious pride and luxury. Then a real love affair supervenes; and the young woman, finding herself compelled to choose between the rich man who has compromised her and the poor one to whom she has given her heart, renounces all for the latter, who, though knowing her past, is willing to marry her as soon as his circumstances shall permit. But before this consummation is reached the actress, whose resolution has faltered with the return of poverty, goes back to her wealthy protector, as he had cynically predicted she would, and is irrevocably committed to the moral squalor of the factitious “gay life.” It is the old story of *Camille* modernized, without the death-scene to throw over this inevitable “fate of a coquette” the false glamour of a mawkish sympathy.

The Witching Hour, one of the most recent and perhaps the most popular of Augustus Thomas’s ingenious comedies of present-day life, deals with the subject of mental telepathy in an original and effective manner. George Sylvester Viereck, in *The Vampire*, touches upon the novel psychological theme of the absorption, by a man of dominant intellectual genius, of the best thoughts of lesser minds about him. Percy

Mackaye's satirical comedy, *Mater*, while winning but moderate success as an acted play, affords a good example of the style of American drama which may be advantageously printed for reading circulation. *The Music Master*, by Charles Klein, is a sterling American play, which has given David Warfield—the legitimate successor of Joseph Jefferson—the most satisfactory vehicle in which he has appeared.

Among the native plays abounding in local color and quaint sectional characterization should be mentioned: George Ade's *County Chairman* and *College Widow*; Edwin Milton Royle's *Squaw Man*; Paul Armstrong's dramatizations of Bret Harte—*The Heir of the Hoorah* and *Salomy Jane*, and his New Mexico farce-comedy, "Going Some," written in collaboration with Rex Beach; Alice Hegan Rice's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*; Booth Tarkington's *The Man from Home*; and Edward Locke's tender little music-play, *The Climax*.

The American Dramatist's Opportunity.

In even the most cursory glance at the representative Twentieth Century Drama in America, the prodigious and in some ways unprecedented opportunities of the native dramatic author become apparent. The influx of European models, both plays and players, while at first having the effect of a check or handicap on original American talent, must ultimately prove a vast benefit, in schooling producers and public alike to make the most of the rich material lying about, ready at hand, for a greater National Theatre.

Should a New World Shakespeare arise, he would find awaiting him the grandest audience that ever yet protagonist swayed. The words of the late Bronson Howard, in an intimate address to his fellow-craftsmen, may be appropriately recalled:

"Never delude yourself with the idea that it is necessary to 'write down' to your audiences. Who can adequately appreciate the tremendous significance of a well-filled theatre—a thousand human beings, young and old, men and women, rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, virtuous and vicious, all eagerly absorbing the message you have to deliver, the lesson you assume to teach, and adapting the scene of simulated life before them to their own deep and varied actual experience, their own innermost knowledge of the reality and the truth! Do you think you can 'write down' to that fearful and wonderful thing? No! Rather go down on your bended knees before it, and humbly thank God that you have been vouchsafed the awesome privilege and responsibility of such a momentous communion."

Poetic Drama in the United States.

The poetic drama—by which is meant, technically, drama written in rhythmic measures, in lines of verse, either rhymed or blank—has been in all ages the classic form in which the highest literary expression of civilized races has been cast. In the English language it is represented by the ten-syllabled iambic—"Marlowe's mighty line," and Shakespeare's, the same used by W. G. Wills and Stephen Phillips in Eng-

land, by William Young and Percy Mackaye and other contemporaneous dramatic poets in America to-day. Poetic drama is a richer, more melodious and impressive kind of speech, invented in order to give utterance to those deeper and more complex emotions which are the essence of human character, and of the drama in which such character is reflected. Verse, in the poetic drama, embellishes and intensifies the thought and language in the same way that the instrumental "slow music" heightens the emotional scenes of melodrama. The commonplace objection, so often applied to grand opera and to the higher drama, that "in real life people do not talk blank verse or chant in choruses," is futile, in view of the obvious fact that as an atonement for this sacrifice of mere outward, superficial reality a far truer representation of inward or spiritual reality is achieved. Herein lies the theatre's magic spell; and this is why the high-water mark of all great periods of the drama is registered by their poetic plays.

Throughout the nineteenth-century history of the theatre in the United States we find an unbroken line of poetic drama. It begins with the Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Bulwer-Lytton, and Sheridan Knowles repertoires of the early visiting English companies; is continued in the tragedies in verse written by Dr. Bird, John Howard Payne, George Boker and others for Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman and their contemporaries; and brought up to the present time by such writers as W. S. Gilbert, W. G. Wills, Stephen Phillips and Percy Mackaye aforesaid, together with the several American men and women of letters who

have written, translated or adopted metrical plays for our present-day players, notably E. H. Sothern, Wright Lorrimer, Julia Marlowe, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Bertha Kalich and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Mr. Sothern stands first among the actors who have held up the standard of poetic drama in the United States, amidst various and antagonistic manifestations of activity, at the dawn of the twentieth century. Numbered among his successful productions are: Lawrence Irving's *Richard Lovelace*, Justin Huntley McCarthy's *If I Were King*, Percy Mackaye's *Jeanne d'Arc*, and English versions of Sudermann's *John the Baptist* and D'Annunzio's *Daughter of Jorio*. In the last three named Mr. Sothern had the artistic partnership of Julia Marlowe, who also played with him *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, *Juliet* to his *Romeo*, and *Beatrice* to his *Benedick* in *Twelfth Night*, and *Viola* in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Miss Marlowe made her New York debut as *Parthenia* in *Ingomar* in 1888, and succeeded Mary Anderson (who in the year following married and retired from the stage) in popular favor as an impersonator of the heroines of legitimate and poetic drama.

The Lyric and the Dramatic Stage.

The immemorial alliance between the lyric and the dramatic stage is closer to-day than ever it has been before. Music is so extensively employed as an adjunct to farce-comedy and vaudeville, that about one-fourth of the new productions in American theatres are included under the heads of comic opera, music-

farce, burlesque and extravaganza. Grand opera, at the same time, not only sets its music-scores to works originally popularized as dramas—such as Sardou's *La Tosca*, or Belasco's *Madame Butterfly* and *Girl of the Golden West*—but the vocal music of the ultra-modern composers, like Debussy, Strauss, D'Albert, Massenet, Charpentier, Leoncavallo, Mascagni and Puccini, is almost wholly recitative or declamation. The universal tendency is toward lyric drama, or melodrama in its literal sense—that is to say, lines of rhythmic prose, declaimed or chanted to an orchestral accompaniment of broadest chromatic range.

At the beginning of the twentieth century there was practically but one permanent and established temple of grand opera in all the United States. That was the Metropolitan Opera House, of New York City, built and opened in 1883. Italian and other opera, indeed, had been more or less continuously presented and patronized in America since 1825; and the Metropolitan house had several predecessors in New York, the immediate one being the Academy of Music, where Adelina Patti made her debut in 1856. But the Metropolitan Opera House was the first exclusive and permanent home of the higher lyric drama to be maintained here by a wealthy directorate on a scale somewhat approximating that of the national and municipal subsidized establishments of continental Europe.

This necessity for private munificence and commercial organization, taking the place of governmental or other endowment, put the opera on the same footing as the theatre proper, and established new bonds of

alliance between the two. The first managerial head of the Metropolitan Opera, Henry A. Abbey, was a theatrical entrepreneur exclusively, whose association with the opera director Maurice Grau came about through their joint enterprise of conducting Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's first American tour (1881). Heinrich Conried, who for a term of years, up to the advent of the Italian impresario, Gatti-Casazza, was chief administrator of the Metropolitan, had for a quarter of a century preceding devoted all his energies to the directorship of New York's classic German Theatre.

Mr. Conried's formidable and successful rival, Oscar Hammerstein, who built the Manhattan Opera House, in New York, and the new Philadelphia Opera House, was a prosperous theatrical manager long before he became an impresario.

SOLON SHINGLE

A COMEDY

BY

J S. JONES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ROBERT HOWARD, *the People's Lawyer.*

HUGH WINSLOW, *a Merchant.*

OLON SHINGLE, *a Country Teamster*

CHARLES OTIS, *a Clerk.*

JOHN ELLSLEY, *a Clerk.*

TRIPPER, *an Attorney-at-Law.*

JUDGE OF THE COURT.

SHERIFF OF THE COURT.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

THOMPSON, *Police Officer.*

QUIRK, *Police Officer.*

JOHN, *a Porter.*

FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

TIMID, *a Lawyer.*

ELEVEN JURYMEN.

MRS. OTIS.

GRACE OTIS.

COSTUME OF OLON SHINGLE—*Dark
drab old-fashioned surtout with capes;
sheep's gray trousers, lead-colored striped
vest, old-style black stock, cowhide boots,
broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, bald-
headed flaxen wig.*

PRELUDE.

If not one of the famous literary comedies, this homely example of the plays dear to the people of the thirties and forties, and to the leading representatives of the native comedy of the time, is entitled to a place in this work. It enjoyed a long popularity.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A counting-room, opening into a loft, in which are seen barrels, cases, etc.; a desk, table and chairs; a dry goods case.

Charles Otis discovered writing; enter Mr. Tripper.

Mr. Tripper.—Mr. Winslow has not yet returned, Mr. Otis?

Charles Otis.—I have not seen him, sir. He has not been in the counting-room since my return.

Trip.—Is Mr. Ellsley in the store?

Cha.—No, sir, but he soon will be in, sir——

(Continues writing.)

Trip.—Smart young man is that, Ellsley. He will one day be a rich man; I think, however, you are the favorite with Mr. Winslow.

Cha.—I am happy to enjoy the confidence of my employer, and it shall be my constant effort to deserve it.

Trip.—Say to Mr. Winslow that I called, and if he wishes to see me, I shall remain an hour at my lodgings.

Cha.—I will sir.

Exit Tripper, passing John Ellsley, who enters at the same time.

John Ellsley.—Charley, where's the old man?

Cha.—I don't know.

John.—Do you know who that man was that just went out?

Cha.—Mr. Winslow's attorney. He has been complimenting you.

John.—Has he? I'm glad of it—I wish I could raise the wind somewhere; or Lawyer Tripper, or some other lawyer, will be jogging my memory, I'm afraid. I must take the benefit of the act, Charley—how much do you think I spent last week?

Cha.—I cannot guess; I heard you say that you had been extravagant.

John.—A cool hundred—sleigh rides, balls, etc., hot suppers do melt up the cash. But you know nothing about it, you won't go in for a bit of fun.

Cha.—I cannot afford it, you know.

John.—Didn't I offer to stand the blunt? It would not have cost you a red cent.

Cha.—Pleasures that I cannot afford to pay for, I cannot indulge in at the expense of others. John, there is one thing I cannot understand. Tell me, how can clerks with small salaries spend so much money in imitating the habits of men of fortune? You may indulge—your father is rich.

John.—Why, Charley, my boy, it is not the salary the clerk depends upon, so much as his perquisites. They tell the story.

Cha.—Perquisites!

John.—Yes, the self-given privilege of investing the cash balances—helping themselves when they find themselves short; and their employers with something over.

Cha.—Stealing?

John.—Stealing! that's the name of the science of abstraction: even if a fellow is so unlucky as to be found out; men who spend for their own purposes, funds entrusted to their care, are not called thieves, but defaulters—not stealing, Charley, but financiering. Well, how much longer are you

going to stay, working here by candle light? I shall close my books.

Cha.—Mr. Winslow requested me to stay till he returned; as I must be here, I prefer work to idleness.

John.—You are a favorite of the old man's—I think the old man is in love with your pretty sister; if he should marry her, and take you in as a partner, how you would flourish.

Cha.—Don't interrupt me, now.

John.—There's a great ball to-night, and that pretty Miss Blazon is to be there; I am going, and the way I'll take the shine out of some of the boys will be high. I shan't go till nine. Charley, if Mr. Winslow wants me—I wish you'd go, I'll get you a ticket.

Cha.—I cannot go, I have no wish to go.

John.—You need not tell the old man that I am going to a ball. He's too religious to believe in dancing. We clerks know a thing or two; and sometimes hear our master's voices through thin partitions, in places that they don't carry their wives. I mean to publish a book—call it the Clerk's Guide, to show young men from the country how to forget ploughing, planting, sowing, hoeing, mowing. Well, Charley, if you won't go, I will: I shall go out the back way; leave a key for me. I may want to come in the store after the ball is over. I'll have a night of it; good-bye, Charley. (Exit.)

Cha.—A night of it. He knows not my poverty, or he would not have asked me to go to a ball, or wonder at my refusal. Dally, sums of gold and silver pass through my hands, sufficient to purchase splendor and independence. Yet not mine. Nightly do I go to a home, where poverty is ever present, and distress may suddenly come with a temptation to use what is another's. The evil one shall not overcome me, I can bear my privations. I will be honest.

(Goes again to desk.)

Enter Mr. Winslow.

Mr. Winslow.—Are you still here, Charles? Where is Mr. Ellsley?

Cha.—He has just left the store, sir.

Win.—I will not detain you long. I wish to speak to you on a subject of some importance. Has my attorney called?

Cha.—He has, sir.

Win.—Charles, you recollect, I dare say, that some time since Colonel Spencer gave me a check on the Bank of Mobile?

Cha.—I recollect seeing him sign a check, but I thought it was on a bank in the city.

Win.—No, 'twas the bank of Mobile; you remember he spoke of his extensive interest in it.

Cha.—He did speak of a bank, but I still have an impression that the check related to a bank here.

Win.—No doubt you think so, you are wrong—what are you doing now?

Cha.—There's a trifling error in Mr. Ellsley's cash here, I'm trying to trace.

Win.—Never mind that now. This check is of considerable consequence to me; and I assure you it will be greatly to your advantage to remember rightly; for should the matter be made the subject of a legal controversy, I must depend on your knowledge to evidence the facts in the case. Colonel Spencer is dead—I am apprehensive of trouble with his executors—just think again.

Cha.—I am thinking sir, but——

Win.—The thing is undoubtedly coming to your mind as I represent it.

Cha.—My memory is somewhat confused on the subject; but reflection seems only to confirm my first impression.

Win.—'Tis strange. By the way, Charles, your work is hard, I will raise your salary, another hundred dollars. Tomorrow, I believe, ends the quarter—take the advance.

Cha.—Sir, I thank you, I will deserve your bounty.

Win.—But, about the check; you will have no objections to tell the good jury of the court, should we have a trial, that you saw Colonel Spencer give me a Mobile check, signed by him: remembering all the time, that in performing this little act of friendship, or I might say duty, you are materially benefitting yourself.

Cha.—I will most cheerfully tell them all I know about it; for I should be glad to convince you of my devotion to your interests. But not for worlds would I testify to a circumstance of the truth of which I'm not positive.

Win.—Of course not—in this case you testify upon my word; should you make a small mistake, the blame be mine. The day may come, Charles, that will see you a partner in my establishment, as a reward for your devotion to my interests. There is profit and honor in connection with the name of Winslow, the merchant; think of it, Charles.

Cha.—I cannot, for my life, sir, speak aught but the truth.

Win.—The truth should not be spoken at all times; my lawyer shall instruct you what to say. He will lead you to the proper answer.

Cha.—You have mistaken my character, sir; a lie is a lie, disguise it as you may. I am young, sir, but have not forgotten the precepts of my father, or the example of my mother.

Win.—Your conscience, young man, is of too tender a kind to aid you in the acquirements of wealth; you are poor—this over-honesty will keep you so.

Cha.—I own, I do feel the pangs of poverty: I have left this place of toil for a home, where no meal was ready to appease the cravings of hunger; a fireless hearth, a mother with her children in tears, were my only welcome home. It was home, the home of honesty; and sooner shall this body be consumed by hunger, sooner shall my tongue be torn out by the roots, than I infringe one little hair's breadth upon the law which says, "thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Enter Robert Howard, in a plain working-dress.

Win.—Then may my curses fall on thee, thou base son of a baser father; and they shall, if my influence over thy destiny is moved by hate. Hence, presume not again to set your foot within my door; the character I will give you shall shut you from all hopes of another situation. You have goaded the lion, and may test his strength.

(Charles, closing his books and preparing to leave.)

Robert Howard.—(Aside.) The lion, no the viper, is disturbed, and he may feel his fangs.

Cha.—Mr. Winslow, I have ever done my duty—good-night, sir—poor mother, poor—sisters. (Aside and exit.)

Win.—Fool! (Sees Howard.) You have listened to my conversation, sir?

How.—Unwillingly, sir, to your harsh reproof to your clerk. I come, sir, on business. Will you give me an immediate answer to that proposition? (Hands paper.) I called this morning—you were out.

Win.—(Reads.) "From the widow of Mr. Worthy." I have but one answer—all that the law compels me to pay is ready. I know my ground. She has no money; I have. The time that must elapse before a judgment can be given against me, with the expenses contingent upon the continuance of the suit, will force her to abandon her claim; you have my answer.

How.—And this is your answer. Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Winslow: the battle is not always for the strong. I am instructed to inform you that the widow's claim will be defended by competent counsel, who will, if necessary, furnish the requisite funds. I speak upon the authority of one who never pleads except where he sees oppression preying upon poverty and innocence.

Win.—I know who you mean: a demagogue, seeking political advancement, basing his ambitious views upon affected generosity and patriotism. The man they style the "People's Lawyer," the people's friend. His services may be bought by my gold. I will retain him myself.

How.—His services cannot be bought, sir. I have performed my duty, and will return your reply; as a humble citizen I may speak my thoughts. Hugh Winslow, do right; though you pile heaps of gold as stumbling blocks in the paths of justice, still will the righteous judgment overtake the evil doer.

Win.—Go, sir; no longer insult me in my own house. I am determined.

How.—To do wrong.

Win.—Fellow, leave the place this instant, or I will throw you from a window to the street.

How.—I have little to fear from your threat; I will spare you the attempt; I shun an affray, sir, but will defend myself from any assault. You shall some day know who I am, and be sorry for this injustice. (Exit.)

Win.—So much for the education of the poor. Here is a common mechanic, bullying a gentleman in college style. I thought Charles Otis had been more pliant to my will: if I cannot have his testimony, I must make sure he's not used against me. His good name is his pride, his honesty his great defense; I must find means to blast this airy fabric; Ellsley has a rich father—he is profligate. I'll try him, and at once.

(Sits at table.)

Enter Solon Shingle.

Solon Shingle.—'Squire Winslow, how do you do? I most broke my shanks on your stairs.

Win.—(Interrupted—aside.) Quite well, sir.

Sol.—I kinder conjured that your shop would be shut up, but I see'd a light through the winder, so I thought I'd come in.

Win.—When did you come to town? (Writing.)

Sol.—I come this morning, bright and early; well, how do matters and things stand with you? considerin'.

(Takes chair.)

Win.—Much as usual, sir. (Still writing and betraying much embarrassment. Solon goes to table and looks over writing.) This is a private affair, Mr. Shingle.

Sol.—Jest so; well, then, you don't keer about my reading on it. If I pester you any, jes say so; I'll take the hint without the kick.

Win.—I'm happy to see you, but I wish you had come a little earlier; if you can, call to-morrow.

Sol.—Call to-morrow—I shall be dreadful busy to-morrow. I'll wait till you get through your pucker. I've got a case in court about a brindle cow, and 'Squire Dingle asked me how I was going to sware, and I told him I should sware like lightning agin him; these are revolutionary times—my father fit in the revolution, that is, he druv a baggage wagon.

Win.—(Aside.) What devil sent him here now?

Sol.—Mr. Winslow, you are the head horse in the temperance team, and as I——

Win.—You have some business with me?

Sol.—Jest so, Mr. Winslow—what's good to cure the mumps?

Win.—Mr. Shingle, I am engaged this evening, on very particular business; I am now going out and shall not return.

Sol.—Jest so, well; my cattle are outside there—there's no danger on 'em, is there?

Win.—I presume not, what have you got to say?

Sol.—I've got a little account agin your society, and I want tu know who foots it?

Win.—Some other time I'll see about it—John, you may close the store, Mr. Otis has gone home. Mr. Shingle, urgent business compels me to leave you—come to-morrow.

(Exit Winslow.)

Sol.—Jest so. (Goes to desk, takes ledger, sits down, puts on spectacles, and with candle in one hand is reading.) Jest so. (Reading.) Cash Dr—Cash Dr, for rhubarb \$2,000—what a dose, Dr Cash. He is a great doctor, he cures every disease.

Enter John, the porter—replaces books—blows out candles, having finished, he comes to Shingle.

Sol.—John, how du you du?

John.—Very well, sir—when you have done with that book, sir, I should like to put it in the case.

Sol.—Jest so, pretty writing, ain't it, now? whose is it?

John.—Mr. Ellsley's, sir.

Sol.—The bogs it is! Old Zack Ellsley's boy, John? His father and I were old cronies, and between you and I, John Ellsley come pretty near being my son instead of Zack's.

John.—Indeed sir, how so?

(John brings chair and sits next to him—Solon rests his leg on John's lap.)

Sol.—How so? Why, Zack and I courted the same gal, Patty Bigelow; and she had Zack instead of me—if she hadn't

gin me the bag, John Ellsley might have been John Shingle; however my Nabby and John are going to get married.

John.—I want to shut up the store and go home.

Sol.—Jest so, well, take the light and see if my team has started.

John.—I can't spare the time, Mr. Shingle.

Enter Ellsley.

Ellsley.—Where's Mr. Otis?

Sol.—Gone home, sir. Mr. Winslow wants to see you at his house immediately.

El.—The devil he is! I shall be too late for the ball, and I have no money, ah! Daddy Shingle, I'm glad to see you—what the devil sent him here?

Sol.—How de do? where's Nabby?

El.—Nabby, yes—she's well. John, go and tell Mr. Winslow that I will come to him directly. I will shut up the store and bring you the key.

John.—Yes, sir—— (Gives him keys and exits.)

El.—What does Winslow want with me to-night? Has he discovered the error in my account? Charles has made a memorandum; I will destroy that. (Goes to desk, finds paper left by Otis, and tears it up, puts the pieces in his pocket, Shingle following him about.) Mr. Shingle, have you got any money?

Sol.—No great amount in value.

El.—I want fifty dollars. The key of the safe is not here. I'll give an order on my father for it.

Sol.—You shall have it, as you are going to marry my darter. (Takes out a very large bladder, inside of which is the bag with bank notes.) Here's the money.

El.—(Has written the order at table.) Thank ye sir. (Hands Shingle the paper, and takes the bills.) This must replace the sum I spent last night. Mr. Shingle, just be kind enough to go into the loft, and bring me a small case you will find there. 'Tis a present for Nabby, a very small case.

Sol.—(Having read the order, etc., lights a candle.) A very small case, John. (Exit.)

El.—What the devil sent that fool here this time of night? I wish he would fall through the scuttle—now for it. (Opens the safe and deposits money.) All safe for this time; now to know what Mr. Winslow wants. (Crash heard.)

Sol.—(Without.) Hullo, Mr. Ellsley! the light's gone out. (Enter.) I can't find no very small case there.

(He is all over lampblack and flour.)

El.—What have you been about?

Sol.—I went to reach upon a shelf, the light went out, my foot slipped, and—

El.—Lampblack and whiting fell upon you.

Sol.—Jest so, but I didn't find the case.

El.—(Aside.) That's not strange, as there is none there. I advise you to take a warm bath. This way—I'll show you the way. (Exit.)

Sol.—Don't be so pesky quick. (Solon goes to desk, and examines it, and finds a revolver; takes it out—looks at it.) What on earth is this? etc., etc. (Reënter Ellsley, slaps him on the shoulder—the pistol goes off. Scene closes quickly.)

SCENE II.

A street. Night.

Enter Robert Howard in a blue cloak, followed by a man.

Robert Howard.—Be sure that Thompson follows the directions I have given; remember that I do not wish it known that I am in the city. (Man exits.) She is indeed a charming girl; I blushed for the unfeeling senseless blocks that treated her thus rudely: however, good may come of it; in my disguise I shall try her affections, though I cannot doubt the purity of her heart, in any situation or under any trial. My friends may deride my low-born bride—but she may decline my offer when 'tis made. If I do get a wife, I am determined it shall be my personal attractions, however slight their value, that shall win her. I'll make the trial.

(Solon outside.)

Sol.—Whoa, there, Buck! go along! whoa, darn your skins, run will you? I'll make you step out. (Enter Solon.)

How.—What's the matter, friend?

Sol.—Them cattle of mine are acting like fried snakes; they ain't used to staying out nights.

How.—Why, Mr. Shingle, is this you?

Sol.—Jest so, Mr. Howard; can you tell me a good tavern tu go tu, and put up the darned critters? I went tu Mr. Winslow, just now, on business, and I left my cattle afore the door, and while I was gone somebody's gal, over the way, begun to play on the pianner, and that got Satan into my team tu look in and see what made the music; and when I come out, I found the cattle all over the sidewalk, trying tu get into the winder.

How.—I am sorry for your trouble; I will show you a good place to put up for the night.

Sol.—I knew you would, I'm always unlucky when I come to the city—I'm on law business, too.

How.—Indeed!

Sol.—Yes; I wonder who is the best lawyer tu go tu, on a cow case? 'Squire Dingle offered to leave it out, if I'd gin him ten dollars—there's my cattle dancing again—they don't know city fashions; whoa! darn ye, Buck.

How.—Come, sir, shall I show you a house for your accommodation? It is late.

Sol.—Jest so; I'm goin into a bath, head and heels; then I'll see you, whoa! there! etc., etc. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

A plain apartment, table with ornaments, drawings and books. A harp.

Enter Grace, takes off her bonnet and shawl, places them on chair. Enter Mrs. Otis.

Mrs. Otis.—Grace, what detained you so long? I was alarmed; you are weeping!

Grace.—Am I?

Mrs. O.—What has happened, Grace?

Grace.—Have the rich no feelings, or do they suppose the poor have no hearts? Mother, my blood hath run as molten lead through my veins.

Mrs. O.—Did you see the lady that advertised for the drawings?

Grace.—I did see the lady. I was shown into a room where were assembled a large party of the lady's friends. My threadbare dress was the mark for their ridicule, and their glasses were leveled at it. I blushed for the things, wearing the forms of men, that could thus cruelly insult a female for her poverty. I shall hate the rich.

Mrs. O.—They are not all alike, my child.

Grace.—I conquered my feelings, and calmly walked to the table to display my drawings. As they passed from hand to hand, the lady asked her daughter what she thought of them. In most contemptuous terms she replied—they looked like my first attempt. My heart was bursting with suppressed emotion, when a voice, in manly tones, replied to her: "Then your first attempts were very beautiful, and I advise your mother to collect them immediately." But for this kind relief I should have fallen on the floor. Mrs. Germain will send what she thinks the pictures worth.

Mrs. O.—Don't weep, Grace. Ought we longer to keep that harp? Our best friends have hinted that so valuable a piece of furniture looks like extravagance in our humble dwelling.

Grace.—Don't ask me to part with that—the only present from my dear father. I wish I knew who the gentleman was that spoke for me at Mrs. Germain's; I owe him double thanks.

Mrs. O.—Did you not see him?

Grace.—I did not——

Enter Charles Otis, pale and dejected.

Mrs. O.—Are you ill, Charles?

Charles Otis.—No, mother, I am well. I have been strangely tempted to be dishonest, and rich.

Mrs. O.—And you resisted?

Cha.—I did, mother—I did resist—but heaven knows it may be the ruin of us all. Mr. Winslow has discharged me from his service.

Mrs. O.—Discharged you? for what?

Cha.—Because I would not lie.

Mrs. O.—You have done well.

Cha.—Mother, was my father an honest man?

Mrs. O.—Who doubts it?

Cha.—Mr. Winslow, in his rage at my refusal to do his wicked will, called me the base son of a baser father. 'Twas in my mind to kill him for the word, but I forbore.

Mrs. O.—He uttered a falsehood, Charles. Your father's inflexible honesty was a bar to his specious plans for wealth.

Grace.—(Who has been at the harp.) Mother, we must sell the harp.

Mrs. O.—Grace, Charles has had no supper. Be composed; the storm of diversity is gathering over our heads, 'tis true, but there is a power above that can dispel the clouds, and make all sunshine and brightness. (Both exit.)

Cha.—(A knock heard at door.) Come in. (Enter Ellsley.) John, is that you?

Ellsley.—Yes; I have just heard that we are to lose you; I was going to the ball, but as soon as I heard of your quarrel with Winslow, I hastened to see you.

Cha.—Quarrel—we had no quarrel.

El.—'Tis the same thing. I'm sorry to lose your society. Mr. Winslow will be sorry, too, before long—and that reminds me of a secret I want you to help me keep.

Cha.—I don't like secrets; they are apt to make mischief.

El.—Not if they are well kept; this will hurt nobody; now promise not to reveal what I am going to tell you.

Cha.—I do.

El.—Then here. (Taking out watch and chain.) Here is the eye-tooth of our hard-hearted master.

Cha.—Why, John, it cannot be possible that you have really practiced——

El.—Hocus-pocus, you mean? agrimento, presto, cockorum, change, as the jugglers say; nothing truer—master by this time has missed his timekeeper. He will suspect me, and I want you to keep it till the fuss is over, then you shall have half its worth.

Cha.—Not for the world! take it back, John, to Mr. Winslow—confess your fault. He will forgive you. I will not receive it.

El.—Do you think that I am an idiot; take this back and ask forgiveness of a man whose creed is revenge? No, if you refuse, I must take my chance. He has wronged you, and if you have any spirit, you would set fire to his store, or in some way make him feel your revenge.

Cha.—If you ever mention such things to me again, we cease to be friends.

El.—I did this thing for you; at any rate, you will not betray me.

Cha.—I have given my word, and you must return the property.

El.—I will; what way shall I return it and save myself a mortifying acknowledgment?

Cha.—Write a confession. I would.

El.—Do it for me, Charles, will you?

Cha.—I will, with pleasure. (Sits down at the table and writes, Ellsley, looking over him, slipping the watch and chain into Charles' pocket.)

El.—This will make all right, Charles; I am sorry I entered into the business; but as I have begun I must finish.

Cha.—There, John, that is enough.

El.—Nothing could be better, keep it for me until the morning; I am going to the ball; in the dance I might drop it; mind, Charles, you let no person see it.

Cha.—It shall be sacred. (Takes the paper, folds it, and puts it into his pocket.)

El.—Thank you, Charles; good-night; I am sorry you can't come to the ball.

Cha.—Good-night, John.

(Exit Ellsley.)

Enter Grace.

Grace.—Charles, your supper is ready; 'tis not an inviting meal.

Enter Mrs. Otis.

Mrs. Otis.—Charles, what did John Ellsley want with you? I never liked that young man.

Cha.—A friendly injunction of secrecy is imposed upon me. Grace, I have no appetite for food. (A knock at the door.) Come in.

Enter Howard, as a workman.

Howard.—Mrs. Otis, I have a note from Mrs. Germain to your daughter.

Mrs. O.—(Taking it.) Grace, read it.

Grace.—(Opens and reads; Howard observing Charles at table.) "Mrs. Germain begs Miss Otis to accept the enclosed bank note; upon a second examination of her drawings, she is pleased to say, she discovered their beauties, and will feel obliged if Miss Otis will permit her to select from her collection still undisposed of."

Mrs. O.—Well, Grace, that is kind after all.

Grace.—Will you say to Mrs. Germain, I am gratified for her notice and kind enclosure.

How.—I will do so, Miss Otis, in your own words.

Grace.—That voice—'tis he that saved me, mother—can it be? Sir, accept my thanks for your timely assistance this evening. I should have acknowledged the obligation at the door, but my escape and the circumstances embarrassed me.

How.—I am repaid, Miss Otis, and regret the cause that needed a manly arm to protect, in the street of a city, a helpless woman from insult. I am most proud that from me the succor came.

Cha.—What insult was this?

How.—A drunken brawler, that annoyed your sister on her return from Mrs. Germain's. 'Twas my fortune to be near, and it required a blow to convince him that he was a brute.

Cha.—Sir, I thank you for my sister; though we are strangers, I trust I may know you better.

Grace.—'Tis the voice of the gentleman—Sir—do you know—I mean—seen—Mrs. Germain!

Mrs. O.—But for your appearance, my daughter had thought she met you at Mrs. Germain's.

How.—Appearance! I am what I appear; a mechanic! I have learned my trade. I have in this capacity served Mrs. Germain, and shall be glad to work for your family. Still I lose not, I trust, my right to the title of a gentleman, because my hands are hardened by labor.

Mrs. O.—She is in error—you speak not like a mechanic—one bred to toil; but have more the manner of one that has studied in the halls of science.

How.—What should hinder the son of toil, when genius stimulates, from acquiring the highest fund of knowledge that science gives. Our country is a free one, and education flows from the public fountain for all who thirst for its refreshing streams. Good-night. (Is going—a loud knock.) Shall I open the door?

Mrs. O.—If you please. (Howard opens the door.)

Enter Thompson and Quirk.

Thompson.—Which is Charles Otis?

Cha.—I am the person.

Tho.—Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Cha.—Prisoner?

Tho.—Yes, sir; to execute our duty, we must search your person.

Cha.—Stand off, would you treat me as a thief?

Tho.—A charge of theft is alleged against you.

How.—Young man, offer no resistance to the officers in the discharge of their duty.

Cha.—I have a paper entrusted to my care which they must not see.

How.—Give it to me.

Grace and Mrs. O.—Charles, what does this mean?

(Quirk takes the watch from the pocket of Charles.)

Tho.—The property described in the warrant is here.

(Shows watch.)

Cha.—I am innocent.

Grace.—How comes the watch in your possession?

Cha.—I know not what this means.

Tho.—Sir, I demand to see that paper.

How.—Is that your brother's writing?

Grace.—It is. Charles, explain this.

(Howard, after reading, hands paper to Thompson.)

Mrs. O.—Charles Otis, am I the mother of a thief? Have I endured the stings of want, to rear a felon! speak—if you are guilty, may you fall dead at my feet!

Cha.—Mother, I am not guilty.

Mrs. O.—I believe you.

How.—So do I.

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—I do not. (Thompson hands paper to Winslow.) Why is not that thief in prison? Madam, he is like his father. By death he escaped my vengeance; so shall not the son.

Cha.—Speak of me as you will; assail not the good name of my father. I am innocent.

Win.—A jury's verdict will satisfy me better than your words—away with him.

How.—Go not too far, Mr. Winslow.

Win.—What I do here is no concern of yours.

How.—I may choose to make it so.

Win.—To prison with him. A virtuous family is here.

Cha.—Slandrous villain! (Grace and Mrs. Otis holding him.) Hold me not—

(Charles seizes a chair and is in the act of striking Winslow when Howard interferes.)

Tableau.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Same as last scene of Act I, without the harp. Grace discovered; in her hands an open letter, which she is reading.

Enter Mrs. Otis.

Grace.—So soon returned, mother?

Mrs. Otis.—Yes, child. I have seen Charles. The lawyer gives me but little hope, circumstances are so strong against him, and Mr. Winslow urges the trial.

Grace.—Who purchased the harp?

Mrs. O.—A stranger. I saw Robert. He assures me that Charles will be acquitted.

Grace.—Then there is hope. Should Robert call in my absence, I will soon return. (As Grace is going.)

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—Do not leave the room, Miss Otis, I have something to say which I wish you to hear.

Grace.—Excuse me, sir.

Win.—I may be of service to you. (Grace turning away.) Madam, in my zeal to bring the guilty to punishment, I may have gone too far. If you wish your son's release, it may be well to listen.

Mrs. O.—Well, sir, be seated; we may listen. (All seated.)

Win.—It is needless for me to allude to the peril which Charles is now in, or for me to mention your praiseworthy efforts in his defense. I have heard that you have disposed of part of your furniture to enable you to retain the services of a lawyer.

Grace.—Sir, you will spare our feelings by confining your conversation to that which we do not know so well. My mother has reproved you; she is unable to bear calmly our mortifying and painful situation.

Win.—I came in friendship, I wish not to wound your feelings; you deem me, I know not why, your enemy—why is this so?

Grace.—Go to my brother's cell; ask that innocent boy, torn from home, confined with thieves, ruffians and murderers, hardened in crime, and amid the clank of chains—listen to his answer.

Win.—I can save him from the verdict which will for years doom him to the horrors of a prison. I alone can save him; there is a way. I can point that way.

Mrs. O.—Save my child, and buried be all former wrongs, forgotten present feelings.

Grace.—Save my brother and heaven will reward you.

Win.—I look for the reward here.

Grace.—The means of his deliverance, sir? do not deceive us, the means?

Win.—I am the prosecutor—with my concurrence there are many ways a principal witness may be absent; I will not appear against him.

Mrs. O.—This is evading justice and may fail.

Win.—Let him be convicted and appeal to another tribunal; I will assert my belief that he is not guilty, and be myself his bail; then send him in one of my vessels on a foreign voyage, to convince the world I believe him honest and shield him from punishment.

Grace.—I am ignorant of the forms of law, but the principles of justice are deeply rooted here. I do not approve of your proposed means. Flight implies guilt. His good name is tarnished, mother; his country's verdict can alone wash clean the stain.

Win.—So shall it be; your scruples are those of virtue, and they please me. I know he is innocent. I would have it appear so.

Mrs. O.—With the feelings of a mother strong within me, I would welcome any means that gives Charles his liberty.

Grace.—I must go to him and comfort him in his affliction.

Win.—Stay, Miss Otis, if we both construe alike our thoughts, I may share your distresses and relieve them; again I tender you my hand, which if you take, you take my wealth, and your brother's safety.

Grace.—I must decline the hand; I could not accept it if my life depended upon the act; there are reasons which render it impossible.

Win.—Reasons! Madam, advise your daughter; you know her; you know me; much depends upon her answer.

Mrs. O.—Her acts are free. I cannot bias her in such a choice.

Grace.—Mr. Winslow, I once before answered such a question. I am now betrothed to——

Win.—Do I understand that you now reject me?

Mrs. O.—Not so harshly, sir. Grace.

Win.—The form of words affects not me; if you do reject me, your brother is a convicted thief ere the sun sets. Will your new lover marry the sister of a sentenced felon—who is he? answer me.

Enter Howard.

Howard.—He is here, sir, and will answer for himself.

Win.—Indeed! a powerful rival! A poor mechanic dares to thwart the wishes of a merchant! Have a care, sir, or I will prove you an accomplice in crime, with the one whose cause you espouse!

How.—Sir, I know you—the difference of our positions in society gives me no cause of fear.

Win.—Miss Otis, I congratulate you on your proposed alliance with this vagabond——

How.—Vagabond, sir—(smiling.)

Win.—Vagabond, yes, I repeat the word—who are you? Marry him, Lady Otis. He is your brother's friend—the champion of a thief; himself no better.

Mrs. O.—You are a brave man, sir, thus to inflict abuse upon two helpless women. I envy you not the delicacy of feeling you possess.

Win.—There is a defender of the virtue of the name of Otis; let him redress your grievances. Why does he not answer for himself and you?

How.—I make no hasty answers to angry men's words of passion; my answer will come, and like the thunder of heaven

it shall silence your voice of impotence—my tongue in this presence shall not speak your proper name.

Win.—Beware how you glance at my character; speak, if you dare, aught against me.

Grace.—For heaven's sake, Robert, let him not anger you.

Win.—Spiritless hind! even the weapon of speech he dare no longer use. How dare you, sir, hint aught against me?

How.—Go on, sir.

Win.—Retreat, sir, or with a blow I'll chastise you.

How.—Vent your rage in words, and I will hear it; raise your arm to strike, and in mine own defense I stand; beware the consequences; no child's strength is here.

Grace.—Robert—Mr. Howard!

Win.—A word with you. Here are the weapons gentlemen use, even in encounters with those beneath them. (Producing pistols.) To chastise you, I will raise you to my level. I talk not of vulgar blows.

Mrs. O.—This is my house. Commit no murder here.

Win.—If the ladies will withdraw, I will settle with the coward.

How.—Coward! Do not hold my hand, madam! Stand from before him! I have listened to his insulting language; but for your presence, I had shown him that he was but man, and I his equal; leave us; he dare not die in any cause. I promise that no blood shall be spilled.

Grace.—You promise that?

How.—I do.

Mrs. O.—Robert, be not rash.

Grace.—He has promised, mother; come.

(Exeunt Grace and Mrs. Otis.)

How.—We are alone, sir. The right of choice, by the barbarous code which govern men in their misnamed honorable meetings, is mine. If in this act I engage, I break my country's law and heaven's. You say I have wronged you; I will give you satisfaction; give me a weapon. (Winslow gives him a pistol.) Now, sir, prove your manly spirit; give me your

hand; we are strangers; now, breast to breast, I fight you, thus: fire, if you dare; I give you the word—fire!

Win.—Hold; this is murder.

How.—Indeed! Give me your weapon, and talk of courage and honor elsewhere. I ask from you no degrading apology; you must respect me. I ask no more from friend or foe.

Win.—I will take early opportunity to convince you, sir, what I dare do. I will have revenge for this.

(*Aside, and exft.*)

How.—'Tis well. I know the limits of his power.

Mrs. Otis and Grace reënter.

Grace.—I am glad he is gone.

Mrs. Otis.—I hope you have made no rash promises to meet this man.

How.—Fear not; he will no more offend you by his presence here.

Grace.—Mr. Howard, we thank you.

How.—Grace, dearest Grace, call me Robert, still; you have not known me long, 'tis true; I trust his offer has not made mine, humble as it is, of less value.

Grace.—Robert, your prospects in life may be blasted by a union with the sister of a felon.

How.—Dearest Grace, let our marriage depend upon Charles' acquittal, and the measures I have taken will not be in vain.

Grace.—Prove my brother's innocence, and I am yours.

How.—I will do so. You will pardon me for inquiring too closely into your affairs. Charles has told me his story; it shall be used to his advantage. This must be your home no longer. Take this letter, Grace, to the house with the Grecian portico—that which pleased you so well in our walk last Sunday—wait till the owner arrives; he will serve you and Charles. He has heard of your misfortunes, and would see you. When the trial is over I will bring you tidings of the result. Let no anxiety tempt you into the court house; the

forms of a criminal trial are too harsh for a sensitive mind—much less a mother's or a sister's, when a brother is arraigned.

Grace.—I hope all will go well. But for your persuasion I would have found the people's lawyer and begged him to act in Charles' cause; you know Mr. Winslow has threatened that he shall be against him at the trial.

How.—I am sure he will not. Fear not. Our laws are just, our judges honest men, our jurors are our equals. The right will prevail. 'Tis near the hour; in our next meeting, Grace, I shall claim you for my wife. Mother—let me call you so—be of good heart. (Exit Mrs. Otis and Grace.) Now, Hugh Winslow, beware! The snare your subtle thought set for the innocent shall close upon the guilty one. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A street, with signs of attorneys, etc., represented as Court street, in Boston. Enter Solon Shingle, with an old plaid cloak and umbrella.

Solon.—I wish I could catch the plaguey critter that stole my apple sarse. Where bouts am I? (Reading signs.) I'm among the law shops—jest the right place to find rogues. I wonder where the court house is. By Jove, I'll let folks know I fout in the revolution. (Goes up and talks to a man that is passing.)

Enter Winslow.

Winslow.—Just as I expected. The forgery is detected—the draft returned, and it will be traced to me; and from the obstinacy of this boy I may be ruined; I must hasten his conviction. (The man leaves Solon laughing, and exits.)

Sol.—Jest so. (Laughs; sees Winslow.) Ah, Mr. Winslow, how dey do? By Cain, I got lost this morning, or I should have been in to see you.

Win.—(Aside.) I wish, with all my heart, you had never been found.

Sol.—That ain't all; I've lost my apple sarse out of the tail end of my waggin; it is such a prime lot, tu; as good as that I sold tu the chap from the Southard, and in your store.

Win.—Man from the Southard—I remember—do you know what we were talking about that day, Mr. Shingle?

Sol.—Yes, about the revolution; how the fellers had to eat off the head of a barrel, without knives or forks. Mr. Winslow, are you a judge of clothes? I bought this coat at a van-due, and this umbrella—what is it worth, cash down?

Win.—I don't know, indeed. Do you think you could tell the story in court, if I wished it, about the check Colonel Spencer gave me that day?

Sol.—The day I sold him the apple sarse?—guess I could; your clerk was there—he could tell better than me. I was figuring out how much caliker it would take tu make my Nabby a fashionable gown. But, I say, they du tell me that your clerk was a rogue.

Win.—To-day his trial comes on; after 'tis over, come and see me. I should like to talk the matter over about Colonel Spencer.

Sol.—How he laughed when I told him about the battle of Bunker Hill!

(Bell rings.)

Win.—You had better come into court; I'll be there.

(Exit Winslow.)

Sol.—Jest so, thank you; tell the judge I'll be there. Whenever I hear that bell I always consate there is trouble brewing. Whenever I do go to court, I'm sure tu make some alfred mistake or other; once I drove right straight into the prisoner's stall; they told me tu stand up, and I did; they asked me if I had anything tu say; says I, "No;" and while they were trying me, the real rogue got off. But if this Otis boy stole the watch, he might have stole my apple sarse. I'll go in, and if there's any bearin' on the case, I'll speak. I don't like to make a speech among these law chaps. They work a feller up so he don't know his head from his heels; I shall have law enough, I s'pose; for that John Ellsley won't marry my Nabby; I considered her as good as married, and now her markit's spoiled; my darter and the apple sarse may make work for the lawyers yet—jest so.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

Court house; the Judge discovered on the bench; before him the Clerk, jury sitting, lawyers, Charles Otis in prisoner's box, Sheriff in his place, Ellsley, Thompson; Quirk on a seat near witness stand. Winslow enters and sits near Ellsley as scene changes. The Clerk is standing reading the indictment; the prisoner is also standing.

Clerk.—(Finishing indictment.) What say you, Charles Otis—guilty or not guilty?

Charles.—Not guilty.

Trippler.—(Rises.) May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury, in this case, Commonwealth versus Charles Otis, for stealing a watch and chain, the property of Hugh Winslow, we shall occupy but little of your time. The evidence offered will be found so conclusive that I shall probably not find it necessary to detain you with any argument. I shall proceed at once to the examination of the witnesses. The witnesses in this case please come forward.

Clerk.—Hugh Winslow, Peter Thompson, John Quirk, John Ellsley.

Enter Solon Shingle. He goes to table quietly, and shoves them all aside, lays down hat and whip, and offers to lay down umbrella; is prevented by officers.

Solon.—I've got in, by Cain.

Clerk.—Are you concerned in this case?

Sol.—Well, I s'pose it's likely I am, or I ought to be.

Clerk.—Your name, sir?

Sol.—Solon Shingle.

Clerk.—Solon Shingle?

Sol.—Jest so.

(Business.)

Clerk.—Hold up your right hands. (They do.) You solemnly swear, etc. (All are sworn.)

Trip.—Mr. Winslow, will you take the stand, sir? (He does so.) You have had your watch stolen?

Winslow.—I have, sir.

Trip.—Is the watch in court? (An officer hands the watch to him.) Is that your watch?

Win.—It is, sir.

Trip.—That is all for the present, Mr. Winslow. Mr. Thompson, take the stand, if you please. (He does so.) You arrested the prisoner?

Thompson.—I did.

Trip.—State to court, if you please, what you know.

Tho.—I had a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner—I found him at his house. When I made known my business he was agitated and denied the charge. I proposed to search him—he resisted.

(Solon by this time has fallen asleep, and snores occasionally.)

Trip.—He resisted—well?

Tho.—We searched him, and upon his person found the lost property.

Trip.—This is the watch you found in the pocket of the prisoner?

Tho.—It is, sir. (Solon snores.)

Trip.—Very well. Mr. Quirk, take the stand.

Quirk.—(Takes the stand.) I went with Mr. Thompson. We found the watch and a paper, which he first gave to a young man who was there.

Trip.—Did he refuse to give you that paper?

Quirk.—He did, sir.

Trip.—Very well, sir; stand down.

Timid.—I should like to ask the witness the nature of that paper, and—that is if—

Trip.—In time, sir; I will produce it soon enough for your client's good.

Tim.—The paper having been mentioned, I should like to know what it has to do with the case.

Trip.—I will not produce it now. I know my duty, and shall perform it. Next witness.

(Winslow and Tripper are in conversation. Shingle being next in order, an officer awakens him, and he goes to the stand.)

Sol.—Jest so.

Trip.—Ah, Mr. Shingle, what do you know of this affair?

Sol.—Well, sir, I can't say; you know there's no telling who's governor till arter 'lection. So I guess.

Trip.—Mr. Shingle, I think I had the pleasure of examining you once before in a case.

Sol.—Yes, and you didn't get much ahead on me, did you?

Trip.—This time you may tell what you know in your own way.

Sol.—Jest so. But I don't tell all I know for nothing—as I said in the last war, for my father fit in the revolution.

Trip.—Never mind that, sir; an article has been stolen, as you are aware; now confine yourself to this fact.

Sol.—Jest so. I was in Mr. Winslow's the other night. I left my team in the street—two yoke o' cattle and a horse.

Trip.—Why tell us of that? Let your team go.

Sol.—That's what I'm coming to—my team did go, for I couldn't bring 'em up into the shop; so I was talking to Mr. Ellsley, there, about matters and things—my Nabby's getting married and so on, and how things worked. 'Squire, I wish you'd hand me a pen, there, tu pick my tooth. I eat three cents' worth of clams afore I came into court, and really believe there's a clam atween my eye-tooth and t'other one next tu it.

Judge.—Mr. Shingle, this has nothing to do with the case.

Sol.—Well, I didn't say it had, 'squire.

Trip.—Just confine yourself to the facts in the premises, if you please, Mr. Shingle.

Sol.—Well, I don't exactly understand what you mean by premises.

Trip.—Why, sir, I thought every fool knew as much as that.

Sol.—Jest so; well, as I come out of the store, I knew that my cattle would naturally look tu me, so I took off the chain.

Jud.—The watch chain, Mr. Shingle?

Sol.—No, 'squire, the back chain.

Trip.—The back chain? What's that?

Sol.—Why, I thought every fool knew what a back chain was. I had him there, 'squire, by Cain!

Jud.—Mr. Shingle, the loss of the article is proved without your evidence. 'Twas found in the prisoner's pocket—as you doubtless heard.

Sol.—In his pocket?

Jud.—So said the witness.

Sol.—Then his pocket must have been as big as a hog-pen, to hold my barrel of apple sarse.

Jud.—'Tis a watch that has been stolen.

Sol.—A watch! Then I must have been asleep while you have been goin'. I know nothing about any watch.

Jud.—Then you know nothing about this case, it appears. There is some mistake, Mr. Tripper.

Trip.—So it appears. Mr. Shingle, how came you here?

Sol.—Well, I come to see about my apple sarse; but either the clams that I eat, or a little rum toddy that I took arterwards, made me sleepy.

Jud.—You may stand down, Mr. Shingle, for the present.

Sol.—Jest so; you've swar'd me, then, for nothing. However, I'm ready for the next time. (Stands down.)

Trip.—John Ellsley! Mr. Ellsley, please to take the stand. You have been sworn, sir?

Ellsley.—I have, sir.

Trip.—You are a clerk in the employ of Mr. Winslow?

El.—I am, sir.

Trip.—You have been intimate with the prisoner?

El.—Prisoner! I—you mean—yes, sir.

Trip.—Give us, if you please, a history of your knowledge of this affair.

Cha.—John Ellsley, tell the truth.

Jud.—Silence, prisoner! Go on, Mr. Ellsley.

El.—On the morning that Charles was discharged, I called on him at his house. He said he had a secret he wished me to keep. I declined; he then offered me a watch and chain, which I knew to be the property of our master. He told me he had taken it, and offered to give me half if I would keep it for him, which I refused.

Trip.—Did you not advise him to return it?

El.—I did. He promised to do so, and wrote a confession.

Trip.—Which I will now read. (Reads.) “To my wronged master: Tempted by circumstances, which I will hereafter explain, I took from you your watch and chain. Conscience will not let me keep the ill-gotten bauble, and penitently I implore you to receive it and forgive the commission of the crime.”

Tim.—Let me see the paper! It is not signed, or proved to have been written by my client.

Trip.—’Twas found in his possession—we will soon settle that. Mr. Ellsley, is that the handwriting of the prisoner?

El.—It is, sir; I saw him write it.

Cha.—I did write the confession; I do not deny it.

Tim.—Do not speak, sir—admit nothing.

Trip.—Mr. Ellsley, you may stand down. I shall rest the case here, without remark. Mr. Timid, any question you may wish to propose, I am ready to hear.

Tim.—May it please the court, the case appears circumstantially to be this: I mean to say, that if evidence of good character can avail, I can fill this court-room with such testimony.

Enter Robert Howard, and comes forward, speaks to Charles and shakes his hand. Goes to Timid and whispers.

I am not exactly prepared, but I do not doubt that if a little delay—

Trip.—Certainly, sir—by all means.

Howard.—I thank you, sir. May it please your honor, I have listened to some of the evidence in this case, as well as the remarks of the learned gentleman for the government. I am here to speak in defense of that innocent young man.

Turn pale to think on.

Trip.—This is unfair, sir. I appeal to the court if this interference is not improper.

How.—I shall be pleased to meet any fair argument against my appearance here as counsel for that young man, the victim, in my opinion, of a base conspiracy, which I think I shall be able to prove, unless my right to practise in this court be denied me.

Jud.—Go on, Mr. Howard. There can be no good excuse for objection.

Sol.—Why, that's the people's lawyer! Things will turn, I reckon. Mr. Howard, I've lost a barrel of apple sarse.

Sheriff.—Silence in the court!

Sol.—Jest so.

(Sits down.)

How.—John Ellsley, take the stand again. (He does so with evident unwillingness.) Though the law may sometimes shield a villain with its broad hand of power, in honest hands 'tis an engine the evil-doer dreads. John Ellsley, you are under oath—a solemn oath—and upon the words spoken by you, under the penalty of broken oaths, rests the fate of one who was your companion—your friend. I charge you, sir, with uttering what is untrue, and advise you to recall the dark deed which you have here committed.

Trip.—Is this browbeating a witness, this sermonizing, to be allowed, sir?

How.—Speak not, sir! By courtesy, by right, the witness is mine. I will use him till he speaks the truth. Look at me, sir! Knowest thou not that the eye of the Eternal Judge is on you? that he has this day, with his pen of fire, written perjury against thy soul? (Winslow and Tripper in anxious conversation; Ellsley attempts to do as Winslow directs.)

How.—Look not there. If you dare not meet my eye, look at your victim. Tell me how you will feel to see his youthful form wasting away in the walls of a State prison, his friends weeping over him as one dead—worse than dead—disgraced—and by thy false words. John Ellsley, ere it be too late, confess.

El.—I will confess the truth. All I have uttered is false. I placed the watch in his pocket; for me he wrote the confes-

sion. I would have ruined my friend for paltry money. Mr. Winslow knew it all.

Winslow.—'Tis false. I knew nothing of it.

How.—Hugh Winslow, silence! A day of judgment will come for you. I claim a verdict of acquittal for Charles Otis.

Jud.—If Mr. Ellsley retracts his evidence, the action cannot be sustained. Gentlemen of the jury, the case is for your decision. (The jury consult; Winslow is about leaving the court.)

How.—Mr. Winslow, remain! I have procured an indictment against you for forgery.

Win.—Sir, do you mean to insult me?

Jud.—Silence!

Foreman of the Jury.—We have agreed.

Clerk.—What say you?

Foreman.—Not guilty. (Charles comes from box.)

How.—(Takes his hand.) Officer, your duty. (Winslow is arrested.)

Sol.—Right side up. Jest so.

(Mr. Winslow in custody of two officers; animated tableau.)

SCENE IV.

A street. A crowd of people pass over the stage as from a trial; with them, Solon Shingle. When all are gone, Solon speaks.

Solon.—Well, now, who would have once thought of sich a thing? It's jest the way some fellows' mouths are j'inted; they will strain 'em out of j'int not to swaller a mouse or a grasshopper, and slide down an ox waggin or a breaking-up plow, so tu speak. Well, my gal's lucky that she didn't marry that John, arter all; and as for myself, if ever anybody catches me inside of a court house agin, I'll agree to be proved non pompus—and that means a tarnal fool, according to law books. Yes, jest so.

Enter Howard.

Howard.—Ah, my friend, you will find your daughter at my house. I thank you for your assistance. I am now in haste. The widow Worthy shall have her rights. (Exit.)

Sol.—Well, 'squire, that's first rate for the widow; but look here—— Off again. Odd critter, that lawyer; so was his father—jest as odd as three oxen; he fit in the revolution, tu. Well, it's no use my travellin' round all day. These city folks will skin me out of my old plaid cloak that I bought ten years ago; hat, boots and trousers, tu, far as I know. I've been here long enough. I'll follow arter the 'squire, find my Nabby, buy a load of groceries, and get home as quick as my team will go it. When I'm in this 'ere Boston I get so bewildered I don't know a string of sausages from a cord of wood. Jest so. (Exit.)

SCENE V.

A splendid drawing-room; pictures and the harp.

Enter Mrs. Otis and Grace.

Mrs. Otis.—"Tis indeed a splendid mansion. Its beauties are dimmed by the thoughts of the news we may hear.

Enter Howard.

Howard.—Have I kept you waiting, Grace? Charles has returned, has he not? He left the court house with me.

Mrs. O.—He has.

How.—Mrs. Otis, request your son's attendance here.

Mrs. O.—I will seek him. (Exit.)

Grace.—Robert, this place is a perfect paradise—what does it mean? How may one in your situation be intimate with the owner of such a mansion; and there is my harp. What does this mean?

How.—It means, my dearest Grace, that you are to be henceforth the mistress of this place that you think a paradise. I purchased the harp for you, knowing how you valued it. Grace, a clergyman is in attendance, with a few friends;

that harp is the first present from your husband; this place is mine; I am rich.

Enter Charles and Mrs. Otis.

Charles.—Mother, there stands my deliverer—Robert Howard, the people's lawyer.

Grace.—Is this so, Robert?

How.—It is. I first saw you at Mrs. Germain's; your appearance interested me; your character, upon inquiry, pleased me; I determined that my riches should have no weight in the lady's choice selected to be my wife—hence my disguise.

Grace.—Then you are not a mechanic?

How.—I am. My father, though wealthy, was governed by caprice, and insisted on my learning a mechanical trade, besides educating me for his own profession, that of the bar, which I have practised with success. In my character of a workingman I became acquainted with the misdoings of Charles' master, which enabled me, as his attorney, to prove your brother's innocence.

Cha.—For which, sir, accept my gratitude.

How.—Let it be considered a family matter, now. I shall aid you in your future plans.

Enter Solon.

Solon.—Mr. Howard, that plaster you put on to my friend Winslow is likely to stick, and now he's gone to jail.

How.—He will meet his just reward; his ill-gotten gains will scarcely shield him from the punishment due to fraud; he is accused of forgery.

Sol.—Jest so. Mr. Howard, is this the gal you are going to marry?

How.—Yes, sir—a friend of my father's.

Grace.—Your friends must be mine—I'm glad to see you.

Sol.—My name's Shingle; I knowed your father, Miss Otis. Otis is a good name—but you change it for a good one, tew. My darter Nabby—well, I guess I will not talk about her. I'll stay to the wedding and take a bit of cake home to my old

woman and drink a glass of wine with you—and wish you good luck, and a dozen boys, if you want 'em—Mrs. Otis, you mustn't mind my talking; you might as well try to back a heavy load up hill as stop my thoughts coming right out in homely words.

Mrs. O.—We doubt not your meaning is good.

How.—Grace, this is your home; do with all as you please; and, I trust more delicately than I can, you will explain my good intentions to your friends.

Grace.—Few words will suffice; for one who has for others pleaded so well, I plead. I am interested in the result. For my sake, if not for his own, I trust that in the court you will admit to full practice—the people's lawyer.

The End.

THE 'FORTY-NINERS

A DRAMA OF THE GOLD MINES

BY

T. W. HANSHEW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD DELMAYNE, *a Mystery.*
HAWLEY BRIGGS, *a Miner.*
MARY ANN O'FLAM, *an Old Craythur.*
ANANIAS BUDGE, *a Bumner.*
JOE WISTON, *a 'Forty-niner.*
GASPARD LEROY, *the Gold-mine King.*
CRAVEN LEROY, *his Half-brother.*
WUN LUNG, *the Heathen Cbinee.*
CARMION GATH, *Parson at the Peaks.*
MATT MATHERS, *a 'Forty-niner.*
CLIFF CUSHARD, *a 'Forty-niner.*
ALECK PETERS, *a 'Forty-niner.*
BIG LIB, *a Shuice Robber.*
KATE DELMAYNE, *the Wanderer.*
MARGARET GATH, *called by the miners "Meg
the Sunlight."*
MOLLIE MAGLONE, *Chambermaid at Leroy Dale.*
JESSIE LEROY, *the Spoiled Cbild.*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—June 5, 1853. *Sunlight cañon—dawn. The living and the dead.*
ACT II.—June 5, 1853. *The cabin on the Peaks—night. The broken
home.*
ACT III.—August 10, 1856. *The parlors of Leroy Dale—evening.
Deserted.*
ACT IV.—December 24, 1856. *Dead Man's Gulch, in the heart of the
Sierras—midnight. The murder in the snow.*
ACT V.—June 5, 1857. *The Silver Sand Ravine—sunset. Light at last.*

PRELUDE.

This play is included in the present work for its sociological more than its dramatic or literary interest. It is a picture of one phase of a memorable epoch in the development of the country, and of the kind of entertainment most favored by the actors in this particular field of the great national drama of pioneer life.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sunlight Cañon. Dawn. Bridge crossing a waterfall masked in by rocks. A cottage, masked in by rocks. Miners below shovelling up dirt. Lights medium at rise of curtain, growing brighter with the day, and fading gradually as the storm comes up.

The Miners discovered working at the diggings.

Opening Chorus.

To the west, to the west,
To the land of the free—
To the new El Dorado
That crowns liberty;
Where a man is a man
If he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather
The fruits of the soil.

Mat.—Ah, gold, gold! What a power thou art, to woo us from the peace of home, the arms of wives, or——

Clif.—Or the kisses of sweethearts, eh, comrade? A fickle jade is fortune, but 'tis sweet to see her great golden eyes peeping up from the dark embrace of the earth—sweeter than the lips we love or the smile of Sunlight herself. She has no use for sluggards; and what wonder, then, there are rich and poor here in the heart of the great Sierras, as in the glitter of the cities of the East.

Mat.—Right thar, pard! But the slow-pokes are on the way. I see them yonder, coming down the peaks, and with them the strangest, boldest, and best man at the diggings—Hawley Briggs.

(Cheers. The miners cross the rocks and come down to work, followed by Delmayne, disguised as Hawley Briggs.)

Mat.—(To Delmayne.) You are in time, pard; Clif was but a moment ago berating the sluggard, and now—

Delmayne.—And now he puts in an appearance.

Mat.—I did not mean it so.

Del.—And yet you said it. True, I am to-day a sluggard, for memory, like an iron chain, has held me to my cabin, and grief, like the gaunt, shadowy wings of plague sweeping through the air, dims even the scarlet shafts of sunrise, among the peaks of the mighty Sierras.

Clif.—Yet I'll wager there is one whose face even despair could not cloud to your eyes. 'Tis she who, like an angel from above, flits among us with her kindly words, and lures even your sad lips to smiling.

Del.—You mistake; the nuggets alone can do that.

Clif.—Just as if Mistress Gath wasn't the biggest kind of a nugget!

Mat.—Or jewel. Heaven will it the setting may be worthy of the gem.

Clif.—I rather think that Briggs, here, will be the happy man.

Del.—How like a fool you talk! (Sits.)

Mat.—Are your eyes so dimmed by the lustre of the gold that you can't perceive who is the man? Bah, a fool could tell you!

Del.—Then why does he not continue?

Clif.—One for you, mate. But since you are so much in the dark, I will enlighten you. 'Tis no other than the handsome Leroy.

Del.—(Quickly.) Not Craven?

Clif.—Bah, no! His half brother, Gaspard, whom he accompanies to the mines to overlook the property of their father. The Craven is well named, Briggs, you will find that out when you see him.

Del.—Perhaps; but I can wait.

Clif.—But I say, let's to work, pard, we're losing time.

(They go up and dig.)

Del.—(Aside.) Then my heart spoke truly! He it is she loves; not the rough miner, the fugitive from justice, but the man of millions, the God of this chaotic spot. And yet—oh, madness! will my heart never break and end the story?

Margaret Gath enters from the parsonage. All rise and greet her.

Omnes.—Morning, Miss, good-morning!

Meg.—Good-morning to you all. You see, I am up with the sunlight.

Mat.—You couldn't help it, Miss, for you are the sunlight yourself.

Meg.—Flatterer, beware!

Del.—He but speaks the truth, Miss Margaret. The hardy miners have called you the sunlight of the Sierras; and you see they are right, for already the rising sun streams more brightly through the cañon, as if to vie with its earthly rival.

Meg.—Thanks, a thousand thanks! But compliments are poor fare for a hardy gold digger. This is my father's birthday, and in the parsonage lies spread a breakfast for all.

(Cheers. Miners all exit up rocks and into cabin, except Delmayne.)

Meg.—Go, kindly hearts, and may the blessings you so often bestow upon me, fall like rain upon him. Yes, Gaspard, 'tis of you alone I think—you, my lord, my husband, the father

of my child. What noise was that? Is it the Fulsom stage bearing him to meet me, or is it—(turns, sees Delmayne, starts.) You here? How you frightened me!—I thought you had gone with the miners.

Del.—Oh, no, Sunlight!

Meg.—(Aside.) Oh, if Gaspard should return and this man see us meet! I must get him to leave. (Aloud.) Why do you sit there so downcast, Hawley? (Laughs.) You look as though the last friend upon earth had deserted you, and the hangman stalked behind.

Del.—(Starting up.) The hangman? (Recovering.) Where Judge Lynch alone holds court, that is a strange person to mention, Miss Gath. And yet I know not if it be out of place.

Meg.—(Laughing.) Am I then in the presence of a criminal?

Del.—No, no, no! Margaret Gath, have you ever heard of men wrongfully accused of crime, fleeing from justice, that, blinded by circumstances, gropes after them, till life itself becomes a hell, and every rod of ground trembles beneath their feet—till the voice of the pursuer rings forth in every blast, scaffold, the cap, looms up in every shadow, till the whole world hoots after them, murderer, murderer! and God alone whispers—innocent? (Breaks down sobbing.)

Meg.—How wildly you talk. You are ill!

Del.—Would to heaven I could die! Look! look there, where the shadow of that bowlder falls across the gulch—look, I say! Do you see all I have pictured in that shade?

Meg.—No, no, no! Heaven forbid!

Del.—(Sadly.) Yes, you have said it—Heaven forbid! Your path is all roses, mine the dull jagged passes of the mighty Sierras. The peaks, like fingers, beckon off; the sunlight mocks; the shadows madden. Good-bye!

(Goes up and turns from house.)

Meg.—You are leaving the house?

Del.—(Lowly and with intensity.) I have told you all I dare. The Sunlight mocks me now. Good-bye!

(Gazes at her fixedly for a moment; repeats the words sadly, and reels off.)

Meg.—Poor Hawley! There is something back of all this; heaven grant it may be only an honest heart which some woman will one day learn to value.

Gath enters from cabin, followed by cheers of miners. Meg assists him down and kisses him impulsively.

Gath.—There, there, Sunlight, you smother me with your caresses! Ah! my child, I would be willing to have a birthday every week to know how true your heart is to mine so near the brink of the Great Unseen. Yet what a lovely earth this is to leave! These tall frowning cliffs have looked down upon me for years—since the hour when, wooed from city life by the soft and sweet tones of Fortune, I came with you, my child, to labor on alike for you and for my fellow-man. Here lived I, poor still, till '49, like a heaven-spiced message swept out from the heart of the great Sierras, and fired the country from pole to pole. You have been a treasure to me, my darling, and it cheers my fading years to see you loved by all, from the poor homeless, wretched woman, Kate, to whom you stretched a helping hand, to the lowest, hardest miner at the peaks.

Meg.—And are the men enjoying the birthday breakfast, papa?

Gath.—Yes, Sunlight, but it is for you to entertain them. I have received news that there is sickness at Dresmer Gulch, and I am now on my way to do all in my power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. The gathering mist among the peaks betokens a coming storm. Go in, my child; there, kiss me again, and now—good-bye. (Exit.)

Meg.—Again those words—"Good-bye." They fall upon my heart like the avalanche adown the cañon; they fill me with dread, and yet I know not why. (Wind and distant thunder—leaves falling.) No, no, I'll not despair, for heaven never intended that the true heart should. (Lights down.) A cloud has swept before the face of the sun, the shades gather; a storm is brewing, and still Gaspard comes not. (Music, thunder and lightning.) Oh, what woman's fear is this at my heart? What if the stage should have fallen from the pass and been dashed into the gulch below? What if—

(Thunder, lightning and heavy rain.)

(She turns to go up the rocks to the cabin, and meets Craven Leroy face to face; thunder and lightning; she recoils with a shriek.)

Craven Leroy.—Meg!

Meg.—Sir!

Cra.—I beg your pardon—Miss Gath! It is raining, you should not be out in this storm in so thin a dress; leave that to men who have business of importance.

Meg.—(Aside.) Oh, if I only dared ask him of Gaspard; but he has bidden me be silent, be secret.

(Thunder and lightning—she recoils.)

Cra.—Shall I assist you up the pass?

Meg.—(Proudly.) No, I can go alone! (Goes up the rocks to cabin—looks off.) Nothing! I can see nothing. The clouds lower over the mountain peaks, it is darkness beyond. Where is he? Where is he? (Exit into cabin.)

Cra.—Proud as Lucifer! And she it is that now stands between me and the wealth I covet—for Gaspard has told me of the secret of his marriage. Madness! to be put aside like a broken toy at the caprice of a doting old man whose love for his elder son makes him unjust to the younger. The last mail brought me news that my father was on the brink of the grave. Hum! he once dead, Gaspard becomes a millionaire; he in his turn dead, I possess all. Then shall this mountain girl and her brat stand between me and fortune? (Noise of wheels and cheers.) Ah, Fulsom stage! Speak of the devil and he is bound to appear. Gaspard is here!

Enter Gaspard.

Gaspard Leroy.—Craven, my brother, and waiting in the rain? You are more zealous than the hardy miners who have already betaken themselves to shelter. The stage was delayed, else had I been here before to greet my darling wife.

Cra.—(Aside.) His wife! (Aloud.) Gaspard, you astonish me. Were I you with only one frail life between me and a fortune, it would be something more than a pretty face that should tempt me into the noose of matrimony.

Gasp.—Shame on you, Craven. Do you think——

Cra.—Yes! Once our father dead, once you a millionaire, even the pretty face of Margaret Gath will pall upon you, besides the courtly grace and elegance of the women of your new sphere. Again I say, once our father dead——

Gasp.—Silence, man! Have you no heart? It is of this I would speak. The early morning's mail brought me this. (Gives him letter.) Read it, I cannot say the words.

Cra.—Signed "Jermiah Dawson." Our father's lawyer! Then he is——

Gasp.—Dead.

Cra.—(Aside.) Dead! This woman and her child—again that thought! (Reads.)

Gasp.—Well?

Cra.—We are lost! Our father must have been mad when he made such a will. If you die without issue, legitimate or otherwise, all descends to me; but should you marry within three years after his death, all reverts to our cousin Franklyn, and we are left penniless. (Aside.) I must remove that woman.

Gasp.—You know the worst now. I am here to renounce that fortune, and claim my wife.

Cra.—(Aside.) Madness! he would destroy me also. (Aloud.) Gaspard, you are wrong.

Gasp.—Wrong! What other course is left open to me?

Cra.—Flight and concealment.

Gasp.—You say——

Cra.—Persuade this girl to go with you; command her not to speak a word of your marriage, and at the end of three years, wed her. (Aside.) And if you die during that time, I'm a made man.

Gasp.—Craven, you tempt me, I tremble, I fear, and yet—I will do it! Your words have saved me; I owe all to you, and I shall not forget the debt. (Exit into cabin.)

Cra.—Nor I the interest. Fool! flutter like the moth around the candle, but it will singe your wings. Then, from your ashes, like the fabled Phoenix, I will arise—the gold-

mine king. Ah! some one comes; it is not yet time for me to depart. (Retires up stage.)

Enter Big Lib.

Lib.—Well, civilization's below par. What's the use of schools, preachers and the like, if a man can't have what he wants? (Craven appears listening.) You see yer neighbor's horse, you want it—you can't have it; and if you borrow it by night, for the space of a few years, it's called thieving, and Judge Lynch comes down upon you like a fifty-pounder. Now, that's what I call hard, and if I had the job of law-making, wash me in a sluice bucket if anybody should have to work. (Sees Craven.) 'Mornin', guv-ner.

Cra.—(Aside.) The very man I seek. An unscrupulous scoundrel who would stop at nothing.

Lib.—'Mornin', sir, I said.

Cra.—Good-morning, Lib. (Comes down.) Hark ye, a word with you, my man. Are you afraid of blood?

Lib.—Why, I wash in it.

Cra.—Are you afraid of—murder?

Lib.—What do you take me for—a heathen? Nary a skeer. Pipe your whistle, pard, I'm your man for a little dust.

Cra.—Hark ye. (Whispers to him.) You know the girl?

Lib.—Rather. But I say, guv'ner, the boyees don't love me too well; and I'd string sure if they knew I had a hand in this. You'll see me through square now, won't you?

Cra.—Yes. Hush! I hear footsteps. Retire.

(Thunder, lightning and rain. Kate Delmayne drags herself across rocks, totters and falls. She is clad plainly, and has an old shawl over her head. Thunder and lightning.)

Kate.—Crash, crash, mad thunders, roar on storm, there is no grave for me. It was just such a day as this that he forsook me—just such a day as this when first the dark blots of shame and infamy fell upon the pure, unsullied pages of my life. Oh, God! it is hard to live and harder still to die. No news of Richard, no news of John! Three weary years have

crossed the blackness of my life, and in the dark future still I see despair and misery, twin-sisters of my fate, pass 'fore me hand in hand. Why am I here? What am I waiting for? I dare not give myself an answer, but my heart is beating till it chokes me. Who I am none guess, what I am they can see. The devil knows me if they don't. (Miners laugh within cabin.) They are there now at the birthday breakfast. Down heart; in, in to laugh, to sing, to drown the past. (Goes up rocks to parsonage—miners laugh again.) Ah! laugh on, 'tis for men to smile, but women, Niobe like, must weep forevermore.
(Exit Kate into cabin.)

Enter Delmayne; sits on bank.

Del.—I cannot find repose. In every lurking shadow I hear a voice crying: "I know you, Richard Delmayne, despite your disguise!" Then it is I strive to free myself from it; but it is not to be. Three years ago that cry first rang in my ears, when in a fit of rage and shame I struck my sister's betrayer dead at my feet, and so I fled into the mountains. From that hour it has haunted me by night, maddened me by day, and Kate, my sister—where is she now? (Sighs.) I wonder if this lurking dread is to draw me back all my life from happiness and chain me to despair. It seems so, for scarce had the chill grown lesser by the gentle breath of love stealing into my heart, ere this Leroy steps in and blights it. Leroy! humph! I wonder if he is the hard, cruel fiend, the miners, who have seen his half brother, call him. (Rises and goes to house.) Heaven will it differently for Margaret's sake. (Opens the door and starts back.) Gaspard Leroy and Meg together! Ha! they are coming this way, I must conceal myself.
(Exit quickly.)

Enter Gaspard and Meg from cabin.

Meg.—Oh, Gaspard, it is cruel to bid me fly and leave my father to mourn me lost, when but one word would spare him all, and that word—

Gasp.—I forbid you to speak. If you go with me, you have entered the house for the last time. See there, where the

clouds gather thickly around Filmer's Peak—in one minute they will surround them. I will give you till then to choose.

(Delmayne appears—listening horrified.)

Meg.—Gaspard, be merciful!

Gasp.—The clouds are on the peak. Speak, choose, me or desertion.
(Thunder and lightning.)

Meg.—You!

(Falls into his arms—Delmayne disappears.)

Gasp.—Meg, my darling, I knew it! (Rumble of wheels.)
Hark! already the stage passes up the gulch; you must have a hat—I will get it.
(Exit into cabin.)

Meg.—Stay, Gaspard! I must enter the house again.

(She runs up, when Big Lib springs in and throws his coat over her head; she screams and faints in his arms.)

Lib.—We want you, my beauty. (Craven darts in.)

Cra.—Quick! hurl her into the gulch!

(Delmayne rushes in; knocks him down.)

Del.—Not while I live.

(Delmayne is darting upon Craven again, when Gaspard enters quickly from the cabin.)

Cra.—That man would steal Meg! (Points to Delmayne.)
(Gaspard knocks Delmayne down, and rushes off with Meg, followed by Lib. Craven is about to follow, when Delmayne springs up, clutching him, knocking off his hat.)

Del.—Stay! My God! you living! John Garston, the betrayer of my sister. Villain!

(Kate appears at door of cabin, screams.)

Del.—(Seeing her.) Kate, sister!

Kate.—Richard, brother!

Del.—Go, coward, I give you your life, mine is broken forever.

(Throws Craven down, and stands over him with up-raised hands.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Interior of the parsonage. Dresser, with table-cloth and dishes on it. Noise of storm heard, lightning seen through window. Night.

Kate Delmayne discovered at window. Thunder and lightning at rise of curtain.

Kate.—How the thunders rumble and crash; how the swollen stream roars in its tumultuous course adown the ragged gulch. Ugh! it is a fearful night. (Closes window and comes down to table, sits.) The sinfulness, the shame of my life commenced in storm; I wonder if it is fated so to close. What mad freak of fortune drifted me into the path of Margaret Gath? 'Tis three days since she found me, a houseless, miserable wretch, and brought me here to shelter—here in the Great Sierras, where I fancied myself free from the dark shadows of the past; but it is not to be, for he is here, he and Richard also. Oh, heaven! if the good impulse which overcame him this morning should pass away, and they meet on the mountains—Ugh! the thought chills my very blood. (Clock strikes.) Nine o'clock, and Mr. Gath has not yet returned, nor Miss Meg, either. Oh, how the storm grows, I'll go and look for Miss Gath.

(Takes candle from table and goes up to door, it is flung open suddenly and Joe Wiston appears. Light goes out; lights down.)

Joe.—Phew! I'm wetter'n a drowned rat.

Kate.—Oh, Joe, how you frightened me!

Joe.—Did I? Wall that's hearty. Whar's the parson?

Kate.—He's out.

Joe.—(Goes to fire.) Phew! And Sunlight?

Kate.—She's out too. Let me light the candle, please.

Joe.—Give it to me, I was allers some at rasin' a spark. (Lights it at fire and gives it to her. Lights up.) Thar! (Aside.) Right smart gal that; next to Sunlight, she's the pootiest piece o' caliker at the peaks. (Aloud.) Have any o' the boys shown up yet?

Kate.—No; are they coming?

Joe.—Yes, to present the parson with a Bible. We're going to have a regular blow-out. I come up to help, so fork out your dishes; whar's the table rag? (Business.) Thar you are; now I'll travel on a bit and wake up the boys. (Going.)

Kate.—You're not going, Joe?

Joe.—Yes, I am. You aren't afraid, are you?

Kate.—Afraid? Of what?

Joe.—Why, bein' alone.

Kate.—(Aside.) He little knows how long I have been so. (Aloud, mechanically.) No.

Joe.—Oh! (Aside.) Slope, young man, that means. Well, I'll travel along. It's a bad night for Sunlight and the parson to be out. (Lightning.) Jewhittaker! what a flash. I'm off. (Exit—is seen to pass the window, strikes against Craven Leroy who is coming up the cliff.) Beg pardin', stranger. (Craven passes on toward door.) Don't like that feller. Wonder what he's up to. Phew! goin' in, as I live—thar's summat up and I'm goin' to larn it.

(Opens window and blows out candle.)

Kate.—How dark it grows. The wind has blown out the candle; I will relight it and fasten the window. (Rises and goes up, Craven Leroy enters—meets her face to face—she recoils.) Ah, John Garston, you here!

Craven.—Hush! not that name, now.

Kate.—It was false then, like the man who bore it.

Joe.—(At window.) Hello! Thar's summat in the wind.

Cra.—Are we alone?

Kate.—Quite.

(Craven Leroy removes overcoat and hat, lays them on chair by window.)

Kate.—You grow familiar, sir.

Joe.—(Low.) Just what I war a thinkin'.

Cra.—Kate, I have come to tell you to-night that——

Kate.—Stop! I read your thoughts at once. You fear the anger of my brother and have come to tell me that I must turn him from his path.

Cra.—Kate, you wrong me. I love—

Kate.—You love! ha, ha, ha! You are like the wild beast that brings to an end that which it loves and hates. You told me once you loved me, and I—God pity me—I believed you, and allowed you to win me by false, unholy vows; to change my pure, unsullied life for a blotted title and a lost existence as your mistress.

Cra.—Kate, that love is not yet dead.

Kate.—(Quickly.) Liar! it is. (Craven raises hand to strike her.) Well, strike, I am but a woman. Callous and cruel, has the devil who is writing your story driven every good angel away?

Cra.—How dare you talk thus to me? You know me, Kate Delmayne.

Kate.—Too long, and too well. Who placed the brand of infamy upon my brow? Who lured me from my home, 'till the innocent girl became a hard, worldly woman? Who wrecked my life? Who made me what I am to-night, an outcast, a Magdalen? Who? Why you, John Garston, and you have the impudence to enter this house and tell me I know you!

Cra.—Woman!

Kate.—(Turns on him fiercely.) No—devil! Have you ever seen a child, building itself a house of cards, tremble as it places one card upon another, fearful that the foundation is too weak and the whole structure will fall in a mass of ruins? My life is a house of cards; and one by one you have built them up until the foundation totters and will bear no more. You and I are done forever, John Garston; there is the door—go!

Joe Wiston springs in through window.

Joe.—Hold on a minute, Miss Kate; just let me kick him out.

Cra.—Who are you, fellow?

Joe.—I'm a man—what are you? Just say the word, Miss Kate, and I'll knock him flatter'n one of old Huldy Sparkins' flap-jacks.

Kate.—No, no, Joe. Do not strike him; he is beneath you.

Cra.—And how high above him are you? Tell him what he does. Tell him that he protects a fallen creature whom even the miners at the peaks would scorn to own. Tell him——

Joe.—She needn't say a darned word. I was there at the window and heard it all.

Cra.—Then you know whom you protect?

Joe.—Yes; I protect a woman against a darned scoundrel named Craven Leroy. Look here; you just said even the lowest miner at the peaks would scorn to own her, didn't you? Well, you're a liar!

Cra.—Scoundrel!

Joe.—Oh, it ain't perllite to mention your own name fust. What do you want here, anyhow? Git out!

Cra.—What do you mean, fellow?

Joe.—(Gets hat and coat and hands to Craven.) You've worn out your welcome—git! Oh, you needn't stop to put on your coat, 'cause we're in a hurry to scrub up the floor, right whar you stand. (Craven goes up stage.)

Cra.—(At the door.) Good-night, Miss Delmayne; as for this fellow, I shall not forget him. (Exit.)

Joe.—(Calls after him.) Saay, leave us a lock of your hair for remembrance. Oh, Miss Kate, why didn't you let me have a "paste" at him?

Kate.—You have been very kind to me, Joe.

Joe.—Git out—hev I? Shake. (Takes her hand.) Kingdom come, I feel the shivers a goin' clear through me. Why, what a hand—it ain't bigger'n a minute.

Kate.—I am proud to take your hand, Joe, for you are a man.

Joe.—(Laughs.) Git out! Ha, ha, ha! She calls that a hand. Why, it looks like a salt cod alongside o' hern.

Mat.—(Without.) Joe, oh Joe! Give us a light.

(Lights up.)

Joe.—Hello! thar's the boys. (Holds candle up to window.) Thar, the pass is as light as day. Up yer comes.

(Cheers gradually coming nearer. The miners are seen to pass window and enter door with bags and bundles.)

Mat.—(With book.) Dump the grub on the board, boyees. Here's the Bible, Joe. I say, whar's the parson?

Kate.—He's out.

Mat.—Out?

Kate.—Yes; left this morning for Dresmer's Gulch, and has not since returned.

Mat.—Phew! And Sunlight?

Kate.—She's out, too.

Mat.—What! out in the mountains in a storm like this? Is the gal mad? Gone with the parson, perhaps.

Kate.—No; she left an hour after he did and has not since returned.

Mat.—Well, here's a "go." But I say, boys, we came to have a surprise party, and I vote we have it now.

All.—So do I! So do I!

Mat.—All right, then; fire ahead.

(They sit at table and eat ravenously.)

Joe.—Well, thar's hogs for yer. Hyre, I say, boyees, play light on that grub, I'm hungry.

(Sits and eats with others, Joe at head of table.)

Mat.—Give me three more biscuits.

Joe.—Peters, equalize them beef.

Peters.—I'm no hog—thar!

(Throws handful of meat on his plate; they eat noisily, when Joe suddenly stops and holds up his hand.)

Joe.—Oh, fellers! (All stop.) A thought—I say, whar's the whiskey?

All.—The whiskey, the whiskey!

Mat.—Whar's the jig water?

Peters.—By the eternal! That almond-eyed heathen, Wun Lung, has it, and—jumpin' bullfrogs and bootjacks, look thar!

(Peters points to window, all turn; lightning, Wun Lung with a demijohn is seen at window. He is very drunk and has an old plug hat on his head. They spring up with a yell, and pull him through the door.)

Joe.—Whar's that whiskey?

Mat.—Ante up with the juice.

All.—Whar is it, whar is it?

Joe.—Do ye hyar? Whar's the whiskey?

Wun Lung.—(Smiles, rubs stomach.) Alle gonee.

All.—What! One—two—three!

(They seize him, rapidly run him up stage and bounce him out of the window. Crash.)

Joe.—Durn his cheek, not another drop of whiskey to be had short of Truckee. Saay, boyees, what air we goin' to do?

Kate.—Drink water. (All grab chairs and rush at her, insulted at the word.

Joe.—(Interposes.) Hold on, boyees, she's a woman, but Miss Kate don't insult us again.

Kate.—But there's nothing else, and you can't eat without something to drink, after. Come now, try it. Here, I'll fill the cups and you shall try and empty them. (They look at each other and laugh, then take cups.

Joe.—(Holding up cup.) Boyees, a toast.

All.—Aye, aye, a toast.

Joe.—Here goes. Here's thet we may never be forced to make the acquaintance of a stronger ag'in.

All.—Hurrah!

(They drink—loud shout, each man clasps his stomach, squirts out the water and prances around as though in a spasm.)

All.—Oh, oh, oh!

Kate.—(Alarmed.) Good heaven, men, what is the matter!

All.—Oh, oh, oh!

Kate.—Joe, speak to me. What have I done?

Joe.—Dun! Why, gal, you've ruined the hull gang of us. Pizened the hardiest set of workers in the hull Sierra chain, and—and——

Enter Gath.

All.—The parson. Whoop!

(They rush back to table—Mat. gets Bible, they urge him on.)

Mat.—(Advancing.) Well, you see, parson, we have—that is, well—(looks back in despair—they urge him on.) This night we—will, we—er—er—(gives book to Peters.) Can't git it, pard.

Peters.—(Advances.) Well, you see, parson—

Joe.—He said that!

Peters.—Well, the fact is, we want to—to—

Joe.—Good, good! Go on!

Peters.—Well we want to—to—to—

Joe.—That's it, that's it.

Peters.—Well—er—er—(pompously.) Sir, you see before you a party who are—who are—I say fellers, what are we?

Joe.—Hyar, give it to me! (Takes book, advances proudly.) Feller citizens! (All laugh.) On this most suspicious—(all laugh—he rushes to table, Mat. whispers in his ear; he smiles.) Oh, yes. (Advances.) On this most auspicious occasion, we want to—to—well, we want to—to—well, we want to give you this book—See? 'Cos as how you was once a miner yourself, and now you've panned the dust and are a parson, you aren't none of your stuck-up sort. (Struts back.) That's about the proper thing.

Gath.—I suppose I ought to make a long speech, lads, but it's not my way. I thank you for your gift and rest assured I shall always remember those who so kindly remembered me.

Joe.—Now then, boyees. Hip, hip—

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Another.

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Another.

All.—Hooray!

Joe.—Tiger—r—r—

Gath.—There, return to your meal, lads, for I know you must be hungry. (They go back to table.) But where is Meg, Kate?

Kate.—She is out, sir.

Gath.—Out! Out in the mountains such a night as this! You are dreaming. When did she go?

Kate.—She left about an hour after you did, sir, and has not since returned.

Gath.—Ah, what fear is this at my heart? She may have fallen down the ravine and been dashed to pieces. Quick, girl, bring me the lantern, I will go and seek her. (Exit Kate.)

Joe.—Hold on, parson, I'm with yer.

Omnes.—And I, and I! (All gather around him.)

Enter, Kate with lantern.

Kate.—Here is the lantern, sir.

(Joe snatches it—lightning.)

Gath.—Quick then, there is no time to lose. Come, come!

They all rush up when the door is flung open and Cliff appears, one hand behind his back, pick-axe over shoulder—they recoil.

Gath.—Cliff, pale and trembling. Speak, man, what has happened?

Clif.—Parson, where's Sunlight?

Gath.—We are seeking her. Go on.

Clif.—I was walking down by the falls near the stage pass, and on the very edge I found—this. (Shows Meg's hat.)

Gath.—My daughter's hat!

Omnes.—Meg's!

Clif.—The ground was torn up as though from a struggle, and bore the print of men's feet.

Gath.—Mercy for my child, heaven, mercy! To arms, lads, we'll find the body and track the assassin. Come, come.

(They are rushing up stage when Delmayne suddenly appears in the window. Thunder and lightning.)

Del.—Stay!

Gath.—Briggs! Why do you stay us now? We are seeking for Meg, my daughter, she is——

Del.—Lost to you forever; she has flown with Gaspard Leroy, she is dishonored.

(Craven Leroy passes window, enters door and comes down behind miners.)

Gath.—Powers of mercy, Meg, Meg.

Del.—Oh, sir, think not that I stood calmly by and saw it all. I would have died for her sake, but the villain felled me to the earth, and——

Cra.—It is false.

All.—False!

Del.—(Horried.) John Garston—you!

Cra.—Your daughter has been abducted, Mr. Gath, by the brother of that woman, the man who stands before you. Richard Delmayne, whom you know as Hawley Briggs, planned and carried it out himself, so hang him.

All.—Hang him, hang him!

(They rush upon Delmayne.)

Joe.—(Grasps a chair and springs between them.) Stand back, all of you. I'm not goin' to see a pard o' mine strung up in that manner, while I've got strength enough to face the music. I tell you our pard has spoken the truth, and that man thar—Craven Leroy—is a liar.

Del.—(Grasps his hand.) God bless you, lad, I may be years in accomplishing the task I have set myself, but I will hunt for Margaret Gath, and I will find her, even though she be hidden at the world's end.

Joe.—(To Craven.) What do you say to that, my brother?

Cra.—That the man is a liar, and as I hope for mercy hereafter I have spoken the truth. Hang him!

All.—Hang him, hang him!

(They all rush forward again, Joe once more lifts chair—Delmayne seizes Craven by the throat and flings him down.)

Del.—Liar in your teeth; and thus I wrest the secret from your black heart.

(Delmayne snatches pickaxe from Cliff and is about to strike Craven, when Gath catches it and stays him—Kate with hands extended in horror, is in corner. Thunder and lightning.)

There is supposed to be a lapse of three years between the second and third acts.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The parlor at Leroy Dale. Chamber with bay window, elegant furniture. Night.

Molly Maglone, dusting.

Molly Maglone.—Wurra, wurra, there seems to be no rest for the poor. Here it is after tin o'clock at night, un me wid the dusther in me hand yet. Faix, I might have known it whin I left Ne' Yark to come out to this divel-desarted Californy, all fur the sake of bein' near me own swate Moike, him as is out on thim big hills beyant, diggin' fur goold. Faith, he said he'd soon have me kivered wid jewels, an' have an illegant jaunтин' car fur me to ride in; but he's been diggin' fur these three years an' divil a bit more does he make than 'ud kape himself. Wan day, though, he'll take out a big nugget an' make me a leddy—just loike missus, (barrin' the brogue). Ah, but she's the swate crathure fur ye, an' that husband av hers. Wurra, but he's the divil himself, an' what wid the drinkin' he does an' the noights he be's stayin' out wid that brother av his, an' feller they calls Lib, he's drivin' the swate sowl inty her grave, so he is. An' she, poor darlint, she does nothin' but chry an' ax fur her ould father—wheriver he is. I heard thim talkin' about it wan noight an' I do belave he'd a struck her if it hadn't been fur Miss Jessie. Arrah, but there's the spunky little gosscon fur ye. She has the swate face av her mother, and the pluck av three men loike her father, if she is only seven years ould.

Jessie.—(Without.) How dare you take away my doll!

Mol.—There she is now; havin' her own way as usual.

Enter Jessie.

Jes.—You shan't take away my doll, I hate you, and I don't care if you are as big as my papa.

Mol.—What's the matter now, dearie?

Jes.—Uncle Craven wants to take away my doll, and send me to bed.

Mol.—Sure ye should mind your uncle, darlint.

Jes.—What, when I don't like him? no I won't. I tell you what, Molly, he's worse than Blue Beard, and I hate him. He makes my mamma and papa quarrel, and I know he don't like either of them.

Mol.—Sure, ye shouldn't talk loike that, darlint, yer only a child.

Jes.—I don't care. Papa told me something yesterday.

Mol.—An' what was it?

Jes.—Children and fools speak the truth.

Mol.—Arrah, but it's the wise little head ye have on thim two purty little shoulders, an', be the sowl av me, I think you're right.

Meg.—(Without.) Jessie, dear, it's bedtime.

Mol.—There's yer mother callin' ye, run along now loike a little dear.

Jes.—(At door.) I'm going; but Molly, if my Uncle Craven comes in here, you just slap his face. He makes my mamma unhappy, and if I was a man as big as my papa, I'd throw him out the window—that's what I would do.

(Exit, slamming door.)

Mol.—Faix, I'm sure ye would. An by the piper av Killarney, ye'd sarve the divil right. (Wun Lung appears at window.) Blue Beard was it she called him? Faix, but he's wuss nor a dozen av him.

Wun L.—Hello, Ilish!

Mol.—Eh? (Turns.) Would ye look at that now, the bauld headed baste av Mr. Craven's. What are ye doin' there now? Go on wid ye or I'll be afther hittin' ye over the head wid me duster.

Wun L.—Me alle samee Melica man—dam hungry.

Mol.—Well, the kitchen's the place fur the loikes av ye. Be off now.

Wun Lung enters through window.

Wun L.—Ilsh gal a too muchee gab—Ilsh gal shutee up.

Mol.—What! Shut up is it? An' to a leddy loike me? Do ye know what I have a mind to do wid ye? I have a mind to chuck yer out av the windy, so I have, ye bauld headed John Chinaman yer?

Wun L.—No, no, you no callee me John—callee me Char—lee.

Mol.—Well, a healthy lookin' Charley you are. Where's that washin' ye took away two weeks ago?

Wun L.—Me blingee to-mol. Fifteen piece, two shirtee, four col—

Mol.—Four what?

Wun L.—Four col—lound neckee—col.

Mol.—Arrah, collars, ye baste—col, ugh!

Wun L.—Eight hankcher.

Mol.—Eight what-cher?

Wun L.—Ankcher—chew. Allee samee blowee nose.

Mol.—Handkerchief, you mane, yer blackguard.

Wun L.—Chiff. Ankcher, allee samee. Two pair dlaw.

Mol.—Gloves, is it? Faix, an' we give no gloves out in the wash.

Wun L.—No glove—dlaw. Savvy?

Mol.—Faix, I don't "savvy." Two pair of dlaw; what the divil do yer call thim?

Wun L.—Dlaw—dlaw. Allee samee pullee up.

Mol.—(Screams.) Oh, ye baste, don't ye know what thim are? Thim are underclothes.

Wun L.—Dlaw—underclo' allee samee.

Mol.—How much will they be?

Wun L.—Sleven-five cen'.

Mol.—Sleven-five cen'. Ye baste, why don't ye spake the English language as I do, an' say, sivinty-foive cints?

Wun L.—Slivin-floi cin' allee samee.

Mol.—When'll you bring 'em home?

Wun L.—Fly'atloo o'clock.

Mol.—You're goin' to fly at two o'clock, is it?

Wun L.—No, no. Savvy, Mon, Wen, Sat, Flya tloo 'clock.

Mol.—Oh, Friday at two o'clock, eh?

Wun L.—Yah, yah.

Mol.—All right. Now, thin, be off wid ye, fur I want to lock up the house.

Wun L.—Charley belly hungly.

Mol.—Didn't I tell ye to go to the kitchen? Go on, now, or I'll pitch ye out av the windy.

Wun L.—Ilish gal no pitchee Charlee; Charlee lovee.

Mol.—Be the powers, he's not all haythen, the durthy Chinnay; there's a bit av a man about him, afther all. Sure, an' who is it ye lovee?

Wun L.—Me lovee like blaze; plutty face, led headee, me lovee Ilish gal.

Mol.—What?

(She grabs him by the neck and pantaloons, runs him up stage and flings him out of bay window. He falls, springs up and puts finger to nose.)

Wun L.—Ilish, Ilish. Finnigan, Finnigan! (Rushes off.)

Mol.—Och, och, bring me some wather or I'll faint entoirly. (Falls into a chair.) Oh, Moike, Moike, why war'n ye here to protect me? Wurra, wurra, what did I iver come to Californy for?

(Delmayne, disguised as Mary Ann O'Flam, appears at window. Basket of ribbons on arm.)

Delmayne.—Faith, will ye buy some ribbons, purty miss?

Mol.—Eh? Och, it's only a peddler. What are ye doin' sellin' ribbons at this hour of the night? Be off wid ye, now.

Del.—Sure, darlint, they're illigant, an' jist as chape as dirt.

Mol.—I tell ye I don't want ony now, go on.

Del.—Sure, ye haven't seen thim. Look at this! A purty little cap, jist fit fur that lovely head. (Shows cap.)

Mol.—Oh, but it's a beauty. What do you ask fur it?

Del.—Only one "bit," me darlint, look at it now.

Mol.—A bit it is. Come in, come in, but be aisy, fur I'd lose me place if the mistress found ye here.

Enter Delmayne.

Del.—Sure, I'll make no more noise than a mouse. Och, but you're the purty soight wid that on yer head. Wan bit only, darlint, dirt cheap.

Joe Wiston.—(Without.) Handkerchieves, bades!

(He appears at window, basket, stick, etc., disguised as a blind man.)

Mol.—What, another av thim?

Del.—Sure, ma'am, that do be me brother Peter. He's stone blind, ma'am, but he has a lovely stock. Come in, Peter.

Enter Joe, at window; Delmayne assists him down.

Mol.—Be quiet, now.

Joe.—Thank ye, miss. Och, but I know you're a purty lass be the sound av your voice. Buy some beads and help a blind man who can't see out av his eyes.

Mol.—Poor sowl! an' are ye blind, now?

Joe.—Yes, ma'am, I can't hear a word.

Mol.—Sure, I'm sorry fur ye. I'd buy something from ye, but (gives coin to Delmayne) I've jist paid yer sister the last bit av money I have downstairs.

Joe and Del.—(Together.) Sure, we'll wait till ye go up and git more.

Mol.—Arrah, but I darsn't risk it; I know yer honest, but the master might hear av it.

Del.—Faith, we won't stir a peg. Look here, me jewel, here's a string av bades an' a roll av ribbon all fur a bit. Sure, ye'll help us, darlint, we're very poor.

Mol.—Oh, but they're chape. (Aside.) I may niver git the chance ag'in. Faix, I'll risk it. (Aloud.) Wait here, now, an' I'll git the money, and, mind ye, not a step must ye stir.

Del.—Divil a step, darlint.

(Exit Molly, pause, both men drop basket and grasp hands.)

Del.—Joe!

Joe.—Briggs! Heavens, man, where have you been keeping yourself these three years? What have you been doing?

Del.—Keeping my vow and hunting for Margaret Gath. I heard that you were in town and wrote you a letter to meet me here in your present disguise. Joe, old boy, do you know where we stand?

Joe.—(Surprised.) No, where?

Del.—Under the same roof with the woman I seek.

Joe.—(Astounded.) Meg!

Del.—Is here, living with Gaspard Leroy and her child.

Joe.—Her child!

Del.—(Sadly.) Yes, born four years before she fled with him.

Joe.—Oh, the villain.

Del.—Aye, villain, and I loved her so.

Joe.—But what are you going to do?

Del.—Save her. She is unhappy with this man—he ill uses her. I love her, and, stained as she is, I'll take her away from this place as an honorable woman—my wife. Ah, what noise was that? Quick, watch your opportunity and get back into the house when I give the signal. Here's the Irish girl returning. (They get baskets and stand, as she left them, Delmayne whispers to Joe and drops ribbon on floor.)

Enter Molly.

Molly.—There they are now, as meek as two lambs. (Advances.) Here ye are. Here's yer money, and now, good-night. (Delmayne opens window—Molly sees Joe pass out.)

Del.—Good-night, darlint, and—och hone, there's one av me purty ribbons on the floor; would ye plaze pick it up, me back is weak wld the rheumatics.

(Molly goes to pick up ribbon, Joe darts back in and hides behind sofa. Molly returns.)

Del.—Thank you, darlint. Och, but it's the sharp gurl ye are. Faith, ye use yer eyes well, me jewel. Good-night to ye, ma'am. Come along, Peter. Handkerchiefs, bades! (Exit.)

(Voices heard to die away in the distance. Quick change for Delmayne, back to miner, smooth face.)

Mol.—There she goes, poor ould craythur, now I'll put out the light, lock up the house and go to bed. (Puts out light.) Wurra, but it's a beautiful night, so it is; now, missus will come here and sit in the moonlight and chry out her beautiful eyes, so she will, poor sowl. An' that baste av a husband av hers not home yet. Well, there's wan thing certain, when I marry Moike, he'll be home at nine o'clock every night, or I'll know the rayson why.

(Joe comes from behind sofa, goes to window, whistles; the signal is answered and Delmayne reappears, dressed as a miner, face smooth.)

Delmayne.—Is the girl gone?

Joe.—Yes, and the house as quiet as the grave.

Del.—All right, let me in. (Joe unbolts window.)

Enter Delmayne, through window.

Joe.—Now, what's the next move?

Del.—Why, find Meg, and—hist! shelter, I hear footsteps. Hide yourself. (Joe behind table, Delmayne behind sofa.)

Enter Margaret, richly dressed, but very pale; goes to window.

Margaret.—What a lovely night it is. The pale, mellow light of the moon streams down through the interlaced boughs of the oak and lays like bars of silver across the path. Still, Gaspard comes not. Alas, for the many days gone before; a shadow has fitted past and dimmed the young morning of my joy. Oh, the utter loneliness of the place; were it not for my child, I should go mad. What have I done that I should be thus forsaken—tossed aside like a blotted leaf whose story long since has ended. Father, home, friends, all, I gave up for him, till my breaking heart bursts forth in the appeal—Gaspard, come back to me, oh, come back!

(Sinks on her knees, extending her arms in the moonlight. Joe and Delmayne rise.)

Del.—(Touching her.) Meg!

Joe.—(Touching her.) Sunlight!

Meg.—(Rises.) Ah, men here at this hour of the night. Back, back! or I call for help. Who are you?

Del.—(Draws nearer.) Look, now!

Meg.—Hawley Briggs! and he—— (Joe draws near.) Joe Wiston. Speak, Hawley—my father, is he living?

Del.—I haven't seen him—since the day you fled.

Joe.—(Coldly.) Oh, he's living yet.

Meg.—Thank heaven for that. But, why are you here? What do you come for?

Del.—Why, to save you, Meg.

Meg.—Save me?

Joe.—Yes, and take you home.

Meg.—I cannot go. My place is here.

Del.—(Horried.) Here, here? with Gaspard Leroy, your betrayer?

Meg.—No! With Gaspard Leroy, my husband. My lips were sealed for three years; but now the time is past, and let this attest my truth. (Shows marriage certificate.) He made me his wife in the sight of God; now I prove it in the sight of man.

Del.—(Brokenly.) Oh, my heart is broken.

Gaspard.—(Without—sings.) "Rolling home in the morning, boys."

Del.—(Starts.) Ha! What's that?

Meg.—'Tis my husband's voice—should he see you here, his jealous rage would know no bounds. Hide yourselves! (Joe darts into Meg's chamber.) No, no, not here—too late, too late!

(She hides in curtain of window, Delmayne behind sofa. Gaspard comes to window and knocks.)

Gasp.—Hallo! the window is locked. Never mind, I see a light in Craven's room; I'll get him to let me in the side door.

(Sings, "Rolling home," etc., disappears. Delmayne springs up to fly.)

Meg.—(Quickly.) Do not attempt to leave the house now, you would be seen. Conceal yourself, he is coming!

(Delmayne goes back behind sofa—Margaret sits on it, shielding him; takes up book and reads.)

Enter Craven and Gaspard.

Gasp.—(As he enters.) Nonsense, man.

Craven.—I tell you, I heard voices here.

Gasp.—Pshaw, you are foolish. Hallo, my dear, not in bed yet? Such a ridiculous idea of Craven's. He vows he heard voices here.

Meg.—(Aside.) I am lost!

Cra.—No, I swear it, and male ones, at that. Your wife is not alone.

Meg.—(Crosses to door.) You are mistaken, sir. Good-night.

Cra.—(Crosses before Gaspard.) One moment, madam. Are you alone? Answer me and your husband will believe you—will you not, Gaspard?

Gasp.—Yes.

Meg.—Sir, I spare you the scorn you merit. I see your drift, but my husband has not sunk so low as to allow you to address me thus.

Cra.—This is no answer, madam.

Meg.—Gaspard!

Gasp.—The easiest way is the best, my dear. Tell him he is mistaken.

Cra.—If she can.

Meg.—Your head is flushed with wine, sir. Good-night.

Cra.—Speak, madam—has there not been a man here? Ha! you are in haste to enter your chamber—perhaps he is concealed there.

Meg.—Sir!

Cra.—At all events, I will see.

(He advances.)

Meg.—(At door.) No, no, no! You must not enter this room.

Cra.—(To Gaspard.) You see! (To *Meg.*) Let me in.

Meg.—(To Gaspard.) No, no, no! Bid him begone, Gaspard.

Gasp.—No, your actions betray you. Let him enter.

Meg.—No, no! (Craven seizes her.) You shall not!

Cra.—Let me pass.

Meg.—No, no! (He flings her aside.) Fly, Joe, fly!

(Joe enters, quickly rushes across stage and off.)

Cra. and Gasp.—(Together.) A man!

Meg.—(Rushes to him.) Oh, Gaspard, it is all a mistake, it is——

Gasp.—Our separation!

Meg.—No, no! Oh, Gaspard, hear me!

Gasp.—Not one word. Craven—the child!

(Craven rushes into room—Jessie shrieks and is carried on in her nightdress—Gaspard grabs her.)

Meg.—My child, my child!

Jessie.—Mamma, mamma!

Meg.—Gaspard, Gaspard, listen to me.

Gasp.—Never!

Enter Joe, quickly.

Joe.—Then, hear me!

(Joe seizes Craven and flings him; he falls; as he springs up, Delmayne leaps upon the sofa and levels pistol at his head.)

Del.—You stand back!

(Margaret faints—Joe darts toward Gaspard, who levels pistol and holds him back.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dead Man's Gulch, in the heart of the Sierras. Snowy mountains. Ruined bridge spans the gap between them, down which the frozen waterfall hangs, the icycles pendant and the water falling behind them, carrying down great masses of ice at stated periods. High rocks, upon which stands a two-story hut, the interior of upper half seen. Window facing audience leads into this room. Midnight. Snow falling thick and fast. Noise of waterfall faintly heard.

Craven Leroy standing on edge of gulch, high, leaning on gun.

Craven.—(Disguised as a miner.) What a heaven-deserted spot is this! The tall, gloomy peaks fill me with strange emotions, and my heart almost fails me as I look down these broken chasms. Yet, in the past, when purity alone reigned here (touches heart), there was a grandeur, a sublimity about this spot now eternally lost in the mad passion for gain. Pshaw! I am a child. Thus far up the ladder, shall I with my own hands dash it from beneath me? Now, when all is my brother's and his will made in my favor? No! Reign still, thoughts of evil and of hate; Gaspard Leroy must be removed. 'Tis nigh upon the hour of his return from Truckee, whither he has gone to procure food and cover up all traces of our flight with the child.

Jessie.—(In hut.) Papa!

Cra.—'Tis Jessie! Shall I strike now, while we are alone, or—no, Gaspard might suspect, and to open his eyes now is to ruin all. I can wait.

Enter Jessie, from hut; runs to him.

Jes.—Papa! (Starts.) Oh, it's you, is it? Where's my papa?

Cra.—He will return soon.

Jes.—I'm tired of living here in this old hut with Big Lib. Besides, I want some pretty dresses. I hate these old rags and I won't wear them. (Tears shawl off and throws it down

gulch.) There! You may tell my papa what I have said, when he returns. I don't want to stay here and I won't.

(Exit into hut, slamming door.)

Cra.—Well, curse you for an obstinate little brute. The willfulness of your father and courage of your low-born mother are plainly written upon that young brow; but it is against that willfulness and that indomitable courage I have pitted myself, and I'll conquer both or die in the struggle. (Whistle heard.) Ha, the signal. 'Tis Gaspard returning from Truckee.

Enter Big Lib, from hut.

Lib.—Thar's the signal, guv'ner.

Enter Gaspard, followed by Wun Lung, who has a bag of provisions. Gaspard carries a gun and is disguised as a miner. Crosses bridge and comes down.

Gaspard.—Craven, my brother, you have well kept the watch. Where is Jessie?

Cra.—She is in the hut. Have you brought the provisions?

Gasp.—Yes, Wun Lung has them. Unload, China.

Wun Lung.—Allee litee, me do. (Takes bundles from bag.) Clackers. (Lib takes them.) Loafee bled, meatee, cheesee, lan, lan. (Takes out flask, smiles.) Glog, Charlee likes glog—Charlee gletee dam dlunk. (Goes to drink, Big Lib knocks him, he screams.) Oh! Hello, dammee.

(Exit quickly into hut, followed by Big Lib.)

(Gaspard goes up to peak, looks off both sides. Craven leans his gun by the door. Gaspard comes down and lays hand on Craven's shoulder, is deeply agitated.)

Gasp.—(Low.) Has anyone been here?

Cra.—No; why do you ask?

Gasp.—As I passed the forks of Eloranda, one mile down the cut, a figure dashed hurriedly across the path and disappeared in the brushwood beyond. I halted for a moment, then my ear caught the rumble of wheels; I turned in time to see a wagon roll across the flats, driven by the man I had seen.

Craven, we must leave this spot to-morrow night. That man was Hawley Briggs.

Cra.—(Aside.) Delmayne here! (Aloud.) You are sure of that?

Gasp.—It is impossible for me to be mistaken.

Cra.—You anticipate danger, then, from his presence here?

Gasp.—What should make me think otherwise? That man defended Meg, he attempted to stay my flight with Jessie. What, now, more probable than that his presence here betrays a plot to rob me of my child?

Cra.—And in that case——

Gasp.—In that case, I will fight to the last gasp. I will take the watch to-night myself, and before he shall wrest Jessie from me, with my own hands I will hurl her down yonder gulch. (Drags Craven up and points down gulch.) Look, do you see those rocks that look like pebbles in the path? It is four hundred feet sheer fall to those. Do you think a human being, once dashed from the edge of this ravine, would ever again prove an object of dispute?

Cra.—Never! Come away, the sight chills my very blood. (Comes down.) One false step—only one—and you are food for beasts and birds. (Aside.) His words have cast a new light across my path; shall he by chance take that false step?

(Gaspard has come down and partially overhears.)

Gasp.—You were remarking——

Cra.—Oh, nothing. Merely commenting upon the scenery, that was all. (Exit Craven into hut.)

Gasp.—(Transfixed.) Am I dreaming? I fancied I heard—pshaw, these threatening dangers fill me with cruel misgivings; Craven is devotion itself to my interests. A single suspicion in his direction is more than unkind. (Puts gun beside Craven's and goes up.) What a tiresome night it is. I feel strangely wakeful when all around me reigns that peace and quietude which alone should induce slumber. I wonder what that fellow was lurking around here for? It cannot be that my suspicions are unfounded and Margaret seeks not to regain our child. I wonder where she is to-night? Three years ago

I would scarcely have dreamed of this bitter sequel to my tale of bliss. Three years ago! Ah, how apt man is to build himself castles the rougher hands of the world must ever delight in tearing down.

Enter Jessie, from hut; runs to him.

Jessie.—Oh, there you are. Where is mamma? You promised to bring her with you. Have you kept your word?

Gasp.—Not yet, my child.

(Attempts to kiss her, she stops him.)

Jes.—No! You told me, once, that lying lips were unfit to kiss, and, if it is wrong in a child, it is worse in one of older years.

Gasp.—(Winces—aside.) How my words recoil upon me. (Aloud.) There, there, child, come into the house; the night air is too chilly for you.

(He leads her up the rocks; both exit into house.

Jessie instantly reappears in the upper part of hut.)

Jes.—(Kneeling with clasped hands.) Papa hasn't kept his word, but God will. Please, heaven, look down upon my slumbers. Guide my dear friends to this spot (Joe and Mat. appear on the rocks, cross and descend slowly while she is speaking) and restore me to the arms of the mother who brought me up to love and trust in thee.

(She lies down and falls asleep.)

Joe.—(Looking around.) Well, of all blooming places, this is about the bloomingest.

Mat.—(Low.) Sh-h! Not a word above a whisper; it would betray us. You are sure the child is here?

Joe.—(Low.) Sure! Why, just as sure as I am thar's as many nuggets in these old peaks as ever came out of 'em.

(Delmayne without, is heard to sing drunkenly, both men run up and look off.)

Mat.—Confusion! It is some drunken beast coming up the cut through the forks. Hide yourself.

(Joe darts off. Gaspard runs on from hut as Delmayne disguised as a drunken miner appears on the bridge. He has a whiskey flask in his hand, a rope around his waist, ragged clothes, pantaloons

in boots, rough wig and heavy whiskers, hat pulled over face. He is singing drunkenly.)

Gasp.—(As he enters.) What noise was that! (Sees Delmayne.) Hello there, who are you?

Del.—Was zat—hic—your biz—niz? Havver—hic—drink.

Gasp.—No!

Del.—S'all right—hic—nee'n't git yer bac'—hic—kup. (Sings and descends.) "All git drunk, all git drunk, all git——"

Gasp.—(Grasps his arm.) Look here, my man, what's your name?

Del.—My name's—hic—Ananias Budge. Havver—hic—drink?

Gasp.—(Curtly.) No.

Del.—S'all right. (Is about to pass him when Gaspard grasps his arm.)

Gasp.—See here, I want to see your face.

Del.—Well—hic—yer can't do it!

Gasp.—(Angrily.) I want to see your face.

Del.—Well—hic—yer can't do it.

Gasp.—(Shakes knife under Delmayne's hat—slowly.) I want to see your face.

Del.—(Pushing back hat.) Well—hic—yer kin do it.

Gasp.—(Looks at him, gives a sigh of relief—aside.) Good, my fears are groundless. He is a stranger.

(Goes up, leans against rock, burying his face in his hands.)

Del.—Ain't—hic—a booty? Wouldn't—hic—yer like to kiss me for my muzzer? (Moves slowly till his back is to the guns, puts hand behind him and pours whiskey down the barrels, talking all the while.) Yer aln't—hic—werry sociable, pard, eh? Wassher—hic—down! Viewing booties—hic—of nature? S'all right. Mebby—hic—yer don't know me? I'm the—hic—worst man in the S'erras. I'm the—hic—terror o' Shirttail cañon, an'—hic—(Gaspard turns.) I'm out for fun—hic—out here tu raise—(loudly)—Jesse!

(Gaspard utters a cry and springs to him. Jessie springs up in hut. Delmayne very drunk.)

Del.—S'all right, s'all right! J-e-s-s-e—Jesse! (Gaspard is reassured, Jessie crouches under window listening, Delmayne motions her to silence with hand behind back.) Good—hic—night, pard, good-night. Havver drink?

Gasp.—(Surly.) No, fool!

Del.—All right—hic—fool! (Reels off, sings.) "We'll all git drunk."

Gasp.—Curse that fellow! He gave me a start it will take hours to quiet down. I know one thing; I'll be miles away from this spot by to-morrow night.

(Gaspard goes up and sits on bridge, his legs hanging over gulch; back to house. Lights pipe and smokes. Craven, knife in hand, enters from hut and sees him. At the same time Delmayne reënters and hides behind rock watching Craven.)

Cra.—(Low.) Fate plays into my hands. The hour for action draws on. I must be cautious; from the rocks beyond I can creep upon him and then—one blow and I am made forever.

(Craven creeps slowly up the rocks. Delmayne springs up, seizes vine and clammers up the side of house into the window.)

Jes.—(Quickly.) Who are you?

Del.—(Low.) Hush, Jessie! I'm a friend. Quick, knot this rope around you. Now then, out of the window!

(Delmayne ties rope around her waist and lowers her to the ground, she runs off. Craven is seen to steal up the bridge to Gaspard. Delmayne climbs down and follows Jessie during the following conversation.)

Cra.—(Aside.) My heart fails me, and yet—

(Raises knife.)

Gasp.—(Sees him.) Craven, and armed! (Attempts to rise, Craven seizes him and forces him over edge of the gulch, raises knife.)

Cra.—Yes, Craven, the man whom you have robbed of his inheritance. Too long have my plans resulted in bitterest failure; now the outcast shall drift into wealth and affluence upon his brother's blood.

Gasp.—Mercy, Craven!

Cra.—My heart is dead to it. (Forces him further over.)

Gasp.—Craven, Craven! Mercy! Spare my life and half my fortune shall be yours.

Cra.—All, or none. You offer me riches; I give you the grave.

(Craven pushes Gaspard off into the gulch—with a fearful cry Gaspard disappears. Craven stands transfixed.)

Cra.—Safe, safe! (Comes down, Delmayne crosses quickly behind him with Jessie and runs on the bridge.) Help, help, help!

(Big Lib and Wun Lung rush on from hut and seize guns.)

Lib.—What's the matter?

Cra.—My brother has fallen into the gulch. Come, come! (Runs up, sees Delmayne.) Who are you? Ha, the child! fire upon them! (They attempt to fire guns, but they will not discharge.)

Cra.—(Madly.) Fool, give me the child!

Del.—You come and take her if you dare!

(Delmayne tears off wig and whiskers, levels pistol at Craven. Mat. and Joe enter, knock down Lib and Wun Lung and stand over them with leveled revolvers.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Silver Sand Ravine. Sunset effect. Cabin with trellis of flowers. A cascade of silver-sand falls.

Gath reading from Bible on his knee. Meg on chair embroidering, basket of work at her side. Jessie kneels near her rolling ball of wool. Kate on chair mending miner's shirt. Joe, nicely dressed, leans over her, watching. Lively music at rise of curtain.

Gath.—(Reads.) "And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."

Meg.—(Looking up.) And you are glad at my return, dear father?

Gath.—Glad, child? Even when I thought you lost to virtue and to honor, my arms were open to you; but as this man's wife and not the creature of his fancy, my heart is light once more at the restoration of Sunlight to the Sierras.

Jes.—(Runs to him.) And I'm so glad to have a grandpa.

Gath.—Bless its dear heart.

Meg.—Richard has not called to-day?

Joe.—No; he's down at the claim. You see, we bought a bit of land the boys had given up—bought it dirt cheap—and luck seemed to play square into our hands from the very first. In three days we struck a vein of the pure metal; opened a sluice, and to-day we're the richest men in the whole Sierra chain. Delmayne's a queer fellow; he's worth a fortune now, but still you find him ever at the mines, overlooking the work just as though he hadn't a penny in the world. (Looks off.) As I live, here he is now, coming down the flats. Work's over and he's just dropping in to say good-day, and then be off to his cabin.

Enter Delmayne dressed as a well-to-do mine owner. Jessie runs to meet him, he kisses her.

Delmayne.—Good-day to you all. Well, Joe, my boy, we're made now.

Joe.—What? You don't mean——

Del.—A six ounce, pure, this time. What do you think, Meg? We've taken out the biggest nugget of the season.

Meg.—I'm sure you deserve your luck.

Gath.—If ever a man did. (Rises.) But come, Kate, it is time to prepare the evening meal. Of course, you remain, boys?

Joe.—Rather! (Kate crosses to Delmayne, kisses him and exits into the house with Gath.) There, that's just it! Whenever I try to get a word with that gal, some one drops in, and she drops out. But the words are on my lips and I'm going to hang on until I get a chance to "pop."

(Exit into house after Kate.)

Del.—He has gone. How my heart beats. That's a deuced nice child, but I wish she'd get out. I say, Jessie, didn't I hear you say you were going to gather some flowers for mamma?

Jes.—Oh, dear no, Papa Dick; don't you know mamma never lets me go from her sight now?

Del.—But mamma will let you go just this once if—if I ask it.

Meg.—(Aside.) Ah!

Del.—Won't you, Sunlight?

Meg.—(Aside.) How my heart beats! Do I read his words aright? (Aloud.) If you wish it. You may go now, Jessie, but don't stray too far.

Jes.—Oh, no, mamma. (Hurries off over rocks.)

Del.—(Aside.) We are alone. (Draws nearer.) Margaret, I have come to say farewell.

Meg.—Farewell!

Del.—(Aside.) How the words move her! Do I dream? (Aloud.) Yes, farewell, for I am going away. Back to the city with its serpent lures and its hollow mockery of life—back—back to live again, to—to—forget.

Meg.—(Springs up.) Forget! No, no, you must not go. You must—

Del.—Seek the shadows of a new life, to forget the shadows of the old. (Joe appears at doorway—listens.) Where, I know not, why—can't you guess? Oh, Margaret, it is to be far away from you, far away from the memory of past dreams. (Passionately.) Meg—Sunlight—are you blind? Can you not see my folly? I have dared to look up to the sun, but it is too bright for me; I have dared— (Breaks down.)

Meg.—Go on, go on!

Del.—No—no, do not tempt me! Oh, heaven! I can no longer stifle the words. Why do you look at me so? On your lips hang my future life. It is for you to say, go, or stay—Margaret, my life, my soul, I love you!

Meg.—Richard—stay! (Falls into his arms.)

Del.—My Sunlight at last!

Joe.—(In doorway.) Hem! (They start.) Oh, don't mind me, I was there, I saw it all. Well (comes down and raises hands semi-tragically), bless you, my children. That's the proper caper.

Del.—Congratulate me, Joe; I'm the happiest man on earth. (They shake hands.)

Joe.—Well, I aren't.

Del.—Why, what's the matter now?

Joe.—Nothing—I popped to Kate—that's all.

Del.—Well, she didn't refuse you?

Joe.—No; but she didn't say she'd have me either. She says she won't think of marrying till the stain is taken from her name. (Delmayne is moved.) Now, Dick, I ask you, how in the world am I going to do that? If that Craven Leroy would show up, it would be a different thing; but he aren't likely to do that, seeing as how the miners are after him for the murder of his half brother, and his monument would be the first tree if they caught him. Look here, Dick, old man, I never was cut out for single life, but if that ar sister o' yours don't marry me, why, hang me if I don't die a spinster.

(Confused sound of distant voices. Jessie shrieks without.)

Meg.—

Joe.—

Del.—

} (Together.) What's that!

Joe.—(Rushes up.) Hello, thar's the miners chasing a man down the peaks at lightning speed! (Jessie shrieks.) Why, hang me, if he ain't got a child in his arms.

Del.—

Meg.—

} (Together.) A child!

Joe.—Yes, why, look—it's no mistake—it is Jessie!

Meg.—Oh, for mercy's sake save the child!

(Jessie shrieks.)

Joe.—Ah, he turns the cut—he is coming this way. Now—ah, look Dick, look Sunlight we should know that face. It is Craven Leroy!

(Meg screams.)

Enter Kate and Gath from house.

Kate.— } (Together.) What's the matter?
Gath.— }

Meg.—My child, my child! (Voices nearer.)

Del.—Stand back, all of you; he has not yet seen us!

(Loud shouts. Craven Leroy in rags, pale and livid dashes down the rocks, with Jessie screaming in his arms. He is about to dart off, when Delmayne steps before him with leveled pistol.)

Del.—You stand back!

(Craven utters a shriek of dismay, drops Jessie, who is caught up by Meg; he turns to fly, but is met by Joe, who levels pistol.)

Joe.—Don't run ag'in that, pard, for it means six months consumption.

Cra.—Trapped! What does this mean?

Joe.—A pretty considerable, you can bet your boots. Do you hear that noise? It's the old '49ers, with the devil in 'em, coming down the peaks to hang you up to the nearest tree.

Cra.—(Cringes.) Mercy, mercy!

Joe.—We don't sell it here. Kate, my gal, I swore I'd win you, and now I'm goin' to keep my word. Parson, join these two hands. Don't lose a second, for in one minute the boys will be down upon us. Quick, now, make this the quickest marriage and the shortest ceremony ever heard tell on, for in five minutes this gal must be a widdler. Sharp's the word, now, for Judge Lynch won't be kept waitin'. (Joe joins hands, shouts draw near.)

Gath.—Will you take this woman for your wedded wife?

Cra.—No! (Joe and Delmayne level pistols.) Yes!

Gath.—Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?

Kate.—Yes.

(Loud shout, miners appear on rocks with a rope.)

Gath.—Then I pronounce you man and wife.

(As the last words leave Gath's lips the men seize Craven, throw the noose around his neck and drag him, shouting.)

Joe.—Thar, boys, take him on his weddin' "tower." Kate, my gal, now will you have me?

(Opens his arms, she crosses and falls into them.)

Kate.—Yes, Joe, and with heaven's help I'll atone for the past by love and honor in the future.

Joe.—Hooray! I say, parson, you'll have a couple to splice in the morning.

Del.—(Leads Meg forward.) Yes, and another couple here, father.

Gath.—How's this? Why, Meg, you seem in as much of a hurry for a second husband as Kate, here.

Meg.—Yes, dear father, because, like hers, the first was a fancied love, and, again like her, the second is a real one.

(Embraces Delmayne.)

Loud shouts; all the miners reënter.

Mat.—He's gone!

Joe.—What, dead?

Mat.—As a door nail.

(Miners cheer.)

Del.—The shadow is past, dear love; the sun sets in gold and crimson behind the hills, and it is light at last.

Meg.—(Looks up at him.) Yes, Richard, and to eternity.

Del.—(To audience.) But, what shall I say to you, who have borne with my many passions so generously? I have gained the jewel for which I strove, but it will sparkle the brighter if it be set in your approbation. I have but one boon to crave—that you may be as happy always as I now am, and, should sorrow come, that its shadows may pass away as effectually as mine have done, here in the Sierras, among—the 'Forty-Niners.

As already intimated in the prelude, the play of *The 'Forty-niners* is essentially American, and of a time and place wholly by themselves. Its plot could never have been studied in advance. It both made and unravelled itself as things transpired. Its characters could not

have been originated. They spring from an environment wholly beyond ordinary boundaries. All was free and easy among the "Forty-niners." The situation encouraged the desperate, made possible all the tragic found in the play. It, none the less, gave opportunity for exercise of the nobler qualities in man. Hence the strong contrasts between the good and bad elements of such society as existed on those far-away frontiers. The play is faithful to the civilization that made characters and incidents possible; and, in this respect, it is almost veritable history.

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 GURNEY, W.—The Persæ of Æschylus.
 WEBSTER, AUGUSTA—Prometheus of Æschylus, translated.
 MOLYNEUX, HOWARD—Prometheus of Æschylus, translated.
 WARR, A. C.—The Oresteia of Æschylus.
 VERRALL, A. W.—Septem contra Thebas of Æschylus.
 MORSHEAD, E. D. A.—The Suppliant Maidens of Æschylus.
 COPLESTON, R. S.—Æschylus (life and works.)
 FLAXMAN, JOHN—Compositions from the Tragedies of Æschylus (outline drawings).

5. SOPHOCLES.

- PLUMPTRE, E. H.—Tragedies of Sophocles, translated (verse).
 FRANCKLIN, THOMAS—Tragedies of Sophocles, translated (verse).
 CAMPBELL, LEWIS—Sophocles (Ancient Classics for English Readers).
 Death and Burial of Aias (Ajax), Sophocles.
 JEBB, R. C.—Death and Burial of Aias of Sophocles.
 Œdipus Rex of Sophocles.
 COLLINS, C. W.—Sophocles (life and works).
 FARREN, R.—The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles (etchings).

6. EURIPIDES.

- POTTER, ROBERT—Translation of Euripides (in verse) containing Alcestis, Electra, Orestes.
 BROWNING, ROBERT—Balaustion's Adventure (contains translation of Alcestis of Euripides).
 MILMAN, H. H.—The Bacchanals (translation of the Bacchæ of Euripides).
 WOODHULL, MICHAEL—Bacchanals, Ion, Medea of Euripides.
 DARMESTETER, A. MARY F. ROBINSON—The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides.
 ENGLAND, E. B.—Euripides and the Attic Orators.
 WEBSTER, AUGUSTA—Medea.
 VERRALL, A. W.—Euripides the Rationalist.
 DONNE, W. B.—Euripides (life and works).

MAHAFFY, J. P.—Euripides (life and works).

COLERIDGE, EDWARD P.—Translation of the Plays of Euripides.

RUDD, L. H.—Eight Comedies of Aristophanes.

WALSH—Aristophanes:—Acharnians, Knights and Clouds.

TYRRELL, R. Y.—Aristophanes:—Acharnians, Knights, Birds, Frogs and Peace.

KENNEDY, B. H.—Aristophanes:—Birds.

ROGERS, B. B.—Aristophanes:—Revolt of the Women, Peace, Wasps.

8. ROMAN LITERATURE.

CRUTTWELL, C. T.—History of Roman Literature.

SIMCOX, G. A.—History of Latin Literature.

SELLAR, W. Y.—The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.
The Roman Poets of the Republic.

PATIN, GUY—Études sur la Poésie Latine.

9. PLAUTUS, TERENCE AND SENECA.

STRONG, H. A.—The Captives of Plautus, translated.
The Haunted House, translation of Plautus' *Mostel-*
laria.

SHERBURNE, ED.—Tragedies of Seneca, translated.

10. DRAMA IN INDIA.

- MACDONELL, A. A.—History of Sanskrit Literature.
 REED, E. A.—Hindu Literature.
 WILSON, HORACE HAYMAN—Theatre of the Hindus.
 KALIDASA—Raghavamsa, ed. by G. R. Nandargikar, with English translation.
 LEVI, SYLVAIN—Le Théâtre Indien.

11. PERSIAN LITERATURE.

- OUSELEY, SIR W. GORE—Biographical Notices of Persian Poets.
 REED, E. A.—Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern.
 ROSS, DENISON—History of Persian Literature.
 BROWNE, E. G.—Literary History of Persia.
 HEDIN, SVEN—Central Asia and Tibet, towards the holy city of Lassa.
 ROGERS, ALEX.—Three Persian Plays.
 Jami's Joseph and Zuleikha.
 BENJAMIN, S. G. W.—Persia and the Persians.
 PELLY, LEWIS—Passion Play of Hasan and Husain.

12. CHINESE AND JAPANESE DRAMA.

- GILES, H. A.—History of Chinese Literature.
 GOTSCHALL—Das Theater und Drama der Chinesen.
 ASTON, W. G.—History of Japanese Literature.

13. MYSTERIES AND PASSION PLAYS.

- HASE, K. A.—Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas.
 MARRIOTT, W., Editor—Collection of English Miracle Plays.
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 WRIGHT, THOMAS, Editor—Chester Plays.
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 FURNIVALL, F. J.—Digby Mysteries.
 HUNTER, J., AND STEVENSON, J.—Towneley Mysteries.
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 SMITH, LUCY TOULMIN—York Plays.
 BATES, KATHARINE LEE—The English Religious Drama.

14. PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

BLACKBURN, HENRY—Art in the Mountains, the Story of the Passion Play.

BUTLER, W. A.—Ober-Ammergau.

MACCOLL, MALCOLM—Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.

15. SPANISH DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE—Numantia, translated by J. Y. Gibson.

CLARKE, E. BUTLER—Spanish Literature.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO—Dramas, six translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

Dramas, translated by D. F. McCarthy.

Life's a Dream and Great Theatre of the World, translated by Archbishop R. C. Trench.

SISMONDI, J. C. L. S. DE—Literature of the South of Europe.

HASELL, E. J.—Calderon (Life and Works) in the series "Foreign Classics for English Readers."

16. ITALIAN DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

GOLDONI, CARLO—Comedies, translated by Helen Zimmern.

HASELL, E. J.—Tasso (Life and Works).

ALFIERI, VITTORIO—Tragedies, translated by E. A. Bowring.

HOWELLS, W. D.—Alfieri and Goldoni.

SALVINI, TOMMASO—Leaves from his Autobiography.

LONGFELLOW, H. W.—Poets and Poetry of Europe.

GARNETT, RICHARD—History of Italian Literature.

17. FRENCH LITERATURE.

BRUNETIÈRE, FERDINAND—French Literature.

VAN LAUN, HENRY—History of French Literature.

DOWDEN, EDWARD—History of French Literature.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—Short History of French Literature.

KASTNER AND ATKINS—Short History of French Literature.

18. FRENCH CLASSIC DRAMA.

TROLLOPE, HENRY M.—Corneille and Racine (Foreign Classics for English Readers).

LOUNSBURY, T. R.—Voltaire and Shakespeare.

MORLEY, JOHN—Life of Voltaire.

BLAZE DE BURY, H.—Racine and the French Classical Drama.

SAINTE-BEUVE, CHARLES DE—Port Royal.

RACINE, JEAN—Dramatic Works, translated by R. B. Bowell (verse).

COCHRANE, A. B.—The Théâtre Français in the Reign of Louis XV.

HAWKINS, F.—Annals of the French Stage.
French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.

19. MOLIERE.

MOLIERE, J. B. POQUELIN—Dramatic Works, translated by H. Van Laun.

Selections from Molière's Plays by English Dramatists.

Comedies, translated by Charles Matthews.

20. ROMANTIC FRENCH DRAMA.

BRANDES, GEORGES—Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature.

KENNARD, N. H.—Life of Elisa Rachel ("Famous Women").

B., MADAME DE—Memoirs of Rachel.

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE—Histoire de Romanticisme.

JANIN, JULES—Rachel et la Tragédie.

HUGO, VICTOR—Dramatic Works, translated by Mrs. Newton Crosland and F. L. Slous.

MARZIALS, T.—Life of Victor Hugo, with a Bibliography.

SWINEBURNE, A. C.—A Study of Victor Hugo.

SAINTE-BEUVE, C. DE—Portraits Contemporains (V. Hugo).

EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND—Idols of the French Stage.

BRUNETIÈRE, FERDINAND—Evolution de la Poésie Lyrique du XIXe Siècle.

BARTON, ALFRED—Victor Hugo:—Sa Vie, Ses Oeuvres et Son Temps.

21. RECENT FRENCH DRAMA.

HOUSSEY, ARSÈNE—Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française.

OLIPHANT, C. F.—Alfred de Musset.

MUSSET, ALFRED DE—Comedies, translated by S. L. Gwynn.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER—The Theatres of Paris.

French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century.

REBELL, HUGUES—Victorien Sardou, le Théâtre et l'Époque.

LEMAITRE—Impressions de Théâtre Français.

22. GERMAN DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

BARTELS, ADOLF—Geschichte der Deutschen Litteratur.

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KOBERSTEIN—Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Nationallitteratur.

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- FRANCKE, KUNO—Social Forces in German Literature.
History of German Literature.
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MENZEL, W.—German Literature.
THOMPSON, BENJAMIN—German Theatre (collection of plays, translated).
GOSTWICK AND HARRISON—Outlines of German Literature.
DE STAEL, MADAME—Germany (De l'Allemagne).

23. LESSING AND HERDER.

- LESSING, G. E.—Dramatic Works, ed. by E. Bell.
Nathan the Wise, translated by E. K. Corbett.
SIME, JAMES—Lessing (in "Foreign Classics for English Readers").
ROLLESTON, T. W.—Gotthold E. Lessing.
NEVINSON, H.—J. S. von Herder.

24. GOETHE.

- GOETHE, J. W.—Dramatic Works translated by Sir W. Scott, Bowring and Swanwick.
Autobiography—Poetry and Truth from my Life.
Faust, translated by A. Hayward.
Faust, translated by Sir Theodore Martin.
Faust, translated by Anna Swanwick.
Faust, translated by Bayard Taylor.
Hermann and Dorothea, translated by M. J. Teesdale.
Hermann and Dorothea, translated by E. A. Bowring.
HAYWARD, A.—Goethe ("Foreign Classics for English Readers").
RETSCH, MORITZ—Goethe's Faust, with Retzsch's illustrations.
HEDDEWICK, T. C. H.—The Old German Puppet Play of Doctor Faust (translated).
DUDLEY, M. V.—The Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe.
SANBORN, F. B.—Life and Genius of Goethe.
HEINEMANN, A.—Life of Goethe.
BROWNING, OSCAR—Goethe.
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- HEDGE, FREDERICK H.—Hours with German Classics.
 EMERSON, RALPH W.—Representative Men (Goethe the Writer).
 DUNTZER, H.—Life of Goethe.
 HUTTON, RICHARD H.—Essays in Literary Criticism.
 TAYLOR, BAYARD—Studies in German Literature.

25. SCHILLER.

- CARLYLE, THOMAS—Life of Schiller.
 DUNTZER, H.—Life of Schiller.
 SIME, JAMES—Schiller (in "Foreign Classics for English Readers").
 SCHILLER, FRIEDRICH VON—Poems and Plays, translated by Lord Lytton.
 Don Carlos, translated by A. Wood.
 Maid of Orleans, translated by Lewis Filmore.
 Dramatic Works.

26. HEINE AND LATER GERMAN DRAMA.

- SHARP, WILLIAM—Life of Heine.
 WERNER, F. L. Z.—The Brethren of the Cross, translated by E. A. M. Lewis.
 GRILLPARZER, F.—Sappho, translated by E. Frothingham.
 PORTER, C. AND CLARKE, H. A., editors—Poet-Lore. (Contains translations from Hauptmann, Sudermann, Ibsen, etc.)

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 WARD, A. W.—History of English Dramatic Literature.
 ADAMS, W. DAVENPORT—Dictionary of the Drama.
 HAZLITT, WILLIAM—Lectures on Dramatic Literature of Age of Elizabeth.

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 MORLEY, HENRY—English Writers.

28. ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

- SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—History of Elizabethan Literature.
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The English Chronicle Play.

HAZLITT, W. CAREW—Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays.

FLEAY, F. G.—Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama. Elizabethan and Pre-Elizabethan Drama.

BOAS, F. S.—Shakspeare and his Predecessors in the English Drama.

CUNLIFFE, JOHN W.—The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL—The Old English Dramatists.

WATSON, WILLIAM—Some Literary Idolatries.

PENNIMAN, JOSIAH H.—The War of the Theatres (*i. e.*, quarrels among some Elizabethan dramatists).

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DEKKER, THOMAS—Dramatic Works.

Works, edited by A. H. Bullen.

MASSINGER, PHILIP—Plays, edited by Col. Cunningham.

MASSINGER AND FORD—Dramatic Works.

SHIRLEY, JAMES—Dramatic Works, edited by W. Gifford and A. Dyce.

TOURNEUR, CYRIL—Plays and Poems, edited by J. Churton Collins.

WEBSTER, JOHN—Works, edited by W. C. Hazlitt.

29. SHAKESPEARE.

The principal authority for the text of Shakespeare's works is the first folio edition, published in 1623, seven years after his death, by J. Heminge and H. Condell, Managers of the Globe Theatre. Many of the plays had been previously published in quarto editions, but the author seems to have taken no special care of them. The first folio has been re-

printed several times. It was photo-lithographed by H. Staunton in 1866, and a reduced edition was issued by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1876. Another fac-simile edition was edited by Sidney Lee in 1903.

The best recent annotated editions are those by H. Staunton (1860), A. Dyce (1867), R. G. White (1860), N. Delius (1877), N. H. Hudson (1881), W. J. Rolfe (1884).

The valuable Variorum edition was commenced by H. H. Furness in 1873, and is still in progress. It gives generally a volume to each play.

BOAS, F. L.—Shakespeare and his Predecessors.

GUIZOT, F. P.—Shakespeare and his Times.

SHERMAN, L. A.—Shakespeare, Artist and Man.

DOWDEN, EDWARD—Critical Study of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: His Mind and Art.

GOADBY, E.—England of Shakespeare.

CANNING, A. S. G.—Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays.

CLARKE, MARY COWDEN—Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.

COLLIER, J. PAYNE—Memoirs of Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays.

GILES, HENRY—Human Life in Shakespeare.

LOUNSBURY, T. R.—Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.

SKEAT, W. W.—Shakespeare Illustrated by North's Plutarch.

HARTMANN, S.—Shakespeare in Art.

JUSSERAND, J. J.—Shakespeare in France.

ELSON, L.—Shakespeare in Music.

HUFFORD, LOIS G.—Shakespeare in Tale and Verse.

CORSON, HIRAM—Introduction to Shakespeare.

MOULTON, RICHARD G.—Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.

BACON, DELIA—Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare.
(This unfortunate lady originated the ascription of Shakespeare's plays to Sir Francis Bacon.)

CORSON, HIRAM A.—Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.

HOLMES, N. H.—Authorship of Shakespeare.

MORGAN, APPLETON—The Shakspeare Myth.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS, J. O.—Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.

COLERIDGE, S. T.—Lectures upon Shakespeare and other Dramatists.

GERVINUS, G.—Shakespeare Commentaries.

HUDSON, HENRY N.—Shakespeare: His Life, Art and Characters.

WHITE, RICHARD GRANT—Life and Genius of Shakespeare.

- ### 30. DRAMA OF THE RESTORATION.

- BESANT, SIR WALTER—London in the Time of the Stuarts.
 CONGREVE, WM.—Plays, edited by Joseph Knight.
 CUNNINGHAM, P.—The Story of Nell Gwyn.
 DAVENANT, SIR WM.—Dramatic Works.
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 ETHEREDGE, SIR GEORGE—Works.
 FARQUHAR, GEORGE—Dramatic Works, edited by A. C. Ewald.
 OTWAY, THOMAS—Selections, edited by Roden Noel.
 GARNETT, RICHARD—The Age of Dryden.
 SHADWELL, THOMAS—Selections, edited by G. Saintsbury.
 VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN—Plays, edited by W. C. Ward.
 HUNT, LEIGH, Editor—The Dramatic Works of Wycherley,
 Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.

MACAULAY, T. B., LORD—Miscellanies (article on "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration").

MAIDMENT AND LOGAN—Dramatists of the Restoration.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK, Editor—Mermaid Series of Plays—contains the best plays of Otway, Wycherley, Congreve, Steele, and Vanbrugh.

ASHTON, JOHN—Humor, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.

CRAWFORD, O.—English Comic Dramatists.

31. BRITISH DRAMA—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

FIELDING, HENRY—Dramatic Works.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER—Poems and Plays.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE—Life of Dryden.

SHERIDAN, R. B.—Dramatic Works.

ADDISON, JOSEPH—Cato.
The Spectator.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD—Dramatic Works.
The Tattler.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM—The English Comic Writers.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES—Plays and Puritans.

STRANG, LEWIS C.—David Garrick and his Contemporaries.

BOULTON, W. B.—The Amusements of Old London.

CREIZENACH, WILHELM—Die Schauspiele der Englischen Komoedianten.

KNIGHT, JOSEPH—David Garrick (biography).

IRVING, WASHINGTON—Oliver Goldsmith.

DOBSON, AUSTIN—Oliver Goldsmith.

BOSWELL, JAMES—Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER—Comedies—She Stoops to Conquer, etc.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL—Lives of the Poets.

COURTHOPE, W. J.—Addison.

CIBBER, COLLEY—Apology for his Life.

FITZGERALD, PERCY—Lives of the Sheridans.

GARRICK, DAVID—Plays.

Private Correspondence, edited by Boaden.

MOORE, THOMAS—Life of R. B. Sheridan.

BESANT, SIR WALTER—London in the Eighteenth Century.

MOLLOY, J. FITZGERALD—Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington.

DALY, AUGUSTIN—Peg Woffington.

KENNARD, N. H.—Life of Mrs. Siddons ("Famous Women").

HUNT, LEIGH—Wit and Humor.

MINTO, JOHN—Literature of the Georgian Era.

32. BRITISH DRAMA, 1800-1850.

- HUNT, LEIGH—Dramatic Essays.
 MOLLOY, J. FITZGERALD—Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean.
 BOADEN, JAMES—Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons.
 BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD, LORD LYTON—Dramatic Works.
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.—Poetical and Dramatic Works (including his translations from Schiller).
 HORNE, RICHARD H.—The Spirit of the Age.
 LAMB, CHARLES—Plays, edited by Rudolph Dircks.
 Dramatic Essays.
 KEMBLE, FRANCES A.—Records of My Girlhood.
 Records of Later Life.
 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Family of the Kembles.
 ARCHER, WILLIAM—William Charles Macready.
 STRANG, L. C.—The Kembles and their Contemporaries.
 YATES, EDMUND—Life and Correspondence of Charles Matthews.

33. BRITISH DRAMA SINCE 1850.

- MARSTON, WESTLAND—Dramatic and Poetical Works.
 ROBERTSON, THOMAS W.—Principal Dramatic Works.
 TAYLOR, TOM—Historical Dramas.
 ARCHER, WILLIAM—English Dramatists of To-day.
 SCOTT, CLEMENT—The Drama of Yesterday and To-day.
 BRIDGES, ROBERT—Plays.
 JONES, HENRY ARTHUR—Saints and Sinners, and other Plays.
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 PINERO, ARTHUR W.—Plays.
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 DALY, FREDERICK—Henry Irving in England and America.
 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Henry Irving: Record of Twenty Years at the Lyceum.
 PEMBERTON, T. E.—Life and Writings of T. W. Robertson.
 Memoir of E. A. Sothorn.

34. HISTORY OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

- BAKER, H. BARTON—The London Stage.
 DORAN, JOHN—Their Majesty's Servants.

- DOWNES, JOHN—History of the Stage.
 EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND—Famous First Representations.
 FITZGERALD, PERCY—Romance of the English Stage.
 GENEST, J.—History of the Drama and Stage.
 HAWKINS, F. N.—Life of Edmund Kean.
 KELLY, W.—Notices of Drama and other Popular Amusements.
 LOWE, A. W.—Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature.
 MORLEY, H.—Journal of a London Play-goer.
 NEVILLE, HENRY—The Stage, its past and present history.
 WILLIAMS, MICHAEL—Some London Theatres.
 ANGUS, J. KEITH—A Scotch Playhouse (Aberdeen).
 DIBDIN, J. C.—Annals of the Edinburgh Stage.
 COOK, DUTTON—Book of the Play.
 Hours with the Players.
 On the Stage.
 Nights at the Play.
 BAKER, H. BARTON—Our Old Actors.
 COLEMAN, JOHN—Players and Playwrights I Have Known.
 GALT, JOHN—Lives of the Players.
 MARSTON, WESTLAND—Our Recent Actors.
 RUSSELL, W. C.—Representative Actors.
- 35. SCANDINAVIAN DRAMA, ETC.**
- BJÖRNSON, B.—Sigurd Slembe, translated by W. M. Payne.
 Pastor Sang, translated by W. Wilson.
 HERTZ, HENRIK—King Rene's Daughter, translated by Sir Theodore Martin.
 IBSEN, HENRIK—The Doll's House, translated by William Archer.
 The Emperor and the Galilean, translated by Catherine Ray.
 The Lady from the Sea, translated by Eleanor M. Aveling.
 Pillars of Society and other Plays, translated by Havelock Ellis.
 Prose Dramas, translated by W. Archer.
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 Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.
 Correggio, translated by Sir T. Martin.
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 EBERHARD, AUGUSTE—Henrik Ibsen et le Théâtre Contemporain.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE—The Princess Maleine and The Intruder, translated by Gerard Harry.

36. RUSSIAN DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

WALISZEWSKI, K.—History of Russian Literature.

GOGOL, NIKOLAI V.—The Inspector-General, translated by A. A. Sykes.

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NITSCHMANN—Geschichte der Polnischen Litteratur.

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